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WINGED BOTANISTS.



AMONG my earliest memories associated with nature, and one that will always vividly linger, is that interesting spectacle of a winter butterfly hovering about the farm-yard of my New England home. It was the middle of January, one of those balmy days of respite from the north wind. The patches of thawing drifts lay like mimic glaciers amid their melting areas on the barn and barrack roofs, slowly stealing down the shingle or hovering in impending avalanche at the dripping eaves. High on the ridgepole of the barn my butterfly first disclosed itself, now fluttering against the sky, now alighting with expanded, gently moving wings, sipping at the steamy edge of the snow or sailing across its white field.

In this "lone butterfly" of the winter sun, as Wilson is pleased to call him, we have a representative of a small family of beautiful insects for which the cold has no terrors—the Angle-wings, boreal butter-

flies, the hardy Alpine species of our Lepidoptera, if I may so speak, for these insects are Alpine in a larger sense than that of mere hardihood. While most of our common butterflies are peculiar to our continent, these winter survivors—the Milbert's butterfly, the Atlanta, the Comma, the White J, and the Progne, hibernating in crevices and crannies during the coldest periods, and taking the slightest hint of genial moderation to lend their animated being to the dormant landscape—are in truth cosmopolitan types, the Painted Lady being common in northern Europe; the Atlanta in Europe, Africa, and the East Indies; while the Antiopa, the prominent member of the group, is an almost world-wide denizen, at home in arctic snows, omnipresent from Alaska to Brazil, and from Lapland to northern Africa.

It was doubtless the spell of one of these butterflies that crystallized the arctic simile of Wordsworth:

. . . little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless!

Look at these remarkable bordering jagged aiguilles, in this Comma butterfly, for instance, this verdant zone traversing beneath the peaks, these merging veins like mimic glacial streams, and this isolated patch of silver, like the tiny lingering remnant of an avalanche in a vast field of striate granite, for the likeness to scratched granite is singularly manifest. All these wondrous hieroglyphs are here apparent to the inward eye, though only revealed to

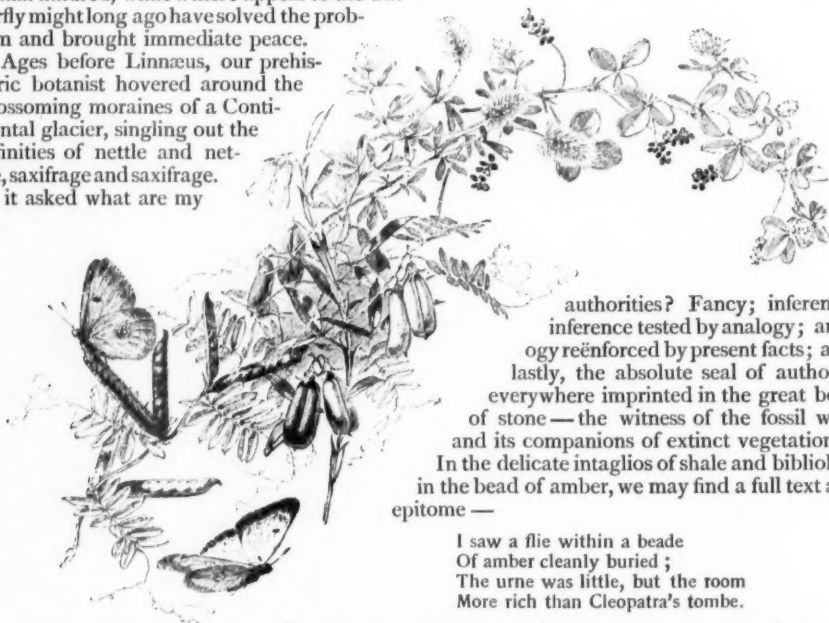
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mine, as though in a mirror, from this storied wing of a butterfly, the "Comma," captured by my own hand on the ice midway in the Mer de Glace of Switzerland. "Every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of soul," says Emerson. Shall I ever again look upon the folded wings of the Progne or Faunus butterfly without a consciousness that I now see "through and beyond" where before I had only looked upon its scales?

It has long been my intention to collect my observations touching the strange intuitive botanical instinct possessed by a large number of insects, notably of the lepidopterous tribe, which, with the exception of the bees, are the most intimately associated with the floral kingdom. For the butterfly,—the "idle butterfly" of the poet, the universal type of *dolce far niente*,—under the guide of enlightened science, now rebukes the heedless estimate of the past, proving its buoyant rounds to have been directed by a divine purpose concerned in the perpetuation of many of the very flowers which have served the bard merely as a pretty background to its quivering poise. As the lover and companion of flowers, then, the butterfly is thus a botanist *par excellence*, and, as an ally of the Infinite, a botanist divine. And in the scientific classification of species the butterfly has proved a prehistoric antecedent to the fathers of botany, and an oracle not sufficiently regarded in later times.

Botanical history is full of learned dissensions among the wise-heads upon the botanical affinities of this or that non-committal plant, whether it should be placed here or there among the natural orders. How many a martyr blossom has served but as a shuttlecock in the learned mêlée, tossed back and forth for years ere it found its final rest among its congenial kindred, while a mere appeal to the butterfly might long ago have solved the problem and brought immediate peace.

Ages before Linnæus, our prehistoric botanist hovered around the blossoming moraines of a Continental glacier, singling out the affinities of nettle and nettle, saxifrage and saxifrage. Is it asked what are my



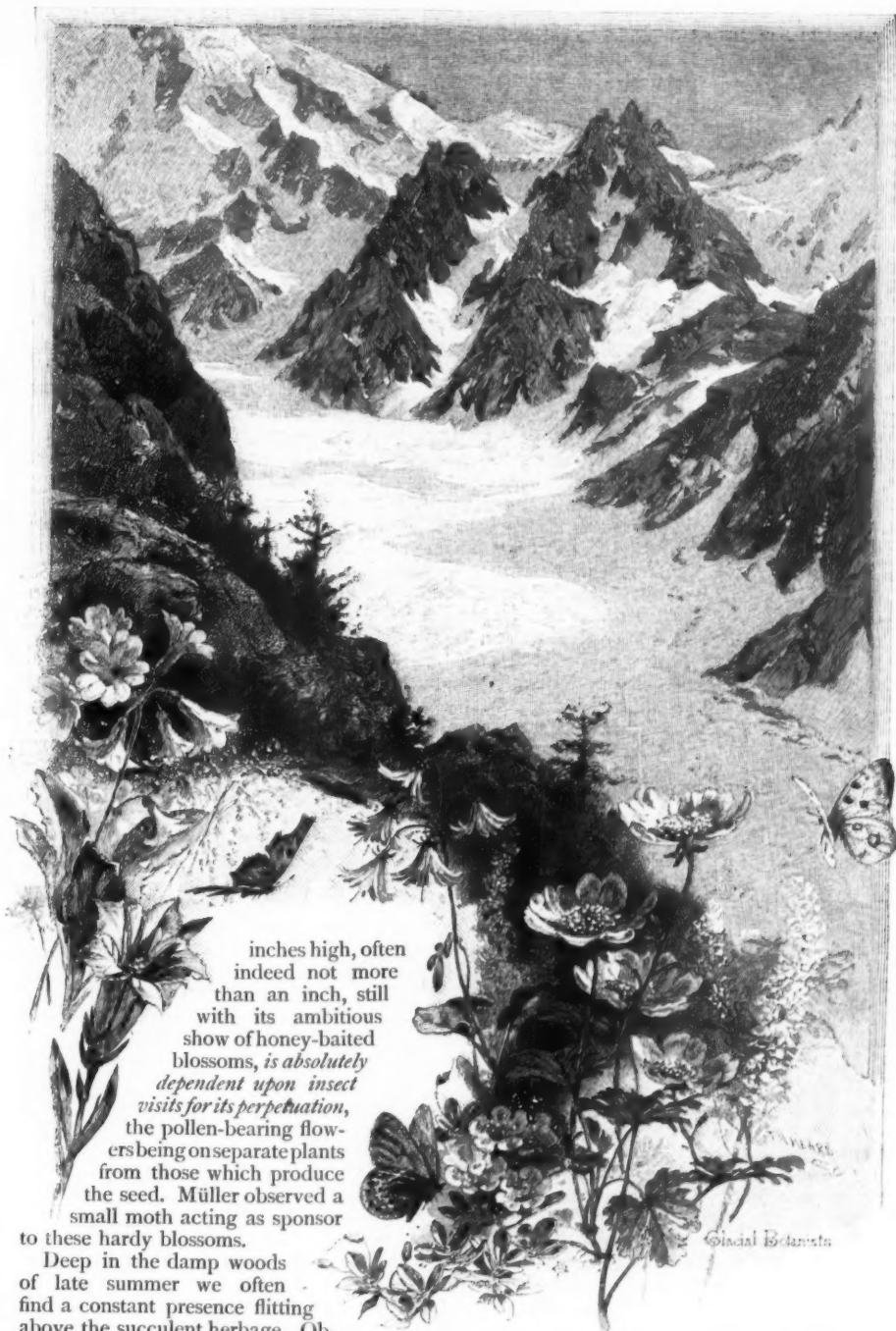
VETCH, RATTLE-BOX, FUSS CLOVER, AND BLACK MEDIC.

authorities? Fancy; inference; inference tested by analogy; analogy reënforced by present facts; and, lastly, the absolute seal of authority everywhere imprinted in the great book of stone—the witness of the fossil wing and its companions of extinct vegetation. In the delicate intaglios of shale and bibliolite, in the bead of amber, we may find a full text and epitome—

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried;
The urne was little, but the room
More rich than Cleopatra's tombe.

In further reënforcement bearing upon the functions and antiquity of my botanists, *Macmillan* records having seen several butterflies of the Apollo species at home eight thousand feet above the sea. Another traveler observed a butterfly hovering high above him while on the summit of Mont Blanc. I myself saw several butterflies reveling among Alpine flowers at an elevation of six thousand feet, to say nothing of the occasional wanderers which I observed floating far above me about the crags. Willis chronicles the discovery of numerous specimens in glacial ice fourteen thousand feet in altitude. Moreover, on the summit of Flégère, six thousand feet, I found a large moth which had just emerged from its chrysalis, affording conclusive proof that its entire existence in the caterpillar state had been spent in this Alpen clime.

In the "least willow" alone is furnished a fitting indorsement to the claim of antiquity, and also a complete refutation of the common belief concerning the absence of insect life on the loftiest Alpen summits; as this little omnipresent herbaceous willow, barely three



inches high, often indeed not more than an inch, still with its ambitious show of honey-baited blossoms, is *absolutely dependent upon insect visits for its perpetuation*, the pollen-bearing flowers being on separate plants from those which produce the seed. Müller observed a small moth acting as sponsor to these hardy blossoms.

Deep in the damp woods of late summer we often find a constant presence flitting above the succulent herbage. Observe its rounds carefully. Here is

ALPINE COWSLIP, MOUNTAIN GENTIAN, SOLDANELLA, ALPINE
RANUNCULUS, ALPINE RHODODENDRON.



WILD CARROT.

a thick undergrowth of spikenard, ferns, bedstraw, colt's-foot, rue, bidens, ampelopsis, aster, wood-nettle, horse-balm, sunflower, and an attendant host of plants. Our butterfly is now sunning its damask feathers on the topmost leaf of yonder wood-nettle, now creeping around its edge, and revealed only by the translucent shadow responding to the gentle fanning motion of the wings. In another moment we catch the fiery gleam in a sunbeam as the sylph again soars above the herbage to settle among the tall sunny leaves beyond; these also are nettles. Now it floats above our heads and alights upon the pale green plant at our elbow, and what is this? It is a wood-nettle. And thus it flits by the hour, draping the underwood in ethereal festoons from every nettle spray among the copse.

A closer scrutiny of these plants will throw a little light upon this discriminating flight. The leaves are seen to be partly devoured, and an occasional one appears to droop with an unnatural attitude, a position readily explained when we discover the angular pitch caused by the severing of the three prominent veins close to the stem, the edges of the leaf being also drawn together below. Upon plucking one of these leaves, and looking beneath, we discover the curious recluse, at once explaining the artful tented leaf and the presence of the butterfly—the gray spotted and spiny caterpillar of the Comma Angle-wing, so named from a bright silvery character on the under side of the lower wings.

To be sure it may be said that the nettle is not a particularly difficult plant to distinguish. Indeed, old Culpeper, the herbalist, assures us of the fact that "It may be found even in the darkest night by simply feeling for it." But such hap-hazard botany is not the necessary resource of our butterfly. The discrimination of a nettle, botanically considered, requires a much deeper insight. How is this insight possessed by the Comma? Let us see. Yonder on the stone wall a clambering hop-vine would seem to afford a tempting sporting-ground for a small brood of red butterflies. On nearer approach they prove to be the Comma joined by a few near relatives equally interesting. Here and there our careful search discloses a tented leaf precisely similar to those already described, while beneath we may discover the same spiny tenant. Continual search reveals a number of similar spiny caterpillars, though variously variegated, and perhaps a gilded chrysalis or two among the stems in the crevices between the stones. Suppose we now transfer them all, perhaps a hundred or more specimens, to our box and await the transformation from those pendent nymphs which soon will begem the interior. After the lapse of a fortnight, upon opening the lid the former sleepy hollow seems to have blossomed with painted wings. Here shall we find our Comma by the dozens, and very likely also counterparts of all the bright tribe which fluttered above the vine upon the wall—Semicolon and White J. A bright orange butterfly is now seen sunning itself upon the young elm tree near by. We capture the insect with our net and find it identical with the Semicolon in

our box, while examination of the elm leaves reveals not only the suggestive empty chrysalis shell, but several thorny caterpillars beneath those well-known tented leaves.

If we care to continue our investigation among the herbage, we may discover these same caterpillars upon the little clearweed in the dank shade of the orchard, a succulent plant hardly a foot high, the very opposite to a nettle in its glossy smoothness; and also on the pellitory, a companion weed. Upon all of these plants, in addition to the various nettles, I have found the insects, and once on the hemp. I have also seen their deserted tents on the paper-mulberry, an exotic tree, only sparingly cultivated, but a careful search has failed to disclose the caterpillar on any other plants. Other authorities include the sugar-berry tree. Here, then, we have the following summary and complete list of plants which the butterfly has selected as the repository of her eggs: wood-nettle, great stinging nettle, and all other nettles, false nettle, all the elms, clearweed, pellitory, hemp, paper-mulberry, and sugar-berry tree. What light does our botany throw upon this list? Turning to "wood-nettle" we are referred to "*Urticaceae*," or the "nettle family," wherein are disclosed all of the above species of plants, which actually complete the list of genera and nearly all the native species of the order.

An equally remarkable fidelity to a single group of vegetation is seen in the example of our beautiful black Swallow-tail butterfly — the papilio of the umbelworts, or Parsley family.

In the early summer we may find upon the garden fennel or parsley the beautifully marked caterpillar of this species — bright apple-green, with circling bands of sable velvet studded with golden yellow buttons. The caterpillar is easily recognized anywhere, and its habitat is wide. Let us examine its bill of fare. The plants commonly attributed to this species are parsley, fennel, carrot, and celery. Harris found them also on poison-hemlock, *cicuta*, dill, caraway, and anise, to which list I can append the further additions from observation: wild carrot, sanicle, with its tenacious burrs in the woods, angelica, archangelica, cow parsnip, and lovage. All of these will be found to follow in their natural sequence in the classification of our botanies, under the order *umbellifera*.

This strange fidelity of the Asterias to a single order of plants I had noted even in boyhood, and had welcomed my butterfly as an infallible aid in my botanical study. But one day my confidence was shattered by the discovery of a number of caterpillars feeding upon a creeping, round-leaved plant growing by the edge of the brook — a prostrate succulent herb, seemingly devoid of flowers, quite distinct from all the other food plants, and new to me. I simply noted it as an exception, and lowered my butterfly a peg in my esteem. Not until years later, in the more serious pursuit of botanical study, did I discover what a rare lesson in botany the Asterias had wasted upon me; that the little unknown plant was in truth a distinct umbelwort like the rest — the water-pennywort. In the lead of the little white butterfly of our gardens (*Pieris oleracea*) we may be introduced to an entirely new tribe of vegetation; for whether among the yellow mustard fields of Holland or the pepper-grass of the New England roadside, the cruciferous plants are to them the cream and spice of all creation.

What lover of the country will not own his tribute to the omnipresent little yellow butterfly, companion of our September fields, its folded wings like a tiny rudder of gold taking the helm of all the wind-blown goldenrods of the roadsides; whose bright beevies rim the borders of every mud-puddle, rising from their obscurity to swarm in mazy tangle about your carriage as you pass? Honey sippers and tipplers, they now would seem to fulfill the impeachment of the "idle revelers" of the poet; but such inference is unjust, for though now content in the sweets of aster, solidago, and other autumn blossoms, these are but their recess flowers. Their previous and most busy attention has already been bestowed upon another widely different class of plants. This *Philodice* butterfly is one of our most accomplished botanical authorities — a botanist who knows beans, in very truth; for where is the genus of the bean tribe of vegetation that it has skipped in the choice of foster-plants for that future offspring? — Lima beans, scarlet runners, peas, sweet peas, wild beans, indigo, red clover, hop clover, white clover, puss clover, medic, medicago, lucern, melilot, rattle-box, vetch, and many more, all of the leguminous or bean tribe. (See page 644.)

Here is a near European relative of this same butterfly which feeds upon "Coronilla and broom and other diadelphous plants," and another allied species that feeds upon *Cytisus*, all of which our botany of course includes under *Leguminosæ*. It is interesting to note further that certain



WILD CARROT, CARAWAY, WATER-PENNYWORT.



BUSH-CLOVER, WILD BEAN.

individuals in this same butterfly tribe, *Colias*, exotic species in the heart of Brazil, continue the list among the tropical Leguminosæ; all of which proves the close affinity between the animated winged genus *Colias* and the "winged" corollas of the pea-blossomed flowers.

There are many other insects for which the pea family possesses special attraction. There is the tiny pea-weevil, a representative of a tribe of beetles whose early existence is spent within the ripening seeds—doubtless a common ingredient in our appetizing dish of "green peas." This diminutive insect, indicated in the illustration on page 652, probes the pod shortly after the withering of the blossom and lays its eggs therein. The young immediately penetrate the peas and there fulfill their existence, emerging in the following spring as perfect beetles.

In the same illustration may be seen a singular rolled leaf upon a hazel branch, and concerning which I will quote a page from my notes of years ago:

"Those small rolled brown packets upon the hazels again! Shall I ever solve them! Precious goods done up in small parcels, but by what insect and how? This mysterious bundle committed to the hazel has been a poser to me all my life, I never yet having been able to discover the artist

at his work, for artist he is indeed.

I found to-day a number of the prize packages freshly done up, the folded leaf yet green, though half severed by the teeth of the insect, and hanging pendent from the stem. A tiny yellow egg had been deposited at the tip of the leaf,—as shown by analysis of unrolling,—and the leaf then folded in halves at mid-vein, then rolled from tip upward to stem, and retained in its compact coil by some touch of jugglery which I have not been able to divine, as no gluten nor web of silk can be found. Just try and roll up one of these packages yourself, and without recourse to your accustomed string leave it thus closely and firmly intact. No

web, no gum, no stitch, but much of the know how. Whoever the clerk who does up these packages he has a long head, and has kept his secret from me very securely."

Since the writing of the above, though not yet any more enlightened as to the author of this hocus-pocus bundle, I have several times observed a suspicious-looking brown beetle nosing among its folds, and in his strange make-up fully realizing the unconscious prophecy of the "long head," for the insect is one of the weevils, which are noted for their extensive frontal development.

From Maine to Mexico another small noctuid known as the Cotton moth is found, its chosen haunt being indicated by its name. "Its food plant in the North has not yet been discovered," says a prominent entomologist. Look to your hollyhocks, altheas, and mallows, my scientific friend, for here you will certainly find the recluse in congenial company. Here is the little gourd expert, a tiny moth that shows no evidence of inherited dyspepsia, though its broods devour indiscriminately the leaves and green fruit of cucumber, water-melon, gourd, muskmelon, pumpkin, squash, and wild star-cucumbers, all of course in the same botanical family.

Then there is that great green Sphinx caterpillar, which is the pest of the tobacco grower and the fine prize of the small boy entomologist, and whose loud-humming, long-tongued moth hovers about our twilight honeysuckles—one of the largest of its kind. It is hardly necessary to mention that this is the same voracious feeder which we find upon tomato and potato plants as well as occasionally upon the red-berried nightshade, ground cherry, and apple of Peru—all included in the *Solanum* family.

Once when a boy I found a voracious sphinx upon "pusley" and reared it to the moth—the white-lined sphinx. The following year I found the same caterpillar on the flowering portulaca in the garden, and I have no doubt he is also as fond of the "spring beauty" as are the poets if we could only chance to observe it, for the Purslane family embraces all these plants.

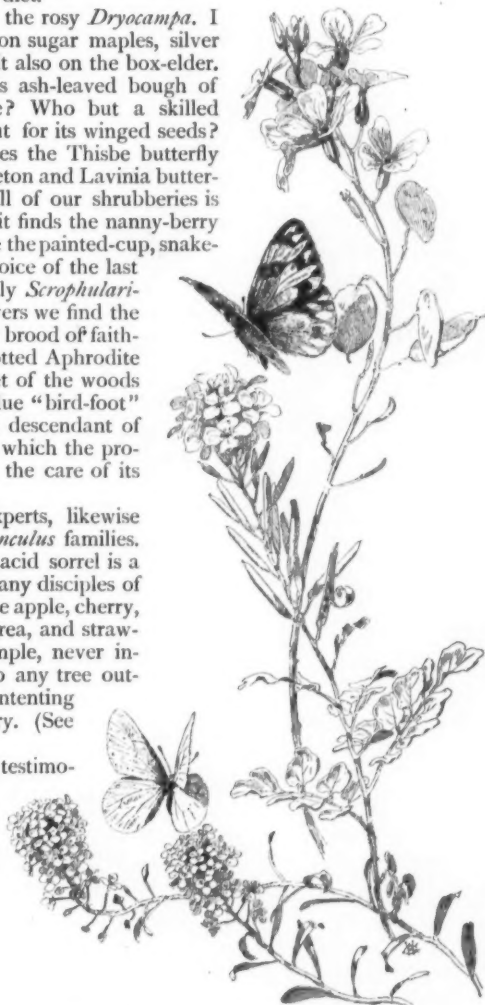
The botanical acumen of the sphinx extends to various other plant tribes. The sphinx *Kalmia* knows not only the mountain laurel but many other heathworts, notably whortleberry, azalea, cranberry. The Oleander sphinx finds the oleander flavor in the creeping blue-flowered periwinkle or "myrtle" of our gardens. Another black and yellow individual, whose name I do not know, is true to the madder family. Another takes the pine, spruce, and hemlock in its exclusively coniferous diet.

There is a beautiful moth known as the rosy *Dryocampa*. I have found its black-horned caterpillars on sugar maples, silver and red maples, and one day discovered it also on the box-elder. How did this little moth know that this ash-leaved bough of spring was only a maple in masquerade? Who but a skilled botanist could ever have identified it but for its winged seeds? What the *Dryocampa* does for the maples the *Thisbe* butterfly does for the "arrow-woods," and the Phaeton and Lavinia butterflies for the figworts. The white snowball of our shrubberies is a favorite haunt of the former insect, but it finds the nanny-berry bush an equally attractive *Viburnum*, while the painted-cup, snake-head, and toad-flax form the principal choice of the last two insects, which preside over the family *Scrophulariaceæ*. Among the more modest wild flowers we find the same revelation. The violets have a whole brood of faithful dependents. The handsome silver-spotted Aphrodite butterfly knows that the tall yellow violet of the woods is only a less conspicuous cousin to the blue "bird-foot" species, and that the pansy is but a vain descendant of the wild "Johnny jumper" of past ages which the progenitor of all the aphrodites sought for the care of its offspring.

The great *Compositæ* have many experts, likewise the oak, pink, *polygonum*, mint, and *ranunculus* families. The "Copper" butterfly knows that the acid sorrel is a relative of the curled dock. There are many disciples of the Rose; keen senses that discover it in the apple, cherry, plum, hawthorn, bramble, cinquefoil, spirea, and strawberry. The Apple tree moth is an example, never intrusting that waterproof circler of eggs to any tree outside of this family, most commonly contenting herself with the apple and the wild cherry. (See page 652.)

I might indefinitely prolong the list of testimonials to this divine plan of association between the insect and the plant; and while it is not a necessary assumption, inasmuch as "we have no experience in the creation of worlds," it would seem a perfectly justifiable inference that each species of butterfly and moth was originally created with a special affinity for some congenial order of plants. From this postulate it would then appear that this power of nice distinction has de-

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CABBAGE BUTTERFLY. FLAT-POD, CRESS, ALYSSUM.



HOP-VINE.

teriorated in many insects, through either the degraded instinct of the parent or the less fastidious appetite in the caterpillar offspring. I will append a few instances, some of which indeed will be found interesting and instructive.

In the examples of the large *Crecropia*, *Polyphemus*, *Prometheus*, and *Luna* moths, as well as in a number of butterflies, it is true that the power of discernment seems to have been lost, the selections of food plants extending into various families; though even here it must be remembered that we are taking a thousand insects as a unit, there being a strong probability that any one individual parent may yet be found true to a particular botanical affinity to which its brood is intrusted, the various peculiarities being, as it were, the hereditary result of some confusion of Babel in the remote past. The *Saturnia Io* belies the great show of "bull's eyes" upon its wings, being blindly indiscriminate. But what do we find in the instance of the Monarch or *Archippus* butterfly, the protégé of the milkweeds? Its black and yellow banded caterpillar is found on all the six species of New England *Asclepias* if we look with sufficient patience, though chiefly upon the common silkweed. It is a faithful nursling of this lactescent tribe. On one occasion, however, I found it thriving on the dogbane, a similarly milky-juiced plant. But what is the fiat of the human botanical judges? The dogbane is not included in the milkweeds, though it immediately precedes them in the botanical sequence, and certain affinities are readily traceable between the two orders,

both plants having milky sap, opposite, entire leaves, long pods, silky seeds, and other more intricate resemblances. Moreover, looking a little further into the subject, we find that, while now separated in classification, the earlier botanists had included the plant with the milkweeds, from which it was withdrawn only after much scholarly discussion. Clearly the antecedent classification of the butterfly should have been respected at the hands of the learned disputants: the dogbane was linked with the milkweed eons before the world knew a human botanist. When the writer's botany appears, this priority of *Danais Archippus*, Ph. D., D. D., F. B. S., etc., will be duly recognized.

I have never seen this caterpillar on the closely allied periwinkle, but would almost expect to find it there, even as I once observed the butterfly suggestively hovering about a vine of *Hoya*, or wax-plant, a cultivated exotic trained about a porch, but which is a true *asclepiad*. A somewhat parallel instance of botanical priority is to be seen in the *Parnassius Apollo* butterfly, the beautiful sylph of the Swiss Alps; member of a boreal tribe rarely found below an elevation of 1500 feet; lover of the mountains, as its name implies; and one of which, pictured at the right of my Alpine design, I observed among the Alpine cowslips on the summit of Righi Culm. The food plant of this insect, according to the authorities, is confined to the saxifrages, a tribe of plants comprising a large number of Alpine species. I learn also that the caterpillars are some-species of *sedum*,—a stone-crop,—two separated in the botanies, though follow-Gray's sequence; and research further dulle originally traced between these two orders. whether Apollo gave

Our Painted Lady ception, as showing in selecting the plants *posita* and *Malva*-of them, representative choice in each given brood, in one. The caterpillar is tles of all kinds, constructive-points of the leaves, whence

The *Phaeton* butterfly of Figwort family, its list of head, toad-flax, scrophu-latter, with the scarlet leaves think of associating with the Scudder that this caterpillar this in truth, were it not egg that was left while the

My experience has never erpillars of the *Troilus* other foliage than sassa-species of the family *Lau*-neatly folded leaf. And it also on the prickly ash, the last mentioned I can



TOAD-FLAX, SNAKE-HEAD.

times found on a families distinctly ing each other in shows that De Can-the closest affinity be- It is not on record him the hint.

is another interesting ex-a dual botanical mission of two natural orders (*Com- cea*) and never going outside ing, doubtless, an hereditary rather than mixed impartiality quite commonly found upon this- ing a web-tent hung from the spiny it emerges at night to feed.

my illustration is partial to the selections chiefly comprising the turtle-laria, moth mullein, and painted cup. The posing as blossoms, no one but an expert would other plants mentioned. But I learn from is also found on the honeysuckle: a poser that it seems a clear case of heedlessness—an butterfly was sipping the honey tubes, of course. disclosed the weird-looking eye-spotted cat-butterfly, or blue swallow-tail, upon any fras and spice-wood, the only two northern raceae, upon which it conceals itself in the yet I see that some collectors have found hop-tree (*Ptelea*), and syringa. Concerning offer no explanation, but the other two ex-



SPICE-BUSH, HAZEL, APPLE, PEA.

ceptions—both in the Rue family—have a somewhat interesting significance taken in connection with the insect next considered. The ailantus silk-worm, introduced into this country from China about twenty years ago, and now very common in certain regions, for years was not known to swerve in its allegiance to its own companion, “tree of heaven,” from which it is named, and which had long been introduced here. On the basis of the facts already set forth does any one doubt that if its favorite food plant were suddenly exterminated there would be a winged stampede, as it were, to the prickly ash and the hop-tree, our only two native allies to the ailantus? But what are the singular facts? The moth, I am told by careful observers, has quite recently proved fickle to its original diet, and yet ignores the kindred plants. As a naturalized foreigner, under new conditions, it has concluded to “do as the Romans do,” and out of compliment takes the lead of its closest insect ally, our Prometheus moth, the favorite selections of which are the sassafras and its

relative the spice-wood, upon both of which the ailantus caterpillar is now occasionally found. There certainly seems to be some occult affinity between these two orders of plants, *Lauraceæ* and Rue, which the botanists have not discovered.

Here among the Alpen peaks of our country we may learn a lesson from antiquity in the example of, if not the most beautiful, certainly in many respects the most interesting, of butterflies. Much has been written concerning this strange lover of the cold. I will quote a recent reference of Grant Allen: “On and near the summit of Mount Washington a small community of butterflies belonging to an old glacial and arctic species still lingers over a very small area where it has held its own for the 80,000 years that have elapsed since the termination of the great ice age. The actual summit of the mountain rises to a height of 6293 feet, and the butterflies do not range lower than the 5000 feet line. . . .

Again, from Mount Washington to Long’s Peak in Colorado the distance amounts to 1800 miles, while from the White Mountains to Hopedale in Labrador, where the same butterflies first appear, makes a bee-line of fully a thousand miles. In the intervening districts there are no insects of the same species. Hence we must conclude that a few butterflies left behind in the retreating main guard of their race on that one New Hampshire peak have gone on for thousands and thousands of years producing eggs, and growing from caterpillars into full-fledged insects without once effecting a cross with the remainder of their congeners among the snows of the Rocky Mountains or in the chilly plains of sub-arctic America. So far as they themselves know, they are the only representatives of their kind now remaining on the whole earth—left behind like

fecting a cross with the remainder of their congeners among the snows of the Rocky Mountains or in the chilly plains of sub-arctic America. So far as they themselves know, they are the only representatives of their kind now remaining on the whole earth—left behind like

the ark on Ararat amid the helpless ruins of an antediluvian world." For 200,000 years, according to geological data, these boreal broods must have wooed the frozen seas. Driven southward by the overwhelming ice, companions of the verdant fringe of the vast glacier and following in its retreat, they were at length beguiled by remnant ice fields lodged in the great gulfs of the Presidential range, and at last stranded among the furrowed peaks.

For years this butterfly—in the foreground of my Alpine design—was supposed to be confined to Mount Washington; but, as mentioned above, it has disclosed itself on other distant summits. It is also credited to Mount Monadnock, and I think revealed itself to me on the peak of Mount Lafayette, though decoying me beyond the limits of prudence, and thus defeating capture or even perfect identification.

Who shall question that through the ages, as now, this mountain sprite has been true to the sedges upon which its broods are found, even as it is still alike, in the color of its wings, to the everlasting rock among which it hibernates?

W. Hamilton Gibson.

MASACCIO (TOMMASO DI SER GIOVANNI GUIDI).

1402-1428-9.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



IT is difficult to separate with absolute certainty, in the revival, or rather transformation, of art with which the name of Masaccio is connected, the part which belongs to him from that which is due to his master Masolino; for that there was a certain common quality is evident from the disputes which have arisen over the share taken by each in the works ascribed to them. There is a curious parallel between Masaccio and Raphael in this relation to their masters, in the important positions they hold in the history of art, and in their early deaths. The especial contribution of Masolino to the art of Masaccio appears to be the frank study of the nude and a direct reference to nature for the details of his figures; or, to use the words of Cavalcaselle, "he [Masolino] was equally careless of the traditional garb of time-honored scriptural figures; and his personages are dressed in vast caps and turbans, coats and tight-fitting clothes, spoiling by their overweight or inelegant cut the effect of the finely studied heads, the delicate hands and feet, which he so carefully imitated from nature." But this in general means that, possibly from a lack of ideal power, Masolino fell back on nature to an extent that before him was unknown, and by the sharpness of his innovation unsettled the authority of the artistic traditions which had from the days of Giotto largely

guided and still more largely limited the direction of art. Henceforward the tendency of the progress of art is towards the predominance of the purely artistic element over the subject—a change which, when we come to translate it in terms of modern art philosophy, is of enormous import. It means the gradual elimination of the purely devotional aim of the painter, the gradual introduction of his personality, and the study of art for art's sake. The purely ecstatic form of art was to disappear with Fra Angelico,¹ who carried it to the height which always leads to reaction and neglect—a neglect partly due to the reaction and partly to the failure of his imitators to satisfy the sentiment awakened by the master.

Masaccio was born in 1402. He was the son of Ser Giovanni di Simone Guidi, and at the age of nineteen was enrolled in the guild of *speziali*, which now would be called that of the apothecaries; the business of the *speziali* being to prepare the prescriptions of the physician and hypothetically to compose the colors of which the artist was to make use, as in those days the color-man did not exist. Masaccio registered in the guild of painters in 1424.

His chief work was the decoration in fresco of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence; and its importance in the history of art may be judged from the fact that at one and the same time Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci were engaged in studying these frescos, which indeed have been the study of artists of all succeeding generations. The only other probable work of Masaccio's, and the earliest, is in a little chapel in S. Clemente at Rome, and consists of a series

¹ Fra Angelico did not die till thirty years after Masaccio. The date of Masolino's death is not known; but it was not much later than that of Masaccio.

of frescos devoted mainly to the history of St. Catherine of Alexandria. Here one sees at once the break with the art of preceding generations. "The Crucifixion," which occupies the wall opposite the entrance, is a vast, scattered composition with a distinct impress of an effort to represent an imaginative realization of the event as it occurred. The motive is so evidently due to the naturalistic tendency of Masolino that it is not surprising that this and the other pictures in the chapel have been attributed to the master instead of to the pupil; but the technical grounds for assigning them to Masaccio are too strong to permit us to

throw Vasari's testimony overboard, and in the details of some of the compositions there are certain coincidences with Masaccio's work in the Brancacci Chapel which are too clear to leave much doubt that the two chapels were painted by the same artist.¹

The fainting Virgin in the group at the foot of the cross, afterwards imitated by Perugino, is in distinct violation of the orthodox traditions of the Crucifixion; for it is not admitted by the Roman Catholic Church that the Virgin fainted, as she is supposed to bear the full weight of the misery that had fallen on her, while her insensibility would have been a partial and

¹ The relation of Masaccio to his master Masolino is so intimate, and so much controversy exists concerning the identification of their work, that we give place to the following paragraphs from Dr. J. P. Richter's notes on Vasari (London: George Bell & Sons, 1885). Dr. Richter says of Vasari's sketch of Masolino: "The description of this great artist's long career is very short and certainly incomplete. Late researches have brought to light valuable information concerning events of Masolino's life, of which Vasari seems to have been unaware; and, what is still more important, the discovery of two extensive wall-decorations, authenticated by the artist's signature, now enable us to study closely the style of this artist's works, which have very often been confounded with those of his far-famed pupil Masaccio."

"Many of the details of Masolino's life can now be proved to be unfounded, but this does not in the least invalidate the writer's general statements about the artist's career, of which he appears to us to speak with more justice than many writers on art, even at the present day, feel inclined to admit. According to the views of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the merits of this painter would come to very little when compared with his defects. According to their theory, Masolino had no share in the execution of the celebrated wall-paintings of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence; and the apparent discrepancies of style, which have always been noticed by those art-students who have studied the wall-paintings in question on the spot, are to be explained as varieties of style in one and the same artist, Masaccio. Instead of producing any proofs of this somewhat vague hypothesis, they repeatedly point to the difference of Raphael's manner, when under the influence of Perugino, and when working independently. (See Italian edition, 'Storia della Pittura in Italia.' Firenze: 1883. Vol. II., pp. 261, 282, 292, 303.) But we may safely say that such a comparison is not to the point, inasmuch as there is no evidence to show that the quite exceptional and peculiar deviations, to which Raphael's art was subjected for some short period, are likely to have been foreshadowed in the case of Masaccio. According to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Masolino was incapable of producing such fine and grand paintings as have heretofore borne his name, and we believe, on good grounds, supported by the testimony not only of Vasari, but also of so early a writer as Albertini in his 'Notes on the Statues and Pictures at Florence,' published in 1510. In this work the following passage occurs: 'The [fresco-work in the] chapel of the Brancacci is half by his [Masaccio's] hand, half by the hand of Masolino, with the exception of the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," which is by Filippo [Filippino Lippi].' And here we feel justified in saying that if the testimony of tradition in art history is worth anything, it must be in this instance. Vasari says of the famous wall-paintings in the Brancacci Chapel, that 'all the most celebrated

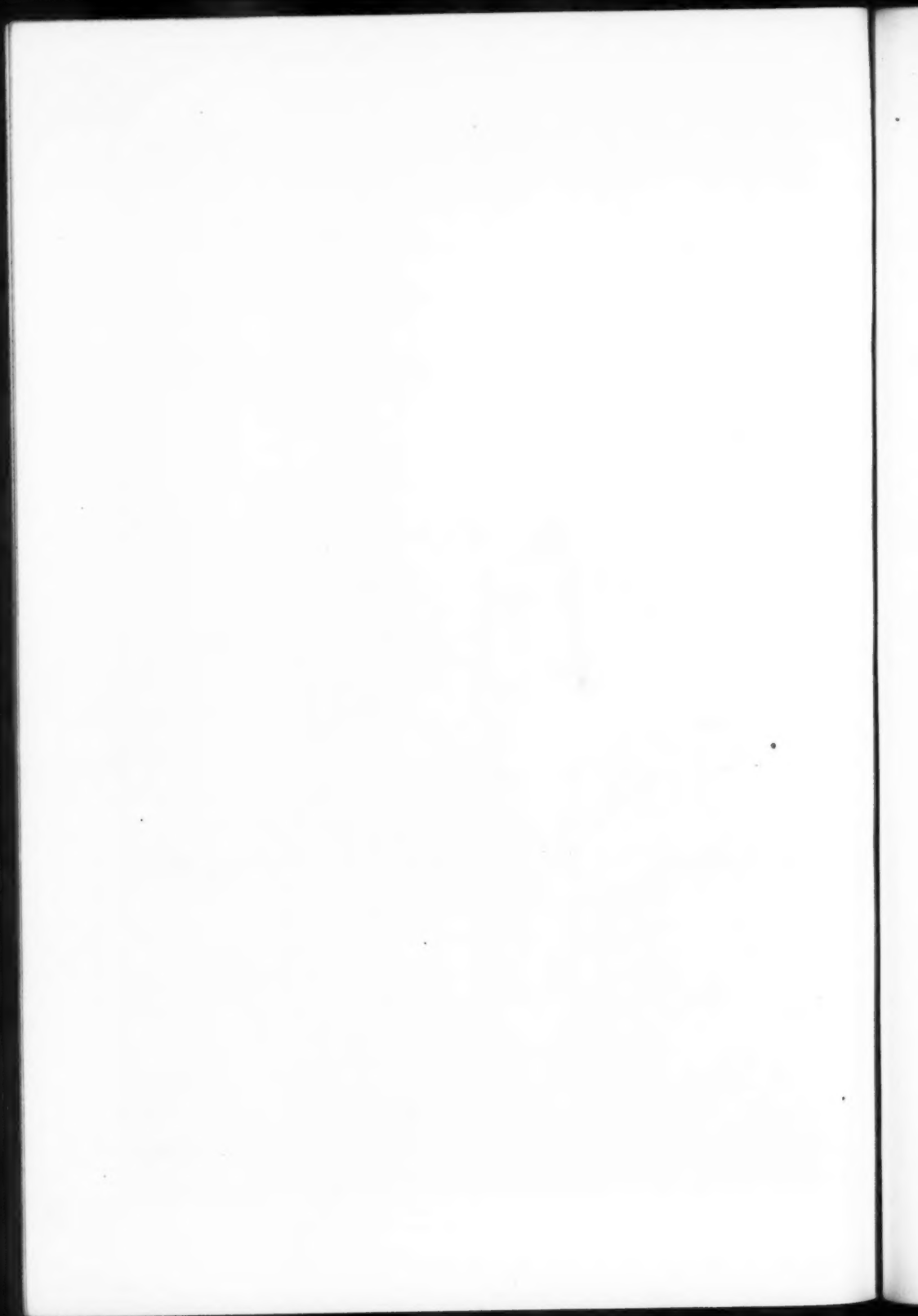
sculptors and painters since Masaccio's day' have been studying there. He goes on to give a long list of names of such painters, including Michelangelo and other personal friends of his. (See Vol. I., p. 411.) Therefore the tradition about the authorship of that highly esteemed monument must have been uninterrupted. Again, the interest by which three generations of great painters had been led to take the fresco-paintings of the Brancacci Chapel as the best models for their own studies must have been too lively to admit of such serious blunders as the said theory would involve. However, if we were to admit for a moment that Masolino's collaboration at the Brancacci Chapel was not sufficiently evident, it would be vain to enter into a discussion upon the subject, if there were no other monuments of Masolino's style than those described by Vasari, for all the works by his hand enumerated by the biographer have perished since, with the exception of the Brancacci Chapel. Even here only two pictures can at present be identified with his descriptions.

"But some forty years ago, when the whitewash was taken off the wall of the collegiate church at Castiglione d'Olena, in the province of Como, between Varese and Milan, it was found that the choir was covered by fresco paintings exhibiting the signature, 'Masolinus de Florentia Pinsit.' The following subjects are here represented, the figures being nearly life-size: 'The Nativity of Christ,' 'The Annunciation,' 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' and 'The Adoration of the Magi.' All these compositions are placed in triangles above the spectator's head. On the perpendicular walls we find representations of the 'Entombment of the Virgin.' The two large pictures at the sides have been described as representing scenes of the life of St. Laurentius; however, in the opinion of the present writer, they illustrate the life and martyrdom of St. Stephen. This church was founded in 1422 by the Cardinal Branda, of Castiglione. The date of its completion may be conjectured from the inscription on a fine high-relief on the portal giving the year 1428. The sepulchral monument of the cardinal in the choir bears the date 1443. He, no doubt, was Masolino's employer not only in Castiglione, but most probably also at Rome, as will be seen in the notes to Vasari's 'Life of Masaccio.' Close to the collegiate church is the small baptistery, which is entirely covered by fresco-paintings by Masolino, representing scenes from the life and martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. On the ceiling are busts of the Fathers of the Church and of prophets. Here occurs the date 1435. If these figures can be relied upon as correct (the writing is apparently of a later date, but it may only be a subsequent restoration of the original), it would follow that the pictures in the baptistery were about seven years later than the decoration of the collegiate church. A close study of these imposing and very impressive pictures enables us to state positively that the characteristics of style are here precisely the same as in the



A DETAIL FROM THE FRESCO OF "THE TRIBUTE MONEY," BY MASACCIO.

(IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE.)



temporary relief. But the dramatic sense was stronger in the artist than the tradition of the Church. The composition on the whole is a wide departure from the treatment of previous times.

The left wall of the chapel is devoted to the life of St. Catherine of Alexandria. In the first fresco she is disputing with the doctors, while Maxentius sits listening. Above is a subject representing St. Catherine refusing to worship an idol, many richly dressed persons looking on. Then come the conversion and martyrdom of the empress in one picture, in the former of which the saint is shown, looking out of her prison window, teaching the empress her doctrine, while in the latter is represented the decapitation of the convert. In another double subject are shown the attempt to tear the saint on the wheel and the intervention of the angel, who with his sword shatters the wheels between which the saint stands, the assistants fleeing in terror; the last shows the martyrdom of the saint, who kneels with folded hands awaiting the headsmen's stroke while a file of men-at-arms keep back the crowd and an angel waits to carry off the soul of the martyr, and three others on a distant mountain-top bury her body. The four frescos on the opposite wall do not seem to me to justify their attribution, and I must consider them later and by another hand. Vasari tells us that Masaccio, among other pictures executed in Rome, painted one in a chapel of Sta. Maria Maggiore in which the Madonna accompanied by four saints, "so well executed as to seem in relief," presides over the tracing of the foundation of the church by Pope Liberius, under the likeness of Martin V., while the Emperor Sigismund is looking on. Cavalcaselle is disposed to recognize this picture in one in the gallery at Naples, which represents the pope in his pontifical vestments surrounded by cardinals and clergy, tracing the plan in the snow, while a richly but not regally dressed person, who may be Sigismund, is looking on surrounded by young men and women.

pictures in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, which have always been given to the same artist."

In his notes on Vasari's sketch of Masaccio, Dr. Richter gives the following opinion in regard to the Roman work which Mr. Stillman follows Vasari in attributing to Masaccio: "There is no consistency whatever in the statement that the wall-paintings at San Clemente, Rome, were by Giotto. This is an hypothesis which sound criticism will feel bound to reject as preposterous. Vasari ascribes them to Masaccio, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their 'History of Painting' accept this attribution. They do not deny the apparent divergency of style in these paintings when compared with well-authenticated works of Masaccio, but they believe these can be reconciled by the hypothesis that the fresco-paintings of San Clemente are very early works of Masaccio (Italian edition, 1883, Vol. II., p. 281). However, in the opinion of the present writer the existing difficul-

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In the sky are half-figures of the Virgin and Christ.

Masaccio left Rome for Florence in 1420-21; and as Masolino, who seems to have been originally charged with the decoration of the Brancacci Chapel in the Carmine, had gone to Hungary, Masaccio was intrusted with the work. When he returned to Rome is not exactly known; but his poverty in Florence—a poverty which even the accession to power of his friend Giovanni di Bicci dei Medici did not relieve—probably sent him back, never to return. The scheduling of the property and incomes of the citizens instituted by Giovanni in 1427 shows that Masaccio lived with his younger brother Giovanni, and that though he earned six soldi a day he was in debt to the amount of one hundred and two lire and four soldi to one of his fellow-painters, six florins to another creditor, and had pledged his valuables at the pawnshop. Niccolo di Ser Lapo in his income-return of 1427 says that Masaccio owed him 200 lire, and in 1430 there was still 68 lire of it due, and that he had no hope of ever getting it, as Masaccio had gone to Rome and died there and his brother Giovanni declined the responsibility for the debt. In the census-return of 1429 Masaccio is set down as being twenty-five years old, but his name is then crossed out, with the annotation, "Died at Rome"; but no record or tradition tells how.

In the long record of the contrast of fortune to which the children of genius are victims there is none more pitiful than this of Masaccio. Columbus giving a new world to Castile and Leon and coming home in chains is more startling because more conspicuous, but Masaccio opening the future of art to glories unseen before him and then vanishing in poverty, unable to pay the debts he had incurred for the material of his art, and dying in his youth with his powers in their first freshness, is far more pathetic. Raphael died young, but he had come to his old age in art, while the eagle eyes of young Masaccio were seeking fields for new

ties cannot be overcome by this new suggestion. After a careful study of the works of Masolino at Castiglione and at Florence, and of those by Masaccio at Florence, it appears to him impossible to deny that the frescos at San Clemente are by the hand of Masolino, and not of Masaccio, and this explanation is by no means a new one. Rumohr has already expressed a doubt that they are by Masaccio ('Ital. Forschungen,' II., p. 250). A. von Zahn has claimed them for Masolino ('Jahrbücher der Kunstwissenschaft,' II., p. 155). See also Woltmann and Woermann ('Geschichte der Malerei,' II., pp. 139, 140). Vasari tells us that the frescos were ordered by the cardinal of San Clemente. It is a striking coincidence that between the years 1411 and 1420, when we may expect that these paintings were executed, the cardinalate of San Clemente was in the hands of Branda of Castiglione, of whom we know that he was Masolino's patron."

—EDITOR.

triumphs, and closed just as those of his followers were opening to what he pointed out.

That the authorship of the frescos of S. Clemente should be attributed, as they are by Burckhardt and Zahn, to Masolino is, as I have said, not surprising, for the extreme naïveté of most of them may easily be attributed to the immature art instead of to the immature artist; but the technical analysis to which Cavalcaselle and others have subjected them leaves no reasonable question in the matter. The execution of them is timid in comparison with that of the work in the Brancacci Chapel; but this is precisely what we might expect, and that there should be something reminding us of the master is not more surprising than that some of Raphael's earlier pictures should be attributed to Perugino. The figure of the executioner in the "Martyrdom of St. Catherine" is like a prophecy of Raphael, while the treatment of the mystic portion of the picture is still in the feeling of the Giottesques, and the angel waiting in the sky on a rosy cloud for the soul of the saint to come up is quite in the vein of the protomaster, Giotto. The four heads in the lower left-hand corner of "The Crucifixion" are distinctly in the direction of that individuality of type due to the painter's selection of the people of his own day as models for the historic personages he supposes in his work. It is as if the artist had begun to realize that the men around him might be much such as the men he had to deal with in his story. There is evidence, not of realism in his method of working, but of healthy imagination in the calling up of his material; and he tells his stories with the same freedom that Giotto enjoyed. He gives us in the same picture, in all the spirit of orthodox art, St. Catherine standing between the wheels, ready for the torture, and the wheels flying into pieces and crushing the torturers; but in the scene of the decapitation, quite in the vein of modern art, there are some curious spectators beyond the line of guards trying to thrust themselves through to see the execution, while the body of the saint has fallen to the ground in the first instant of death, and the executioner is sheathing his sword.

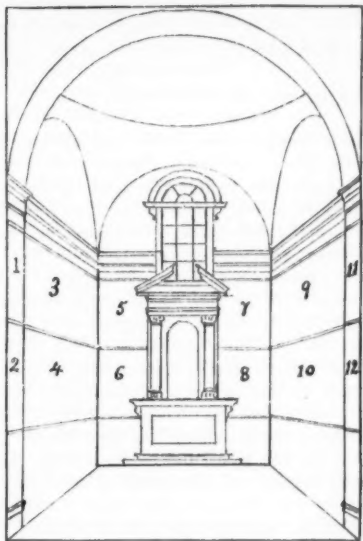
I may as well point out here the meaning I shall attach to the puzzling words "realism" and "naturalism," because we must now take cognizance of the matters they imply, Masaccio being the first of the painters with whom we have to deal who showed a distinct recognition of the every-day world as a mine of his art. Fra Angelico has the variety of type which the ends of art require for the distinguishing of his sacred personages, and at all times and naturally the images of memory must have mixed in the texture of the dreams even of ecstasies like

him; but the types are, to my mind, the types of dreams, or, as in Giotto, of pure imagination. In Masaccio, and the men who follow, the ecstatic disappears, and we are in a world whose images may not be real and capable of a realistic rendering, but clearly are drawn from the natural world in contradistinction to the supernatural or conventional and symbolical, and in which, without coming down to the servitude of the model or of rigid portraiture, the standards are those of what they saw about them. The study of these forms in the succeeding generations of painters was closer and closer, or, as it seems to me, tending continually more to the direct use of the model, which becomes absolute only in the school of Bologna; but beyond the free and noble naturalism which was only inspired by nature and retained the freedom of art there is the internal evidence of a growing tendency to realism, in which not the spirit but the very letter of the art was taken slavishly from the actual and material world. It is in this sense that I say that Masaccio was the first naturalistic painter. The ecstatic is henceforward impossible, and we see more and more the evidence of the hints of art being taken from what has been within the apprehension of all who had eyes to see.

But the art of Masaccio is still ideal and contains the germs of the highest development of the schools of Central Italy—the mastery of composition of many figures which came to its fullest in Raphael, and in some cases in his cartoons even to the overbloom of artifice. Take, for instance, the "Resuscitation of the Young Man," from the Brancacci Chapel, "The Tribute Money," or the "St. Peter Baptizing," and compare them even with the composition of Giotto, and we become at once aware that a new element has been introduced into art—harmony of line and balance of masses fixing the character of the work. And in this Masaccio is an innovator, for he is the first who made this the motive of his art, and he did it with a naïveté and a consequent power which we do not find to the same degree in the later men. The woe-stricken Adam and Eve in the "Expulsion from Paradise," in the Brancacci Chapel, are of a simpler type, and in this simplicity show more clearly the dramatic power of the artist. In both types of his work we see that art was taking on an independent existence and was being studied for its own charms, and no longer merely as the accompaniment of devotion or the vehicle of a story. It is long after this before Religion and Art are dissevered, but from this time they have existences independent more and more of each other.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE, ENGRAVER.



PLAN OF THE FRESCOS OF THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA DEL CARMINE, FLORENCE.

1. The Expulsion from Paradise. *Masaccio*.—2. Peter in Prison visited by Paul. *Filippino Lippi*.—3. The Tribute Money. *Masaccio*.—4. Peter accepts the Challenge to Simon Magus and raises the Dead Youth to Life. Partly by *Masaccio* and partly by *Filippino Lippi*.—5. The Preaching of Peter. *Masaccio*.—6. The Sick and Deformed cured by the Shadow of Peter (Acts v. 15. Here accompanied by John). *Masaccio*.—7. Peter Baptizing. *Masaccio*.—8. Peter and John distributing Alms (sometimes called the Ananias; a dead figure lies at the feet of the Apostles). *Masaccio*.—9. Healing of the Cripple at the Beautiful Gate, and Cure of Petronilla. *Masolino*.—10. Peter and Paul accused before Nero, and Martyrdom of Peter. *Filippino Lippi*.—11. The Fall of Adam and Eve. *Masolino*.—12. Liberation of Peter from Prison by the Angel. *Filippino Lippi*. (See Cugler's "Italian Schools," by Layard, Vol. I., p. 143.)

MASACCIO'S fresco of "The Tribute Money" (No. 3 of the plan), from which the detail of the head of Christ with three of the Apostles is taken, measures eight feet high by eighteen feet four inches long. This also is the size of the three corresponding pictures, Nos. 4, 9, and 10. The frescos at the sides of the altar are five feet wide, and those on the pilasters, which project six inches from the wall, are three feet wide. They are separated from each other by a narrow framework, six inches wide, painted with the pictures, in imitation of a cornice resting on pilasters at each end of each fresco. In the large pictures different moments of the same event, or different subjects, are presented in the same picture. For instance, in "The Tribute Money" Christ stands in the midst of his disciples. The tax-gatherer, with his back to the spectator, in the immediate foreground, is presenting his hand for the tribute (the hand and part of the shoulder only are shown in the detail); while Christ commands Peter, who is not shown in the detail, to get the necessary money from the mouth of the

fish. This is the principal event of the picture and is disposed in the center, taking up half of the space, the figures being nearly life-size. To the left, in the background, Peter is seen down by the waterside in the act of taking the coin from the mouth of the fish. The action is finely expressed as he crouches down, with his weight chiefly on one leg, the other being extended. To the right of the central group Peter is represented paying the tribute to the officer; broad, simple architecture rises behind the two figures. The landscape is noble. A stretch of mountain scenery and sky, with a few trees receding in perspective, and a river to the left, forms the background to Christ and his disciples.

The coloring is of soft, warm, gray tints, fine in quality. A quiet, subtle richness of tone characterizes the draperies of various shades of color, all blending together harmoniously and delightfully in a low and tender key. It is impossible by words to give any idea of such coloring. It is simply indescribable. One cannot mix words up, as he can pigments, with intelligible results, and so, for instance, be able to set forth the tone of red in the drapery of Christ, or the overrobe of blue so pleasant to look upon, and as soothing to the imagination as to the eye. To glance up at the abominable modern ceiling of the chapel gives one a shock like the unexpected blare of a brass instrument close to the ear.

The figures throughout have a quiet, dignified bearing; the attitude of Christ is magnificent. The eye falls naturally upon him at once, taking in the broad play of light from the outstretched arm, while the air of commanding dignity, and the beauty of the neck, barer than those of the others, aid in distinguishing him. But one needs to mount a step-ladder and get nearer to the picture to appreciate at their full value the moral strength and manly beauty of Christ's countenance, his nobility and strong personality, and the subtlety of the expression of authority in his face. The other heads, too, are admirable, and grouped finely together, in graceful and easy composition. The various planes of light falling upon them according to their several degrees of distances are well managed. In looking at them attentively and seeking to enter into the scene, one naturally feels with Vasari, who, speaking of this fresco as remarkable above the others, says: "The attention given by the Apostles to what is taking place as they stand around their Master awaiting his determination is expressed with so much truth, and their various attitudes and gestures are so full of animation, that they seem to be those of living men." There is, moreover, great spirit in the figure of Peter as he looks inquiringly towards Jesus, his right arm following the direction of that of his master, which carries the eye to the second moment of the event.¹

The walls of the chapel are very uneven, being full of waves—a result, no doubt, of age.

¹ An example of Masaccio's influence upon Raphael may be seen by comparison of this figure of Peter with that in the "Liberation of Peter," on the wall of the Stanza d'Elidoro of the Vatican.—EDITOR.

NAPOLÉON IN EXILE.

DESCRIBED IN UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY BRITISH OFFICERS.

I.



IN the month of June, 1814, the following letter was received from Captain Ussher, R. N., commanding H. M. S. *Undaunted*, on board which ship Napoleon Bonaparte was conveyed to Elba. A copy of this letter was forwarded to the lady to whom the letters of 1815, which follow it, were addressed, and for whom Lieutenant Nelson Mills's journal, on board H. M. S. *Northumberland*, was written. This lady was one of those to whom Napoleon was the object of a hero-worship hardly surviving nowadays. She was also one of the most agreeable and charming of women; and in consequence of this all her connections, chiefly naval and military, took delight in indulging her weaknesses so far as lay in their power. The lady who sends the following letter writes to her:

... "And so, my dear friend, your Enthusiasm is deceased. I fancy it of the phoenix kind, for surely you were under the glowing influence of something very like an Enthusiasm when you last wrote, and I felt so strongly how entirely 'stale, flat,' etc. anything I could write to you must appear, that I vowed a vow never to answer you until I could obtain some intelligence that would interest you."

The beginning and the exact date of Captain Ussher's letter are not forthcoming. It proceeds thus:

... "I need not tell you with what humble gratitude I thank God that this long and sanguinary war has at length terminated, with so much honor to our country. The sacrifices that have been made by us for the good of mankind are unexampled in history. It has fallen to my extraordinary lot to be the gaoler of the instrument of the misery that Europe has so long endured, and I am sure you will believe me, when I say that far from allowing him to think that I bear in mind any animosity towards him, from a recollection of what my country has suffered, I endeavored, by my attentions, to quiet his uneasy mind. It appears to me like a dream when I look back eighteen months and see all Europe prostrate at his feet — and he now absolutely my prisoner. It is a glorious finish to my services, and leaves me nothing more to wish for. As Count Kalm, aid-de-camp to

Prince Schwartzenberg, will set off immediately for Paris, and takes charge of my letters, I have only time to tell you that on the 14th of April the white flag was displayed at Marseilles by the inhabitants. Anxious to shake hands with my former enemies, but now my friends, I pushed into the anchorage before the town, but not without some opposition from the military, a battery having opened its fire and struck us. This appeared to me such an act of treachery that I opened my broadside, etc., and in ten minutes silenced the fire. I now saw the inhabitants assembling on the ramparts, waving white handkerchiefs. This determined me at all hazards to enter. Soon after the mayor and the municipality came off, forced by the people to apologize for the act of hostility; and until they were assured that I was satisfied with the apology, the town was quite in a state of insurrection.

"I immediately went on shore with Captain Napier of the *Euryalus*, under my orders, and we were received by upwards of fifty thousand people, who literally carried us off to the town hall, where a speech was made by one of the municipality, after which we were carried to the governor's, and with him and all the authorities went to hear the *Te Deum* chaunted; after which we went in procession round the town amidst shouts of the loudest joy and enthusiasm. Such a mixture of mad joy and melancholy was never before witnessed. I assure you I saw thousands of women with their hands clasped, and extended to Heaven, bewailing the loss of husbands, brothers, sons, but partaking in the general joy of deliverance from a tyranny that cannot be conceived, much less described. When we returned to the governor's the mob assembled round his house. He requested we would drive out in his carriage to satisfy their curiosity, which we did, and arrived at a part of this magnificent city where none but royalty are allowed to enter in a carriage. The mob tore down the iron rails, and we drove in. Our carriage was then stopped and ladies were found begging to be permitted to shake hands with us; and we were soon almost suffocated with kisses. We then made a speech, which was cheered by the loudest huzzas from immense crowds of people. At church, at concerts, the opera, all places were alike, you could hear nothing but 'Vive les Anglais,' 'Vive Louis Dix-huit.' When I entered the opera of an evening they huzzaed

for half an hour. I harangued them and called out, 'Everlasting peace and friendship with our brothers the French.' They called my ideas sublime, and cheered me with the loudest acclamations. What a nation!

"And now for Napoleon. On the 25th Colonel Campbell drove into Marseilles, being commissioned by Lord Castlereagh to attend Napoleon. He said he came by the express wish of Napoleon himself to request I would go round to St. Tropez, where it was intended he should embark, as he did not consider himself safe on board a French frigate. Next day I arrived at St. Tropez, but found that he had altered his route, and was at Fréjus. At one o'clock I arrived, and was introduced to the Russian commissioner, Count Schouvaloff; the Austrian, General Koeller; the Prussian, Count Truchsess; English, Colonel Campbell; and Count Kalm. Soon after my arrival Count Bertrand, his Grand Marshal, informed me that it was the Emperor's wish to see me (he is still acknowledged Emperor, and Sovereign of Elba).

"When I was presented he said that he was once a great enemy to England, but now he was as sincere a friend. He said we were a great and generous nation. He asked me about the wind, weather, distance to Elba, and other nautical questions; he then bowed and retired. He was very dignified—still the Emperor. I received his command to dine with him. There was at table all the commissioners and the Grand Marshal; the conversation was most interesting.

"He laughed when I asked him if he did not issue his Milan decree for the purpose of forcing America to quarrel with us. This he did not deny. He said 'all his plans were on an immense scale,' and would have been finished in four or five years. I have not time to repeat all his interesting conversation.

"That night we embarked all his numerous baggage. In the morning he sent for me. He asked how the wind was, and said he had made up his mind to embark at eight in the evening. At seven o'clock he sent for me, and I remained half an hour alone with him (an immense mob had gathered round his hotel). His sword was on the table, and he appeared very thoughtful; there was a very great noise in the street. I said to him, 'The French mob are the worst I have seen.' He answered, 'They are a fickle people.' He appeared in deep thought; but, recovering himself, rang the bell, and ordering the Grand Marshal to be sent for, he asked if all was ready. Being answered in the affirmative, he turned to me and said in his usual quick way, 'Allons.'

"The stairs were lined at each side with ladies and gentlemen. He stopped a moment,

and said something to the ladies which I could not hear. He walked to his carriage and called for me (not a safe berth); he then called the Austrian commissioner and the Grand Marshal. I sat opposite to him in the carriage, and we drove off. My boats were almost two miles from the town. We were accompanied by an Hungarian regiment of cavalry. It was a delightful moonlight night, the country we passed through a paradise. Then the carriage stopped, the bugle sounded, and the regiment was drawn up.

"An interesting scene now opened—bugles sounding, drums beating, horses neighing, and people of every nation in Europe witnessing the embarkation of this man who had caused so much misery to them all.

"I informed him that the boat was ready, and we walked together to where she was. He was handed into the boat by a nephew of Sir Sidney Smith's, who is my fourth lieutenant—rather an odd coincidence. Lieutenant Smith had been confined in prison for seven or eight years. I introduced him. The Emperor seemed to feel his conscience prick him: he only said, 'Nephew to Sir Sidney Smith; I met him in Egypt.'

"When we got on board he walked round the ship. My people crowded about him, and he said 'for the first time in his life he felt confidence in a mob.' His spirits seemed to revive, and he told me next morning that he had never slept better. Next day he asked me a thousand questions and seemed quite initiated in nautical matters. At breakfast and dinner there was a great deal of conversation. He spoke of the Scheldt expedition. I asked him if he had ever thought we should succeed. He said, 'Never'; and turning a little towards the Austrian commissioner, he said, 'I wrote from Vienna that the expedition was intended against Antwerp.' He told me his motive for annexing Holland to France was for a naval purpose, and that he thought the Zuyder Zee particularly well adapted for exercising his conscripts.

"At breakfast one morning he asked me to bring to a neutral brig that was passing. I said, laughing, that I was astonished his Majesty should give such an order, as it was contrary to his system to denationalize. He turned round and gave me a pretty hard rap, saying, 'Ah, Capitaine!'

"When we were sailing by the Alps he leaned on my arm for half an hour, looking earnestly at them. I said he had once passed them with better fortune. He laughed, and liked the compliment. He told me he had been only once wounded: it was in the knee, and by an English sergeant. He looks uncommonly well and young, and is much changed for the better, being now very stout. He showed me a por-

trait of the king of Rome; he is very like his father. He likewise showed me one of the Empress, which is rather pretty. We had a smart gale when off Corsica: he asked me to anchor at Ajaccio, the place of his birth; but the wind changing made it impossible. In the gale I told him I had more confidence than Cæsar's pilot: the compliment pleased him.

"He dresses very plain, wearing a green coat with the decoration of the Legion of Honor. The portrait of him with the cocked hat and folded arms is the strongest likeness I have seen."

(Here a sheet of the letter appears to be lost, and we find ourselves at Elba.)

II.

CAPTAIN USSHER'S LETTER, CONTINUED.

... "GENERAL D'ALHEME, the governor (of Elba), said he would do whatever was agreeable to Bonaparte. At eight in the evening we anchored, and a deputation came off consisting of the governor, generals, prefect, and civil authorities. At daylight next morning Bonaparte was on deck, and remained with various officers, asking questions as to the anchorage, fortifications, etc., etc. At eight he asked me for a boat, as he intended to take a walk on the opposite side of the bay, and asked me to go with him. He wore a great-coat and round hat. Count Bertrand, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vincent went with us. When about half way he remarked that he was without a sword, and soon afterwards asked if the peasants of Tuscany were addicted to assassination.

"We walked about two hours, and the peasants, considering us all as Englishmen, cried 'Vive les Anglais.' We returned on board to breakfast, and he afterwards fixed the flag of Elba, and ordered two to be made immediately, that one might be hoisted at one P. M. on the fortifications; and at two P. M. he would disembark with the other. (What a childish vanity!) The flag is a white field with a red band running diagonally through it, with three bees in the band. The bees were in his arms as Emperor of France.

"The boats of the island now began to assemble round the ship, crowded with people, bands of music, etc., and shouting 'Vive l'Empereur.' At two my barge was manned. He desired me to go down first; he then called Baron Koeller, Colonel Campbell, Count Kalm, and Count Bertrand. The yards were manned, and as soon as the barge shoved off a royal salute was fired, and the same by each of the French corvettes. On the beach he was received by the mayor, municipality, and the authorities, civil and military. The

keys were presented on a plate, and the people seemed to receive him with great welcome, and shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' We proceeded to the church in procession; thence to the Hôtel de Ville, where all the authorities and principal inhabitants assembled, with each of whom he conversed. After that he mounted his horse, attended by a dozen persons, and visited part of the outworks, and dined at seven o'clock.

"Next morning he was up at four, and from that until ten was on foot visiting the fortifications, storehouses, magazines, etc. At two he mounted his horse, and I rode with him about two leagues into the country, over mountains and precipices, but nothing is impassable to him. He examined the country houses, and stopped at a planter's (wine merchant) and had a cold collation. He helped me to different things, which he never does to any one else. A lady came in and offered him strawberries, which he gave to me. I took an opportunity afterwards of offering him a sprig of laurel, which pleased him much. He asked me here how I liked the wine. I said it was excellent; and he immediately ordered 2000 bottles to be sent on board to the men. In short, his manner is always most agreeable and polite, and it is only when anxious to carry any point that he is passionate.

"Next day we went across the island to a mountain of iron, the richest and finest mine in the world—and, what is remarkable, the revenue arising from it formerly paid his Legion of Honor. We rode through the clouds to it. I never was so fatigued in my life. The mountain is completely of iron, and is blasted with powder in the way that quarries are in England. When broken, the fragments are like pieces of diamond, of all colors. He gave me some beautiful specimens of his collection. If you choose to make the college a present of one, I will send it to you.

"We afterwards went through a labyrinth to a high mountain, upon the summit of which there is a temple erected by the Romans in honor of Jupiter. I suppose he consulted the oracle. At dinner we had a boar's head, and the Emperor with his usual kindness to me helped me to the eye as a great treat. I was hard set what to do. It was rudeness to refuse, but I could not stand it, and sent it away; the very idea spoiled my appetite.

"Elba is a beautiful island, possessing every advantage. The bay of Porto Ferrajo is unrivaled, and the valleys are uncommonly fertile, yielding the finest vegetables of every description, and the mountains are to the summits clothed with vines. In three or four days he visited every part of the island, conceived

all his plans for building palaces, stables, aqueducts, lazarettos, etc. (The latter he begged I would plan.) His constitution is of iron—always up at four, and seldom in bed before eleven. The day the transports arrived with his carriages, horses, and guards he was on his legs from four in the morning until four in the evening, under a hot sun. He then mounted his horse and rode over two or three mountains—returned at eight o'clock, and was not twenty minutes at dinner. He sent for Colonel Campbell and myself. He stopped me for a moment in the library, and hurrying over some magnificent drawings of Egypt, stopped at Cairo, and asked my opinion of it. He then said in his quick way, 'Allons!' and we walked into the garden; and there we walked for three hours, talking of Egypt. I could not help remarking to him that his constitution was of iron in being able to undergo much fatigue—'car il montait à cheval pour se défatiguer.'

"The day that he was on the summit of a mountain that showed him all the island, he turned round laughing and said, 'Ah! mon île est bien petite.' He laughed at the idea of our being caricatured, and said 'the English had a great passion for caricaturing.' I said 'John Bull caricatured and abused people when they deserved it. I shall be caricatured nursing the king of Rome.' He often compliments the nation for generosity and liberality. In talking of Lord Wellington his admiration was unbounded. He said also that our army institutions were perfection, and that the discipline was superior to his. He also complimented my officers, and said they were the finest young men he ever saw, and that the *Undaunted* was a pattern to all other ships. He always wished to have my officers about him: a sergeant of marines, who is a great favorite, always slept in the next room to him, upon a mattress at the door.

"I told him we never thought him serious in his intentions of invading England. He said that he was quite serious: his object was not to conquer England, for he knew that so high-minded a people were not to be conquered by taking their capital; but he expected to throw the country into confusion, and separate Ireland. He said his plans were on the largest scale—that in four or five years he would have had three hundred sail of the line. I asked him how he intended to man them. He said his naval conscription was fully equal to it. I told him we laughed at his naval conscripts, who were more formidable to each other than to us. . . .

"P. S. Tell S. that some one said I was like Bonaparte, but not so well looking. It was a Frenchman, and he thought even with that amendment that he paid me a great compliment."

"I flatter myself," says the lady who forwarded this letter to Mrs. M., "that you will like this cousin of mine for his generous feelings towards a fallen enemy. Besides, he really is a very fine fellow and has done excellent service to his country. His family soon expect an account of his second trip to Elba, with Princess Borghese, and I hope it will afford us some more accounts of Bonaparte—which of course you shall have as soon as I can collect them."

So far as we know, this second letter has not been preserved.

III. 1815.

Mrs. M.'s young cousin Mills, who ministered to her Napoleon fever in the year 1815, appears to have been a good deal Captain Ussher's junior in mind, as well as in rank and age. His part begins with two letters to his cousin.

H. M. S. NORTHUMBERLAND,
August 3rd, 1815.

. . . Till we were on the point of sailing for Plymouth to take Buonaparte on board I did not receive your letter, as there was a mistake in the direction. As to your coming to Portsmouth, even though it should have been practicable, it would have been of no use, as he never came there. We are now under sail, and very likely shall not be able to put this in the post till we arrive at Plymouth, where we take the ex-Emperor on board. The ship is fitted out, and everything in very good order to receive him. We take him out to the island of St. Helena, and from thence we proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, and there we shall take the command. There is the *Romney* fitting out at Chatham, to come out and receive Admiral Cockburn's flag, that the *Northumberland's* ship's company may go home, for they have all been out six or seven years. I shall give you an exact account of everything that is transacted on board relative to Buonaparte, and shall expect answers from you, as it is a very great pleasure to receive letters abroad. . . .

August 5th, 1815, off Torbay.

. . . We are now sailing in company with the *Tonnant*, Admiral Lord Keith, and the *Bellerophon*, on board of which is that once great man, Buonaparte. We are standing in for Torbay, a small port where there is very good anchorage, where I expect we are going to paint the ship for the reception of Buoney and his suite. The *Northumberland* is a remarkably fine ship and sails very fast. Our Admiral Sir George has gone on board the *Bellerophon*; I believe to settle everything previous to

Buonaparte's removal. . . . I shall let you hear plenty in my next. . . .

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF W. NELSON MILLS.

"August 7th, 1815. Came on board General Buonaparte, from H. M. S. *Bellerophon*. He was saluted on the quarter-deck by the marines of the ship under arms, in the same manner as an English general. He was accompanied by his suite, consisting of the following people: General Bertrand (Grand Mareschal du Palais), his wife and three children; Comte de Montholon (General of Division), his wife and one child; General de Gourgon; le Comte de Lascazes and his son, who is in the quality of page to the general; and the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, who accompanies Buonaparte as his private physician; twelve male and two female servants.

"He returned the salute by taking off his hat and bowing to all the officers who were present. He entered into conversation with Captain Beattie of the marines, respecting the length of time he had served, what actions he had been in, and if he had ever been wounded. He replied that he had served many years, had been wounded, and was at the siege of Acre. Napoleon took hold of his left ear, and gently pulling it said, 'Ah, ah! vous êtes un brave homme — brave homme!' He was very much pleased when introduced and shown all through the admiral's cabin, after which he expressed a wish to be likewise introduced to the officers of our ship, which was immediately complied with by the admiral. After inquiring individually their respective duties on board and seeming very much pleased with the discipline and regularity of the ship, they were dismissed. He was dressed in a green uniform coat with red facings, plain gold epaulets, white knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, a high cocked hat with the tricolored cockade; on his left breast was a large silver star, and below that were the three different insignias suspended by three colored ribbons.

"Lord Lowther and Mr. Littleton had accompanied the admiral from Portsmouth to Plymouth. Napoleon, finding Mr. Littleton was a member of Parliament, had a very long conversation with him, and was particularly inquisitive respecting Mr. Whitbread, saying that if he, Mr. Whitbread, had been alive, his case (meaning his own) would have been very different. He wished very much to know what had occasioned him to commit suicide, and if Mr. Littleton knew why he did it, saying it was very singular it should happen just at that time. He then retired into the cabin fitted up for him, which was the admiral's larboard side cabin. Shortly after he went to dinner

with the admiral, the usual number of officers being at table. He eat very hearty, rose up soon, and came out to walk the quarter-deck. He again entered into conversation with Mr. Littleton, by whom he sent a private message to the Prince Regent. He requested the band might play 'Rule Britannia' and 'God save the King,' which was instantly complied with. We then got under weigh and proceeded down Channel. Fresh winds and rainy weather running down Channel, in company with the following ships: *Havannah*, *Bucephalus*, *Ceylon*, *Peruvian*, *Icarus*, *Zenobia*, *Redpole*, *Ferret*, *Zephyr*.

"August the 8th.—Napoleon did not stir out of his cabin till the admiral went to dinner; he then came to table, but retired again almost immediately owing to sea-sickness, it being a very rough day. Almost all his suite were sea-sick also, especially the ladies, Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon. The former is a very amiable and good woman, but the latter is quite the contrary. Fresh winds and rainy weather running down Channel, all the squadron in company.

"August the 9th.—About eleven o'clock Buonaparte came out of his cabin and took a walk on the quarter-deck for about half an hour, conversing alternately with Admiral Cockburn and Sir George Bingham upon the loss of the battle of Waterloo. He imputes it to this cause: in the hurry of equipping his army they were obliged to clothe a great many of the new guards in the uniform of the old; and the former, owing to their impetuosity and rashness during the action, were obliged to give way. The remainder of the army, fancying it was the old guards, gave up all hopes and retreated in the utmost confusion, so that it was impossible to rally them again. . . . After dinner . . . he retired to the admiral's after-cabin to play at cards, of which he is very fond, although he always loses. Moderate winds and fine weather standing out of the Channel, the Lizard Point bearing N. W. by W. five leagues and a half. . . .

"August 11th.—Buonaparte walked the deck in the forenoon, it being a very fine day, attended as usual by his two confidants, Bertrand and Lascazes: he takes very little notice of any of the others. The ladies also made their appearance on deck to-day. The midshipmen who were walking on the lee side of the deck attracted his notice, and he immediately crossed the deck to them, asking them if they could speak French, and if they had ever been in France. There was one amongst them who had been in prison at Verdun, and had seen him (Napoleon) when passing through that place at the head of his army to go to Russia. He immediately said, 'C'est un beau

pays,' and walked away, taking one or two of us by the ears. . . . He sat down to his general evening's amusement of cards; he plays piquet and vingt-et-un. Out of sight of land to-day.

"August 12th.—Buonaparte did not appear on deck to-day, being unwell. . . . He does not eat his breakfast at the same time the admiral does, but has it by himself in his cabin: it generally consists of fowls, meat, and porter; he never touches tea in the morning. The French officers were all on deck in the afternoon. Fresh breezes and fine weather.

"August 13th.—This being Sunday, divine service was performed by the chaplain, but neither Napoleon nor any of his officers were present. He walked the deck from three o'clock till dinner-time, and afterwards for about an hour, conversing very closely with his two confidants, who are always uncovered when in his presence. He seems to exact the same respect and obedience from them now as when an emperor. He takes an amazing large quantity of snuff of a very coarse sort; he keeps it in a large box in the shape of a cheese, and spills two-thirds of what he takes in one pinch. He frequently asks the admiral questions about the ship, such as the particular uses of different ropes; and the duties of individuals he may see passing him. Light winds and fine weather.

"August 14th.—. . . Napoleon did not come on deck till after dinner; he entered into conversation with Colonel Sir George Bingham and the admiral upon his intention of invading England, which he says he firmly intended doing, and that the fleet under Villeneuve was to have gone to the island of Martinique to draw our fleet from the Channel. Villeneuve was then to have proceeded up the Channel, where the army, consisting of 20,000 men, were to have embarked; the praams were to have taken 6000 cavalry. He says it was his intention to have landed as near Chatham as possible, and push on directly for London, where he hoped to have carried a revolution in his favor. He knew he should have a great deal to encounter before he could accomplish his design, and that there was no hope of retreating should he not succeed. At six o'clock the ship's company's hammocks are piped down, and Napoleon is always standing with his back against the foremost gun on the quarter-deck, and four or five midshipmen always round him to keep the men from running against him. Light winds and fine weather, but a heavy swell.

"August 15th.—This day was the anniversary of the once great Napoleon's birthday. He seemed if anything a little more enlivened and gay than usual. His officers were all dressed and paid him particular attention. At

dinner also the admiral paid him a great many compliments. He walked more to-day than ever, his officers attending him the whole of the time. In the evening he sat down to cards, and for the first time since he came on board won almost every deal, insomuch that the admiral and those with whom he was playing were obliged to send out frequently for more money. Light winds and fine weather, with a heavy cross swell.

"August 16th.—Napoleon did not rise until about twelve o'clock to-day: he very frequently takes his breakfast by himself in bed. He did not appear on deck to-day till after dinner, and then walked for an hour. Sir George Bingham was on the lee gangway looking at the squadron, on our lee beam. Napoleon went up to him, and after conversing with him for a few minutes, and taking a pinch or two of snuff, pulled him by his whiskers and walked away to converse with his two confidants against the gun, which seems to be his favorite place when on deck. Two of his servants got intoxicated and became very riotous. He requested they might be punished. They were immediately put in irons.

"August 17th.—This morning, having occasion to punish some of the ship's company, the two servants belonging to Napoleon were brought up and made to understand that they were liable to the same punishment if ever they again committed such a fault. Buonaparte walked the deck after dinner as usual, taking quantities of snuff, and very often looking at the other vessels of the squadron through his opera-glass, which is a very handsome one (made in England), and which he always carries in his pocket. He is often very near falling when the ship rolls heavy, being seemingly very weak in his legs, and was only narrowly prevented to-day by Maréchal Bertrand catching him in his arms.

"August 18th.—Napoleon as usual appeared on deck after dinner, and entered into conversation with the admiral, to whom he said the following: 'The burning of Moscow was the commencement of my bad fortune.' He says that the war in Russia was the most destructive and dreadful that ever he had witnessed. On his march towards Moscow the whole country around, as far as his eye could observe, appeared like a sea of fire, owing to the towns and villages that were set on fire; which was attributed to his troops; but he gives his word of honor that it was not the case, but they were set on fire by the inhabitants previous to their desertion. He says a great number of his soldiers were burnt to death in attempting to plunder amidst the flames.

"August 19th.—. . . Napoleon again resumed his yesterday evening's story. He says he only intended to refresh his troops at Moscow

for a few days, and then to have proceeded forward for Petersburg, where he had his secret emissaries at work learning the minds of the people, and had accounts through the means of them that the people (the Russians) were generally speaking much averse to their present form of government, and many were ready to join him on his approach to the capital; but that the disaster that happened at Moscow had frustrated all his plans and completely turned the scale.

"August 20th.—Napoleon was not very well to-day, as we had rather a fresh breeze and heavy rains, and only walked a short time with the admiral. 'From my first entering into a military capacity,' says Napoleon, 'to the destruction of Moscow, mine had been a series of good fortune and advancement in life without a parallel; and the very reverses which took place at Moscow, in case it had so happened I had been killed, would have been attributed more to my loss than to their real cause.'

"Not being able to get hold of the different conversations which passed between the admiral and Napoleon daily, I shall give you circumstance after circumstance as I could catch it.

"In a question the admiral put to him relative to Captain Wright and the general idea that prevailed in England as to what had occasioned his death, Napoleon seemed much surprised at the anxiety the admiral showed in wishing to know, observing at the same time that he (Napoleon) imagined it was sufficiently made public not to cause on the part of any one the curiosity which the admiral at that time showed, but without any hesitation gave Sir George the following story: An apothecary, landing on the coast of France about that period from an English man-of-war,—which circumstance excited great suspicions on the part of the French Government,—was seized and conveyed to prison, and condemned to die unless he gave such information to them as would be of benefit to the nation. These means taking the effect desired upon the poor wretch under confinement, the fear of death compelled him to reveal the names of several persons, to the number of twenty-three, who were concerned in a conspiracy, together with Pichegru, Georges, and Captain Wright, against the lives of him (Buonaparte) and the other rulers of France. Upon this intelligence every means were used by the police of Paris to find out where these conspirators were secreted, and in the course of a few weeks succeeded so far that the greatest part of them were apprehended. Amongst these so detected was Captain Wright, who, by the order of the Directory, was conveyed to the Temple, to undergo a trial for conspiracy against the state. Accordingly a council was

assembled; but a few days previous to the one appointed for his trial he put an end to himself, and he (Buonaparte) says he should have thought the inferior rank of that officer alone would in the eyes of the world have exempted him from their suspicion."

IV. 1815-16.

LIEUTENANT MILLS'S DIARY FOR MRS. M.,
CONTINUED.

... "DURING the confinement of Ferdinand of Spain in France, after being brought captive from his own country by the French, Buonaparte informed the admiral that one Baron Koltz was employed by our Government on an errand to France with a view to release Ferdinand; . . . but his plans not being laid with that skill which the then pressing circumstances required, he was suspected, as well by his having too great command of money, and a search being made, the Prince Regent's letter to the king of Spain was found in his possession, containing his Royal Highness's willingness to lend him any assistance in his power to procure the release of his Majesty, and that the bearer of the letter had the royal authority to assist him in the undertaking. Having rescued all Koltz's papers, a police officer was sent in disguise, to personate Koltz, to the place where Ferdinand was confined, presenting the letter and stating the authority he had so to act. But all he could say or do, he could not persuade Ferdinand to take any steps in attempting to escape; and Napoleon says that the pusillanimity of Ferdinand was such that he was sure if it had been the smallest risk his cowardly spirit would have deterred him from attempting it. Buonaparte then said as a joke that the above trick was played to try his mettle.

... "In conversing further with this extraordinary personage, the admiral and him came to that part of his life when he had command of the French army in Egypt; and the admiral did not fail to make inquiries respecting the poisoning story, to ascertain if possible the veracity of a report so generally spread and believed in England to the prejudice of Buonaparte. But let it be how it will with those who believe it, the following account came from his own mouth: 'Having possession of Jaffa, with a great part of my army sick of the plague, and hard pushed by Djezzar Pasha's troops, who would enter immediately upon my evacuating the place and murder and torture the sick and wounded that remained there, I judged it more an act of humanity than otherwise to accelerate the death of these poor wretches by giving them opium,—as they were then lingering in the

greatest misery,—which would have freed them from the torments that awaited them. I therefore proposed the above expedient to the medical men of the army, but met with a joint refusal, saying they could not think of doing such a thing, so contrary to the general rules of the profession; but ventured to affirm, if I would hold the place forty-eight hours longer, that the greatest part of the sick, if not all, would have expired. I agreed to the proposal, and maintained the place myself for the first twenty-four hours, and left a strong rear-guard for the occupation of the other twenty-four hours; and at the end of that time I was informed that there were not above two or three alive at the time that Djeddar Pasha's troops entered.'

"Captain Beattie of the marines, now serving on board the *Northumberland*, was in the British service acting against the French in Egypt at that time, and entered Jaffa immediately the French evacuated it. He says that there were but two or three French soldiers in the hospital, and that those were in the very last stage of the disease.

... "The harbor of Cherbourg,' says Buonaparte, in answer to a question put to him by the admiral in relation to the marine of France, 'is, since the improvements I have ordered to be made, one of the finest in France; its repairs cost £2,000,000 sterling. The outer harbor will contain a thousand sail of the line, and the inner one the same number of ships, safe with the wind blowing from any quarter. I was particularly cautious in having it well guarded since its repairs, lest through the inspection of the English they might be tempted to destroy these works which cost me so much money, and which might be easily done by a *coup de main*.'

"Speaking further of France and the navy of that country, viz., the Toulon fleet, he says it was but very indifferently supplied with sailors, and of those the greater part had never been beyond the harbor; but that he thought they must improve by the constant practice of manœuvring. Notwithstanding the damage the fleet sustained for want of men experienced in seamanship, he considered the improvement the men might derive from such a practice as adequate to the loss experienced by the fleet: indeed, he says this plan of his had excited much murmuring on the part of the people; but he did not care, and was determined to preserve, as he well knew that France must have a navy as well as an army for her better preservation. He also said he had determined to have ten frigates at sea; and if the number was made deficient, in case either of loss or capture, he could have others always ready to supply their places: that he would give orders for them to cruise principally in the Channel, as it would then require their great-

est vigilance for their own safety, by sailing about the land than going further to sea; that each ship should have a certain time allotted her for her cruise, and if she was so fortunate as to arrive in a French port, the commander should be immediately promoted. In case the greatest part of this squadron might be captured by the enemy, he considered the harm they would be enabled to do to our trade perfectly adequate to the loss of his ships. On the admiral asking him how he would be enabled to keep this squadron supplied with sailors, as he must naturally expect the greater part would be captured whilst the British had such power on the seas, he replied in answer, the marine department provided for the navy annually 20,000 men. The admiral told him such force might be obtained, but then what would it be? A set of raw, inexperienced landsmen, at least the greater part of them men unqualified to go on board a ship. However he seemed to persist that the plan in time would succeed; so that the admiral left him in his own opinion for the present.

"In further conversation with Napoleon respecting the French navy, he in addition informed Sir George that spars for masts cost the government immense sums to procure them from the Baltic, owing to the expense of conveying them to France. The greatest part were sent overland, as the safer method, and if they had been sent in ships, it was two to one that they would have been captured by the English cruisers. He says he had a great number of spars at Copenhagen at the time the English took possession of it, which the Danish Government had procured for him, and that he greatly feared they would have been taken by the English, but they arrived safely in France in a short time after.

"On crossing the equinoctial line we had a very fine day, and I shall give you an account how Napoleon behaved on the occasion. In the morning we prepared for the usual custom of shaving those who had never crossed the Line before. After those officers who belonged to the ship had undergone the operation—which is performed with an old, rusty, notched iron hoop—it came to the turn of Napoleon and suite. Buonaparte himself did not appear on deck, but begged permission of the admiral to give Neptune and his gang—the people who performed the operation—100 Napoleons in gold, which amounts to £90 sterling; but this the admiral objected to, it being in his opinion too much, but permitted him to give 20 Napoleons as a compensation for not being shaved. Next came General Bertrand with his children to the place where the ceremony was performing. He also presented the men with several Napoleons for himself, his

wife and children. The other French officers came in their turns, and also gave the seamen some money.

"On the evening of the 15th of October, 1815, we landed General Buonaparte on the island of St. Helena. We put him on shore at seven in the evening, and disguised, to prevent the populace from recognizing him, as he detests nothing so much as to be stared at. Coming into the anchorage he was walking the deck, and several times remarked how difficult a place it would be to take if well fortified; shrugging up his shoulders at the same time, apparently at the little hopes he could have of escaping from such a rock. The morning after he landed he rode up into the country with Sir George Bingham and the admiral, to a place called the Bryars, situated at the head of the valley in which the town stands, and about a mile and a half from James Town. He took such a liking to this place that he obtained permission to pitch a tent next to the door of the house, which belongs to a Mr. Balcolm, a merchant of St. Helena, who resides there with his wife and two daughters."

LETTERS FROM W. NELSON MILLS TO MRS. M.

ST. HELENA, Oct. 23rd, 1815.

I could not let slip the first and perhaps the only opportunity I shall have of writing to you from this most horrible place, which if you could see you would suppose all the rocks in the world had gathered together and made themselves into an island. We have put your friend Napoleon on shore; and as nothing very particular occurred during our tedious passage but what I have regularly noted down, and made a complete journal of his proceedings while on board our ship, I shall not give you any particular account of him now. With difficulty I bribed his *premier valet de chambre* to procure about fifty of his hairs. I assure you the captain of the ship did not get so much; certainly *Buoney* has very little hair on his head, and dislikes it to be given away very much. This instant the letter-bag is closing for England with dispatches concerning this very great man. I shall take very great care of my journal and hair for you. . . .

ST. HELENA, Feb. 15th, 1816.

. . . As far as it has lain in my power I have done everything you wished me, and have procured for you a very small lock of the great Napoleon's hair, with the three different colored ribbons which suspended his orders and which he left off a few days ago. To complete the thing properly I have the promise of a pocket handkerchief from his chief *valet de chambre*, and have not forgotten

the journal, in which I have entered all I could lay hold of that he conversed about. I will not send any of the above-mentioned things, for fear of anything happening. . . . You wished me in your last to give an account of Napoleon's suite and his conduct in exile. I shall commence as well as I can.

. . . He was first of all lodged in a house in the town, next to where the main guard is kept, but riding out the next morning, escorted by the admiral and Sir George Bingham, he took up his residence at a house called the Briars. . . . He remained there very quietly until his house at Longwood—the prettiest spot on the island—was ready for his reception. The governor made him a present of a small carriage when he removed to Longwood, in which he rides out almost every afternoon. He is permitted to go three miles every way round his house without attendant; but the sentinels at those places do not permit him to go beyond them without he is accompanied by Captain Poppleton of the 53rd Regiment. Should he attempt to go past them without being so attended he is liable to be shot by them, which he has been perfectly made to understand. His chief amusement is riding on horseback. There are seven very handsome horses brought from the Cape for him, each of which he has named: 1st, *Vizier*; 2nd, *Mamalouke*; 3rd, *l'Arabe*; 4th, *La Solide*; 5th, *La Tranquille*; the other two I have forgotten. He seems perfectly resigned to his fate, and in my opinion—for so great a fall—bears it remarkably well. It is an utter impossibility for him to escape from this, unless anybody favored his intentions. . . . [Here follows a description of Napoleon's suite, much the same as that given in the journal.]

ST. HELENA, April 19th, 1816.

. . . I have, as far as possible, complied with your request, and have, I am glad to say, procured you his handkerchief. It has, as you said, the imperial crown and his initial in the corners. I shall not send it, not only because I expect the *Northumberland* to be in England soon, but for fear of losing it, which I would not do for any consideration, knowing how much you value it. . . . Your friend Napoleon is quite well, and to all appearance bears his fate and exile very well. He has everything he can wish for that money will procure, except his liberty. We see him sometimes, as we have two hundred men constantly going up to Longwood every day, and I belong to that party. I gave you a long detail of this before in my last letter, which I hope has arrived safe. . . .

This letter, apparently, has not been preserved, and Lieutenant Mills's communications end here.

Eleanor C. Price.

POEMS.

LOVE AFTER LIFE.

THOU say'st, dear love, we shall not meet again;
Nor shall we be beheld of sky and earth:
The morning will not greet us in his mirth:
The glittering shapes of river or of plain,
And hills whence the slow clouds have wandered forth
Shall to our absence add a deeper pain,
And in their glory seem of little worth,
Forms of no moment, futile, weak, and vain.
It is not so: love broken must renew
Its bond with earth and air; the eternal sea
Shall to its weakness add the strength of storms;
Love shall not die, but in the falling dew
Discern itself, impart to misery
The holy power of those tremendous forms.

A FOREST RIVER.

DEEP in the sunken silence of the hills,
And gathering light from all that it may see,
A happy river flows. With mirth it fills
The forest dark and with tranquillity;
Foam-bells upon its breast move quietly;
And, foaming white, a troop of icy rills
Add to its gladness; in it the broad sky
Is imaged peacefully with clouds and hills,
And ever and anon it breaks into
A smile of light that glads the forest round;
And when at eve, the blessing of the dew
Descends on waves that flow without a sound,
'T is as a serious face that laughs anew,
But laughs beneath a spell of silence bound.

Langdon Elwyn Mitchell.

UNCALENDARED.

ONLY a year have thou and I been friends,
If time be counted on our calendar;
Away with that! What it begins, it ends;
From all eternity, close souls we were,
And shall be, so God grant! forevermore,
For two were never faster bound before.

"With God, one day is as a thousand years:"
Oh, Love is mighty, God's most blessed name!
The more that man his Maker's image bears
The more must months and æons be the same.
Love knows not time.—It is eternity,
And not a year, that I count out with thee!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST IN JAPAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



HE Japanese very naturally have been severely criticized for sweeping away their old and unique civilization, their distinctive customs and institutions, and substituting for them those of Europe.

As a consequence they have often been unfavorably compared with their more conservative neighbors the Chinese. However, that very policy which China with three hundred millions of inhabitants and an unlimited territory has successfully pursued would have been fatal to Japan. The numerous islands of the mikado's empire, scattered about in the Eastern sea, would have been forever open to attack and plunder by stronger naval powers, and they would have lost their independence had they not realized that this disaster could be averted only by adopting European ways and methods. Constant and unprovoked attacks by united naval forces, and unjust extortion of indemnities on the slightest pretexts, brought the Japanese to the conclusion that they could receive the treatment due a civilized nation only by making a radical change in their customs and adopting the laws, dress, and institutions of the West. They did not do this willingly, they were forced to do it. It was not, as has often been asserted, a mere childlike freak, a desire for novelty and lack of reverence for their ancient institutions. Their very existence depended upon taking this step, and as they have consistently adhered to this policy, the changes have necessarily been wide and sweeping.

The feudal system, resembling that of Europe in the Middle Ages, prevailed in Japan before this great upheaval. The great daimios practically ruled their respective provinces and were surrounded by thousands of brave and devoted clansmen; but when they realized that the old order of things could no longer continue, they bowed to fate and for their country's good obeyed the order of the new central authority. They disarmed and dismissed their followers, left their homes and retired to private life, living on pensions granted them by the Government. Many of them are still living in the peaceful retirement of their homes, in the enjoyment of their gardens and art treasures, surrounded by a few of their old retainers. But they are forgotten by modern Japan, of which in turn they are well-nigh oblivious, and live

only in the recollections of the past. Thus has one of the oldest, most unique, and perfect civilizations abruptly ended and another been substituted, hardly as well suited, it must be confessed, to the wants and natures of the people.

But if this revolution has in many respects been a misfortune to Japan, the world at large has gained, for the benefit we have derived through contact with their art is inestimable.

It was with this wonderful art, and the conditions under which it flourished, that I endeavored to familiarize myself during my three-years' residence in Japan. I was not long in discovering that my knowledge of Japanese art and industries had been confined almost exclusively to the modern articles of trade, which were but poor specimens of that art which I now for the first time learned to know. Not that I wish to pronounce against everything modern in Japan, for there is much produced at present that would be a credit to its art of any period; but good art is always rare, and the few examples of the better kind that have reached us are all but lost in an overwhelming mass of cheap and inferior articles. Many of these objects under the general classification of "bric-à-brac" are unknown and unused by the Japanese, and are manufactured to order for the foreign traders of the treaty ports, who have, through their constant demands for cheaper and ever cheaper work, greatly lowered the standard. They are to a great extent responsible for what is poor and trashy in Japanese art.

In this category may be placed many of the objects most familiar to us; for instance, the common bronze and porcelain ware, gold embroidered screens, dressing gowns, cheap cloisonné and flashy satsuma. Even the familiar brightly colored paper parasol is unknown to the Japanese.

At present there are still living many of the old skilled artisans of the preceding generation, who continue their calling; but they have undergone many privations, for no new wealthy class of patrons have succeeded to the daimios, and they now have only little opportunity to exercise their talents. It is hard to foretell what will be the future of Japanese art when the last of those guiding spirits shall have passed away; for in the confusion of this transition stage of government the young men are not

subjected to the same strict apprenticeship as their predecessors, and it is doubtful whether they will inherit and hand down to their successors the noble art traditions of the past.

I was fortunate enough to arrive in Japan in the early springtime, when both nature and man were to be seen at their best. The bright faces, happy dispositions, and general appearance of contentment I met with everywhere amidst sunny gardens and cheerful homes, and the scrupulous cleanliness of the people and their surroundings, combined at once to make a most delightful impression on my mind. The contrast in coming from a purely commercial community with its prosaic and practical spirit made this seem almost like another world.

I found the people polite, refined, and considerate to one another, while there seemed to be an utter absence, in any form, of that brutality which prevails, more or less, elsewhere; and this fact I found to be true of all classes. It will very naturally be asked, What is the reason, the cause of this general contentment and happiness? This is precisely the question which presented itself to me; and in order to solve this and many other problems, and to gain an understanding and a proper insight into their life and customs, I concluded that it would be absolutely necessary for me to acquire at least a partial knowledge of their language and live the life of the people. Indeed, this entailed no sacrifice of comfort, for a Japanese house is clean, neat, and artistically constructed; in fact, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy" as long as one lives in it. One's neighbors are all that can be desired, and, what is more unusual, servants are honest and efficient.

But there was an obstacle in the way that had first to be overcome. Foreigners residing in Japan are required to live within treaty limits, and my desire to live beyond them did not seem likely to be realized until the following expedient was suggested to me.

There is an exception made to this law in favor of Government employees. A young Japanese friend of mine, Yasumaru by name, explained the case to his father, who was a high official, and he kindly arranged the matter by engaging me nominally as teacher of painting for his children. In this way we managed, between us, to evade the law, a proceeding, however, which I had to admit was not confined to Japan. A neat little Japanese house, surrounded by a pretty garden, was rented by my friend in the vicinity of his home, and I was soon established in these new and quaint surroundings.

Having determined to conform so far as possible to the customs of the country, at my friend's suggestion I sent my servant with a

tray of buckwheat cakes to each of my neighbors. This, he informed me, was *de rigueur* in moving into a new home. In return, my neighbors made a most ceremonious call and expressed unbounded astonishment that a foreigner should be so well versed in Japanese etiquette. I also duly impressed upon my servants the fact that my household was to be managed in the same orderly manner as is expected of them by a Japanese master, and even made a point of conforming to the general custom of removing my shoes at the threshold of my house.

Of course in all these matters I was kept well posted by my young friend, who now came and made his home with me, as his father desired him to take advantage of this opportunity to practice in and increase his knowledge of the English language. Yasumaru, in common with most of the rising generation of his class, had studied English at school. He was of great assistance to me, and during my long residence among the Japanese he invariably proved himself to be a most trusty and faithful friend.

His parents' home was always open to me, and I found his family life most charming. His parents, though themselves feeling too old to change their mode of life and thought, were fully alive to the importance of bringing up their children in the new, the modern, spirit of Japan.

I could not but compare the fond mother of Yasumaru to the maternal hen, of popular illustration, blessed with a brood of ducklings whose ways of life she did not know. Yasumaru had two brothers and four sisters, the latter being named Okiku, Omatzu, Oume, and Oyuki, and their ages ranged from twelve to nineteen years.

It was a source of constant delight to observe the deferential manner they maintained and the respectful form of language they employed towards their parents. These girls were highly accomplished and well educated, speaking English fluently.

In Japan women have always held a higher position than in other Asiatic countries. They go about freely wherever they please, and the seclusion of the Chinese is wholly unknown to them. The schools receive as many girls as boys; and as a result of my observations I can safely say, without idle compliment, that the former are brighter than the latter.

By degrees, and under these favorable conditions for general observation, some of the causes of the people's happy spirit of independence began to be revealed to me. The simplicity of their lives, in which enters no selfish rivalry to outdo one another, accounts in a large measure for this enviable result. Regard-

ing one another very much as belonging to one family, their mode of life is more or less on the same plane, and consequently a spirit of great harmony prevails. A very small income is sufficient to supply the ordinary necessities of life, and everything else is secured with but little effort. Household effects are few and inexpensive; and should everything be destroyed by fire or lost in any way, it is not an irreparable calamity. All can be replaced at a small outlay and life go on as before.

The tenant upon renting a house is put to little expense to furnish it; indeed, he requires absolutely no furniture at all. The clean, finely woven mats which cover the floor serve as table, chair, and bed; and as it is the universal custom to remove the shoes before entering a house, there is no danger of one's bringing with him the dirt from the streets.

His bedding consists of cotton quilts, which are spread out on the floor at night, rolled together in the morning, and stored away in a closet during the day. A few pictures (*kakemono*) and specimens of beautiful script decorate the walls, a few vases contain sprays of flowers, and a number of cushions on the floor complete the furnishing of a room. Yet it does not seem empty or cheerless; for the general arrangement of harmonious colors, the different woods employed in its visible construction, and the beauty of the finished workmanship, make a most harmonious and pleasing combination. Paint is never used to cover the wood, much less to substitute a false grain.

The love of flowers in Japan amounts almost to adoration. They are inseparable from the life, art, and literature of the people, and to deprive the Japanese of them would be to take the sunshine out of their lives. On one occasion I received through my young friend an invitation from his parents to accompany them on a visit to a very celebrated grove of plum trees that were then in full bloom. After an hour's ride in a "jinrikisha," or "kuruma," as these little man-carriages are more commonly called, we arrived at our destination, where great numbers of people were flocking from all points.

Yasumaru's sisters, in common with most of the visitors, were arrayed in their brightest and most beautiful *kimonos*, their mother's dress, however, being of more sober color, for it is considered very unbecoming for an elderly woman to wear anything bright. I don't think I ever observed a deviation from this rule. As we left our jinrikishas and entered the grove, which consisted of old, gnarled, and moss-covered trees, a glorious sight burst upon our view.

The trees were one mass of fragrant white and delicate pink blossoms. Hundreds of

visitors in holiday attire were strolling about under the branches with extreme delight depicted on their countenances. Others again had spread rugs under the trees, where they were served with delicious tea free from the neighboring tea house. The brightly clad children were dancing and frolicking in the shade of the blossoms, and a more perfect picture of sunshine and happiness can hardly be imagined. Innumerable little strips of paper fluttering amidst the blossoms attracted my attention. Miss Okiku informed me that it was the happy custom of the people to give vent to their delight on these occasions by inscribing poetic sentiments, too brief perhaps to be called poems, and hanging them up in the boughs. And sure enough, as I looked about me, I observed several persons with paper and pocket inkstands in hand engaged in composing these little sonnets in praise of the blossoms.

Yasumaru was at some pains to explain to me that these poetic effusions were supposed to be composed on the spot—that the expression, the form of the idea, was derived from the inspiration of the scene; but his father added, with a twinkle in his eye, that many came with their poems already prepared. I was honest enough to confess to the old gentleman that this proceeding was not altogether different from the habit of our after-dinner orators who surprise their friends with impromptu composed, as the French put it, *à loisir*; that is to say, at their ease. Some months later I painted a picture entitled "Spring's Inspiration," in which two young girls are represented walking over the huge stepping-stones through a grove of blossoming plum trees and reading these poems; for, although it is not recorded that the Japanese lover takes this means of praising his Rosalind, none the less do Japanese maidens delight in passing from tree to tree perusing the fluttering inscriptions. The daughter of one of my neighbors, a highly accomplished young lady, kindly consented to write an appropriate poem that could be introduced into my painting. This was, in due time, sent to me with her own translation into English, and a little added note of explanation. Her translation of this note is as follows:¹

"When Mr. Wores will set out to America he asked me to write down a nice poem to his picture which he has painted in Japan and represents that a pretty girl is standing under a plum blossom, so I have made the poem and written it here:

¹ Although I feel constrained to ask the reader's charity for the form of this note, it would lose its charm by revision. After all, the question is, How many mistakes would an American girl make under the same circumstances in writing a note in Japanese?



"SPRING'S INSPIRATION."

"O, how lovely the plum blossoms smell,
I must keep the sweet smell into my sleeves.
They will be able to make me happy for the
sorrow which the beautiful and cheerful blossoms
should have gone."

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Another of these poems reads in this wise:
"How happy I will be if a gentle breeze
blows and wafts the fragrance of the blossoms
slowly by, and I hope no wild wind will come
to scatter them away."

The plum may be considered the favorite flower of the Japanese, for the snow has hardly disappeared from the ground when its earliest blossoms burst forth and are hailed by the delighted people as the first token of spring, a time to store away their winter garments and substitute for them the lighter ones of spring; for these children of the "Sunrise Land" have no love for cold, cheerless winter, and the early plum blossoms herald but the awakening of nature from her long winter's sleep.

The cherry blossom follows and almost rivals the plum. Great avenues and groves of these trees are planted for the sake of their blossoms only, for these trees bear no fruit. But in this esthetic land, where the sense of sight receives as much consideration as that of taste, these trees in exhibiting themselves once a year in floral attire are considered as having fully performed their duty.

As in plum-blossom time, the people make holiday and amidst the fragrant flowers drink tea made of last year's blossoms that have been dried and kept for that purpose.

This intense love for flowers and plants furnishes but another indication of the general refinement of the people, for it is shared alike by high and low, rich and poor; the poorest being never so poor but that they can, for a copper or two, buy a few sprigs of flowers from the *nannaye*, the street flower seller, who carries his fragrant burden in two large baskets suspended from a pole on his shoulder, setting it down from time to time along the thoroughfare.

As I have said, flowers enter into the life and art of the Japanese to such an extent that the loss of them would be like taking the sun out of their world. But herein they show their consistency by their admiration more for the individual flower and plant, the graceful lines and the color and forms of which give them far more satisfaction than great confused masses of differently colored flowers. Indeed one rarely sees more than a very few sprigs and blossoms arranged together, but the result is almost invariably artistic. This is, however, not left to chance; for the art of flower arrangement is one of the most important branches in the education of young ladies of the upper classes, who devote years of study under proficient masters in acquiring the accomplishment.

Near the entrance to the plum garden we passed a temple, from the veranda of which a priest was feeding a great fluttering and dazzling flock of pigeons which were so tame that without the slightest fear they ate the rice that was held out to them in the open hands of the visitors. Seated before the temple was a man with a large cage filled with little birds, one of which was purchased by Oyuki, the young-

est girl of our party, who, according to a charming custom, threw the little feathered prisoner into the air and gave him his freedom.

We had now spent several hours among the plum blossoms and were preparing to depart when Yasumaru's father suggested that we finish the day in a visit to the theater. "We are rather late," he said. "It is now eleven o'clock and the play commenced at seven in the morning; but you will see enough," he added, "especially as this will be your first visit; and by the time it closes, between ten and eleven o'clock this evening, I am sure you will have had quite enough for a first experience." Our conversation was carried on through the medium of his children; for my knowledge of Japanese was rather limited at that time, and although the old gentleman read English without difficulty, he never attempted to speak it. He had on a former occasion said to me, "When I was a young man the only intercourse we had with the outer world was through the Hollanders, and then it was quite the proper thing for a young man to study the Dutch language, as my sons now study English." He had a very good library of old Dutch books, treating of every possible subject, and, like many others, he had been well posted on much that was going on in the Western world long before the gates of Japan were opened.

After a half-hour's ride through the streets of Tokio we arrived at the theater. The entire front of the building was covered with showy colored pictures of the actors and scenes of the play. But we did not draw up before the crowded entrance, buy our tickets, and elbow our way in, for that would be altogether too undignified a proceeding for a Japanese gentleman and lady. That is all obviated through the medium of the adjoining tea houses, in front of one of which we now descended from our jinrikishas. The host received us with profound and respectful bows as we entered, and after having served tea he was consulted about the seats, location, etc., and a man sent to secure places for us as well as for the servants; for the Japanese treat their servants in many respects much as members of the family. After resting for a few moments, and leaving all our unnecessary luggage behind, we followed the servant across the street to the theater, and were conducted to our boxes. The theater, though roughly constructed, was in general arrangement similar to those in the United States. Instead of chairs or stalls, however, the pit was divided by low partitions into boxes about five feet square, each of which accommodated from four to six persons, who sat on cushions on the floor. The gallery was likewise divided into boxes, and at the highest and extreme end was a space



THE RETURN FROM THE CHERRY GROVE.

separated by strong wooden bars and occupied, as with us, by the "gallery gods."

A raised walk on a level with the stage and running from it through the orchestra or pit extended along each side of the theater, by means of which the actors were enabled to traverse the entire length of the house—a great advantage in representing approaches from a

distance. On each side of the stage were boxes containing the orchestra and the chorus, the latter chanting in doleful tones the plot of the play as it progressed.¹

¹ The Japanese chorus, unlike the Greek, consists of but two or three performers. However, the comparison with the chorus of the Greek tragedians is interesting.

The stage revolves on wooden balls, placed in a well-greased groove, thus enabling a scene to be changed without loss of time or lowering the curtain. A scene, for instance, is represented in which a party of travelers arrive before a tavern. They decide to enter, and as the first passes through the door the stage slowly revolves and brings to view the interior of the house with the traveler entering through the same door. I was agreeably surprised at the effectiveness of the scenery and the make-up of the actors, especially those who impersonated female characters, which, as in Shakspeare's time, are always taken by young men; but so successful in speech as well as in action is this impersonation that it is difficult for a stranger to realize that they are not women. The acting was so expressive that I could almost, without the explanations of my friends, follow and enjoy the plot, which contained many of the usual elements of our own drama—the oppression of virtue and innocence and the final triumph over vice and crime. I have never known an audience so easily moved to tears as were these sympathetic spectators, especially those of the gentler sex, who were at times, almost without exception, weeping over the sad fate of some hero or heroine.

The leading character and chief attraction of the play was an actor named Danjero, the Booth or Irving of Japan, and it required no understanding of the language to appreciate his great art. There was also a ghost, who, like his familiar counterpart in Hamlet, spoke in the conventional hollow, sepulchral tone of voice. This ghost, Yasumaru assured me, was very celebrated; he belonged, in fact, to a famous family of ghosts, the successive members of which had acted in that capacity for many generations.¹

Intermissions take place from time to time, during which servants from the neighboring tea houses bring in great trays filled with all kinds of refreshments, for at these all-day performances the audience take their meals in their boxes. We had both dinner and supper served to us by our host of the tea house, and the servants also appeared with refreshing tea at intervals between the meals.

Long as the play may seem, it passed only too rapidly, and I found my interest increasing to a feverish degree as the end was neared. A young daimio, the hero of the play, had committed a political offense and had been con-

demned to commit *hara-kiri*. Under these circumstances the code of honor of Japan enjoins upon a man the necessity of taking his life with perfect stoicism. In this case the young man showed evidences of a mental struggle. In a mournful soliloquy he expressed his unwillingness to die in the spring of his hopes and in the flower of his youth. Finally, strengthening his resolutions, he gave one last fond glance at a plum tree the blossoms of which overshadowed the door, and entered the fatal room, where, concealed from the view of the audience, he was to disembowel himself.

A few moments passed in silence and then a single blossom from the plum tree slowly fluttered to the ground. This was followed by a second, then by a few more, and then by a shower of blossoms.

"It is ended," said my friend. "Let us go."

An utter absence of sham, a perfect freedom from all affectation, constitutes one of the most admirable qualities of the people. They show no false or veneered front to the world, and their lives and actions are free and natural. The beauty of their homes lies more in the interior finish than in a showy outside, and the most beautiful rooms are generally those facing a garden in the rear. Even in their dress they are consistent, for the lining of their gowns is often of a more expensive and finer material than the outer stuff. However large and valuable a collection of works of art a Japanese gentleman may possess, the invariable severe simplicity prevails in his home. A few of his treasures may adorn his rooms, but the greater number of them—his pictures, bronzes, lacquer, and porcelain—are carefully stored away, each in its separate case, in the *kura*, or storehouse, and one may make many visits to his house before becoming aware of their existence. The few that may be observed about the rooms are occasionally changed for others, and only when the owner is visited by an art-loving friend who understands and can appreciate his treasures are they brought out. He never makes a vulgar display of them, for it is a true and genuine love for the beautiful which prompts him to acquire them; and through his enjoyment of these things he derives far more pleasure out of his life than the restless foreign observer may realize, who is only too apt to consider it uneventful and monotonous.

A Japanese friend once confided to me that

¹ A play in the modern Japanese repertoire is our own "Merchant of Venice," with Portia left out. Some of the features of the adaptation are as follows: The Jew is a money-lender of Tokio. The 3000 ducats become 300 yen. To give character to the trial scene a few malefactors are introduced and sentenced and tortured on the stage. Then comes the *cause célèbre*. The money-

lender flourishes his knife and demands his pound of flesh. The judge sees no way out of the difficulty and declares that the money-lender is entitled to it, when suddenly a door opens and a superior judge enters, supplying the necessary equity. Japanese etiquette would entirely forbid the rôle of Portia in Shakspeare's play.



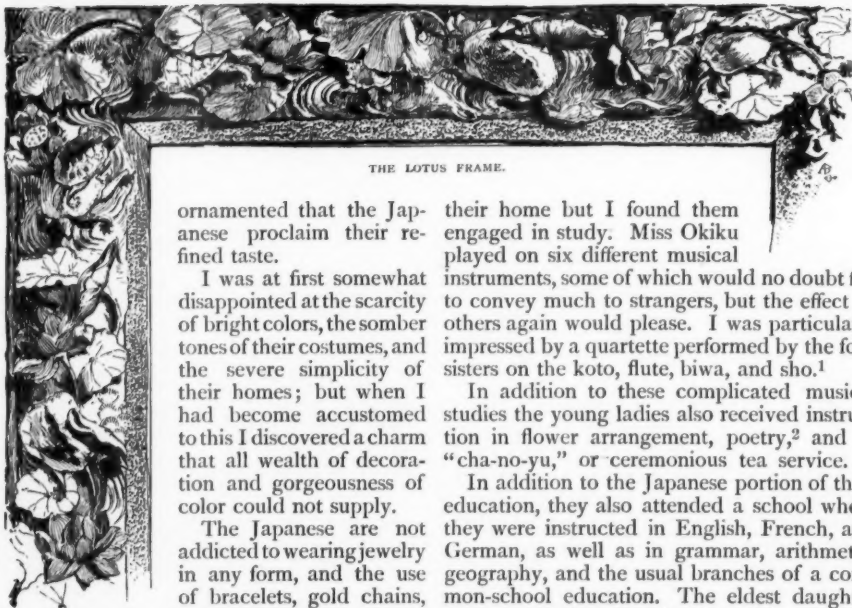
A FLOWER SELLER.

although there was much that he admired in the appointment of our American homes, all this furnishing and decoration confused him. He did not know if he was right, he ventured to say, but it seemed to him that there was too much of everything; in fact, they seemed to him more like curio shops than living-rooms.

In this respect the difference between the Japanese and ourselves lies in the fact that

whatever one may find in their houses, beautiful as it may be, is for use as well as for ornament. Its beauty, in a great degree, lies in its utility, whereas with us half of the objects that decorate our crowded rooms serve no useful purpose.

Although the term "barbaric splendor" is often used in descriptions of Japan, it could not be more wrongly applied, for it is in the very avoidance of all that is gaudy and over-



THE LOTUS FRAME.

ornamented that the Japanese proclaim their refined taste.

I was at first somewhat disappointed at the scarcity of bright colors, the somber tones of their costumes, and the severe simplicity of their homes; but when I had become accustomed to this I discovered a charm that all wealth of decoration and gorgeousness of color could not supply.

The Japanese are not addicted to wearing jewelry in any form, and the use of bracelets, gold chains, rings, and other ornaments,

which can only be regarded as relics of barbarism, they have long since outgrown. Nothing could be more shocking to a Japanese lady than the custom of piercing the ears and suspending rings from them. In their freedom from this custom they perhaps stand alone among nations.

I have often been asked what constituted the Japanese ideal of feminine beauty and how it corresponded to our own. I found that the type most admired is of a slender, ethereal order with oval face, slightly aquiline nose, and light complexion. This represents the aristocratic type, and I could not but concede to many examples of this class a high degree of beauty; but when I ventured to express admiration for another type, the robust, red-cheeked, and well-developed country girl, I could not fail to notice the expression of pain and pity that came over the faces of my friends. Such taste seemed to them perfectly barbarous!

Yasumaru's sisters, whom I mention at all times more as typical examples of their class than as individuals, were well educated in all the branches that go to make up the accomplishments of a Japanese girl. I rarely visited

their home but I found them engaged in study. Miss Okiku played on six different musical instruments, some of which would no doubt fail to convey much to strangers, but the effect of others again would please. I was particularly impressed by a quartette performed by the four sisters on the koto, flute, biwa, and sho.¹

In addition to these complicated musical studies the young ladies also received instruction in flower arrangement, poetry,² and in "cha-no-yu," or ceremonious tea service.

In addition to the Japanese portion of their education, they also attended a school where they were instructed in English, French, and German, as well as in grammar, arithmetic, geography, and the usual branches of a common-school education. The eldest daughter also went to dancing-school, for it is now considered quite as important for a Japanese as for an American girl to learn to waltz. The square dances, however, seem to be the most popular. Of course only the younger generation indulge in this pastime, for with a Japanese of the old school such an undignified performance would be out of question.

Although I entered into my new life in Kanasugimura ("golden cedar village") with great zest, I cannot say that my arrival was regarded with unmixed pleasure by my neighbors. I was the first foreigner who had come to live in the midst of them; and therefore I was the subject for daily discussion in the adjoining tea house of the "Nightingale Spring," so named from the fact that nightingales were said to abound in the vicinity, which had also been a favorite resort of the poets, who loved its peaceful quiet and the beauty of the adjoining park of Uweno.

I was greatly amused at the terror displayed by the little children, who at first fled at my approach. But in a little while they grew more trustful and stood as I passed, gravely bowing their little shaven heads. I invariably found them well behaved and respectful. As

¹ Music-teachers in Japan are invariably blind, the practice of that profession being by general consent restricted to these afflicted people, and no infringement on their rights is tolerated.

² Japan is emphatically the land of poetry, for it is customary to express the most trivial feeling of the day by quoting a verse from some Japanese poet. I asked one of my friends what he should say to a young lady

if he wished to compliment her highly. "Oh," said he, laughing, "we never leave that to chance. We have a verse which exactly suits the occasion. This verse is worthy of the most high-flown period of French galantry. The maid is informed that her beauty is 'so dazzling that the fishes sink to the bottom of the sea, that the flowers wither at her approach, and the bird fall helplessly at her feet.'"

they are treated with great kindness and consideration by their elders, who never, under any circumstances, resort to corporal punishment, they retain in consequence much self-respect and pride, and resent being treated with patronizing condescension. Nevertheless they are thoroughly childlike, and indulge in all plays and frolics with the same enjoyment as other children. Their sweet and melodious voices attracted my attention as would the

the workshops I was surprised at the almost universal ability displayed for drawing in a free, off-hand manner. Almost every artisan could with the greatest facility make a quick effective sketch for any design that might be suggested to him. This facility in rendering forms and designs in flowing lines with brush and ink is undoubtedly owing to the graceful form of their writing, to which years of study are devoted; and this is in itself an art education.



THE KOTO PLAYER.

warbling notes of a bird. This is not purely nature's gift, but more or less the result of training.

I had not long been in Tokio before I became acquainted with a number of native artists, who all expressed the greatest desire to see my pictures, and to have me give opinion on their work. On the other hand I felt the same eagerness to become better acquainted with their art and methods, and to study the conditions under which they had developed into the only purely artistic nation of the world.

With us the artist, whose technical education and taste has been fostered in an artificial atmosphere, is but little understood by his public, and receives little sympathy except from a limited class. But the Japanese artist is in harmony with his public; he is free to follow his natural instinct with the conviction that everything he produces will be understood.

In associating with the people and visiting

This conviction, I may add, is shared by all Chinese and Japanese critics, who assert that painting is but a species of writing. They are taught from childhood to draw the Chinese characters in bold, free, and graceful lines, and beautiful writing is regarded as good drawing. The expression "It is alive" is applied to writing as well as to drawing.

One day, attracted by a bit of wood carving in a carpenter's shop, I entered, with the thought of possibly having a frame carved for a certain picture. But finding the master of the shop, a bright, intelligent-looking old man, engaged with his two sons in constructing some rude tables, I was not inspired with much confidence. But when I told him what I wanted he hastened to assure me that he could execute my order without the slightest difficulty, and displayed such eagerness to undertake the work that I resolved to give him a trial. The design of this frame, I explained to him, was to consist of lotus leaves,

flowers, and turtles, carved in relief. With the assistance of a few rough suggestions with a pencil I made my idea clear to him and he volunteered to make a drawing. The next morning he presented himself with a large and elaborate sketch.

I could hardly believe it possible that such a beautiful work, which embodied in the most artistic manner all I had suggested, could have been executed in so short a time. His ability was therefore no longer to be questioned, and when a few days later I again called at his

covered him intently watching a little turtle which he had fastened to a string, and when he observed a movement that struck his fancy he reproduced it in his work. But this was rather exceptional; for like the painters of Japan he rarely copied nature directly, as her impressions seemed to remain fixed in his mind.

But skillful though he was, there seemed no opportunity for him to display his ability in the proper channels, and he was compelled, in order to earn his daily bread, to devote himself to the most ordinary carpenter's work.



A CANDY SELLER.

shop he was already hard at work on the frame. It was most fascinating to observe its progress. A rough piece of camphor wood, which represented one side of the frame, lay before him. With a few rapid strokes of his brush he indicated the general design, and then, without any further preparation, seized his hammer and chisel and without hesitation boldly hacked away at the wood, making the chips fly in every direction. Before long the unmistakable forms of lotus leaves, flowers, turtles, and water lines, gracefully intermingled, began to appear.

This man, besides possessing the greatest mechanical skill, was thoroughly artistic in temperament. On one of my visits I dis-

After this he carved a number of other frames for me, and each successive one seemed an improvement on the last. I learned that he belonged to an old and celebrated family of wood carvers, and that his ancestors had, three hundred years ago, carved the ornaments of the famous temples of Nikko.

There are many such skillful artisans in Japan who are without employment and who could, did they but receive the proper encouragement, produce work equal to that of any period. I have even met with beggars whom I envied for their artistic ability. On one occasion I noticed a ragged old man seated by the wayside. He had carefully cleared and smoothed the ground before him, over which he had

sprinkled with a sieve a layer of fine dust. By his side were a number of boxes containing sand of different colors. As I stopped before him he plunged his hand into the box of black sand, and letting it run through his closed fists began to form the outlines of a graceful figure on the gray dust. He shaded the lines as gracefully as with a brush, and in a few moments the contour of a well-drawn female figure appeared on the ground before me. He next proceeded to fill in the various shades of the dress and its patterns with the differently colored sands, and almost before I could realize it he had produced a most beautiful effect, and I only regretted that this sand painting could not be preserved and carried away.

I followed the example of the other bystanders and threw him a few small coins, whereupon he brushed away this picture and began another. So it went on, figure after figure, varied occasionally by beautiful script, flowers, and birds, and so long as the money was forthcoming so long the pictures appeared, as though the supply was inexhaustible.

Another artist of this class whom I often met was the street candy seller. He carried his stock on his back, and stopped from time to time to blow his trumpet and make his presence known to the children of the neighborhood. Putting his stand on the ground he stuck a lump of soft candy to the end of a bamboo straw and proceeded to blow all kinds of familiar objects, after the manner of a glass blower. He formed, for instance, a gourd with its hollow stem wound around the straw, then he added a few leaves, a snail or two crawling, most naturally, along the stem, and behold, the work was complete. Thus he created birds, animals, masks, or whatever might be suggested to him by his child patrons, who surrounded him and eagerly bought his productions.

Love of nature tends to make the Japanese great travelers within the limits of their native land. There are a number of well-known views and historical places that have for centuries formed subjects for painter and poet.

To visit these celebrated places is the ambition of every one of high or low degree, the former traveling leisurely, with all comforts, and attended by a retinue of servants, while the latter more generally dons the pilgrim's white habit and with staff in hand wanders from shrine to shrine, thus performing a religious duty and enjoying the natural beauty of the country at the same time. In traveling about the country I constantly had my notice drawn to certain fine views and attractive spots, and almost invariably found that they had been well selected and were worth a visit.

I once accompanied a Japanese gentleman to a celebrated valley, or cañon, near Kioto,

through which flowed a wild and rapid stream. We took a boat and were guided by skillful boatmen down the stream through the rapids. As we floated along, my companion would from time to time utter exclamations of delight and point out some beautiful or historical spot, giving, at the same time, an interesting little description or anecdote relating to it. I therefore very naturally supposed that he had repeatedly visited this place, but on inquiry I learned, to my astonishment, that this was his first visit, and what he recognized and knew was owing to the pictures he had seen and the books and poems he had read since his childhood.

Japan, more than any other country, perhaps, owes much of its general beauty and attractiveness to the hand of man; but so successful is the harmonious combination of man and nature that one at first fails to realize how much each has contributed in forming the character of the country. But there is no conflict between them. Man has made no attempt to supplant or to improve nature, and has been but a loving assistant. Thus has this process gone on for ages and ages, until the people and their surroundings form one harmonious whole.

One day I received an invitation to visit an exhibition of paintings given by one of the leading art societies of Tokio. The day and hour of my visit were fixed so that the members of the society who wished to be present could on this occasion make my acquaintance. The exhibition was held in a temple, situated on a small island in a lake near Uweno Park.

I was warmly welcomed with much ceremonious bowing by a number of the artists who constituted the reception committee. They led me through a series of rooms, the walls of which were hung with a great variety of *kakemonas*, as the roll paintings are called. There were many different schools of painting represented, some of them consisting of most conventional productions, while others again seemed natural and lifelike.

But I felt in looking at these pictures that too many of them represented but occasionally varied efforts to reproduce well-known subjects and effects, the creations, in an inspired moment, of some great master of the past.

After the examination was over, I was conducted to an adjoining tea house, where a collection of representative works of the old masters had been brought together for my especial benefit. These were certainly the finest specimens of Japanese art that I had yet seen, and how they stood out by contrast against the modern ones of the exhibition we had just left! As I passed from one to the other the



HIAKU NEN'S DRAWING.

how identical in many respects with those of the best of our artists. They asked me many questions about European art and artists. I had some photographs of pictures with me which I showed them. They seemed pleased, but were astonished when I told them the amount of time which had been required in painting them. They argued that a painter should spend a great deal of time in observing nature, and when he had thought out his picture perfectly in his mind, and was saturated with the subject, then he

different styles and schools they represented were explained to me, and the artists were much pleased that I should express admiration for what I saw.

They all evinced the greatest curiosity to know to which of these pictures I would, from my standpoint of art, give the preference; and when, after due deliberation, I made my decision, it was received with a perfect outburst of astonishment. I had, they assured me, selected the masterpieces, the very pictures that they prized most highly. It took them some time to recover from this surprise; but when they did, all barriers of race seemed to have disappeared. We were now but a company of artists, bound together by mutual sympathies and common ideals. I never spent a more delightful afternoon. I was surprised to see how thoroughly cultivated were their art ideas, and

should seize his brush and dash off the picture in a few hours or minutes.

It is the spirit more than the substance that the Japanese artist strives to produce. He does not attempt slavishly to reproduce the textures of the trees, rocks, and other objects in a landscape. A mere suggestion of one of nature's moods that serves to bring back to the mind the impression it received is, in his opinion, quite enough, even if expressed in half a dozen strokes of the brush. The graceful and life-like action of a bird, suggested in a few strokes, is far more commendable in his eyes than the most clever and realistic rendering of its feathery texture.

After several hours agreeably passed in art discussion I was duly elected an honorary member of the institution, and was informed that a full account of the reception would appear in the monthly journal published by the society.

As Japanese art was derived from China directly and indirectly through Corea, so does China owe much of its preservation and continuation to Japan. The Japanese rulers were eager collectors of Chinese paintings, and great numbers have in this manner been preserved and handed down. It is not difficult to secure an old Chinese painting in Japan, whereas it is almost impossible to find any in China. This is also the case with musical instruments; for although nearly all those in Japan were derived from China centuries ago and are still in common use, many of them are no longer known in China. In architecture also the construction is in the main Chinese, but a marvelous transformation has taken place in time. The superior beauty, refinement in color, and form of the details and ornamentation are purely Japanese.

The temples of Japan, as was the Church of Rome in the Middle Ages, were great patrons of art, and are to this day the store-houses and guardians of the most valuable art treasures. Owing, however, to constant thefts and to sales by the priests, the Government a few years ago declared these treasures the property of the state, and officials were sent to the various temples to take inventories of them. Every few years a tour of inspection is made, and the heads of the temples are held strictly responsible for what may be lost. It was only since these investigations have taken place that the Japanese could form any idea how much of this ancient art their country contained.

I had many meetings with artists in various cities, and was always politely received. On one occasion I visited the house of a well-known artist of Kioto named Hiaku Nen, literally Mr. Hundred Years.

Mr. Hundred Years belonged to a very old

family of artists, but this is not unusual in Japan, where many of the artists bear the names and are the direct descendants of those who were founders of great schools of painting four or five centuries ago.¹ During the afternoon several other artists came in, and in the midst of an interesting interchange of ideas the old man suddenly jumped to his feet and clapped his hands, exclaiming, "This is too instructive; my pupils must also receive the benefit of your remarks." Obedient to their master's call, a string of five or six young boys filed noiselessly into the room, and, bowing their heads respectfully to the ground, seated themselves at the farther end of the room and listened attentively to all that was said.

The old man seemed to think that art had of late sadly declined in Japan. He was of the opinion that too many of the young men were striving merely to acquire the "brush stroke facility" of their great predecessors, losing sight, in the meanwhile, of the spirit of their work. They did not seem to realize that these brush strokes were but the means of expressing great ideas. "The result is," he added sadly, "clever brush strokes and nothing more." As I expressed a desire to see some of the work of his young pupils, he ordered ink, brushes, and a large sheet of paper to be brought. Then one after another these little men gravely seated themselves before the paper and in a few moments made a graceful little drawing, each signing his name to the work. Mr. Keinan, also a well-known Kyoto artist, who was present, then made a very clever sketch of two swimming ducks, one of them half under water. The others followed his example, and, last of all, the master took the brush and in a few moments sketched a most lifelike crow, seated on a bough and gazing at a persimmon growing overhead. So realistic is the action of the bird that I have often feared he would hop off the bough and leave me; for, as the master rolled the pictures together and kindly presented them to me as a souvenir of my visit, I came into the possession of this masterpiece.

One of these artists afterwards visited me at my studio. Although he seemed pleased with much that he saw, he expressed himself as follows: "I hardly know what to say, this is all so strange and new to me. However, it seems to me," he added rather reluctantly, "that your chief aim is to produce a real effect; in fact, you strive to make your picture look so real as to deceive one into the belief

that he is looking at nature. Now do you think that this can be accomplished with paint? Do you think you can succeed well enough to warrant your making that your chief aim?" And, indeed, I found it to be a very general belief among Japanese artists that European painters strive to produce realistic effects only, and never attempt to express noble thoughts or poetic ideas in their works.

The Japanese artist depends but little on direct sketches or studies from nature, and his work is almost entirely the result of observation. His mind seems to retain, to a wonderful degree, the impressions it receives of color and form. Subordinate details, however, are not so firmly impressed on his mind as to cause him to lose sight of the general effects



A PUPIL'S DRAWING.

of line and color. It is hardly conceivable to the European artist, who is accustomed to make most careful studies direct from nature, that realism can be carried so far with mental

covering a period of over four hundred years. It was curious to observe the hereditary variations, artistically speaking, that this family had undergone. In one period generation after generation seemed to deteriorate, then in another a brilliant genius would appear whose works would throw a glamour on the family name.

¹ A Botticelli, Raphael, or Titian living among us, the lineal descendant, through successive generations of artists, of an illustrious ancestor, would not possess a more remarkable pedigree than do some of these living painters of Japan. I have seen a collection of pictures, consisting of one or two examples of each successive member of one of these artist families,



A JAPANESE GARDEN.

studies only. I once saw an exquisite work in one of the curio shops of Yokohama. It consisted of a figure bound to a cross,—for crucifixion was formerly one of the modes of punishment in Japan,—and for its action and anatomically correct modeling it ranked, in my estimation, as high as anything in the sculptor's art of modern times.¹ I later saw a group by the same artist representing two dancing devils, about three feet in height, at an exhibition in Yokohama, that was quite as masterly in its action and modeling. I greatly desired to know something of the author of these productions, and, if possible, to meet him and to learn something of his mode of work. This, however, I found difficult, as the dealers who monopolized his works were evidently not disposed to reveal his identity. But eventually I succeeded in locating him. About the only information the dealers had volunteered to give me was to the effect that he was a very old man, about ninety years of age, and the works I had seen were probably the last he would ever produce. It was therefore with satisfaction and surprise that I discovered him in his workshop, a bright, intellectual looking young

man of thirty years of age. He was greatly astonished when I told him of the reputation he had acquired through his works in Yokohama, and the prices that were being asked and paid for them. As I supposed, he had been working for mere carpenter's wages, and that accounted for the mystery with which the dealers endeavored to invest him. On the occasion of my visit he was engaged in carving some grotesque masks, and showed me several unfinished figures that convinced me more than ever of his great genius. The action, as well as the details, the hands, the feet, were executed in the most masterly manner. I asked him many questions with regard to his methods, and received the astonishing information that he worked entirely without models and knew nothing of anatomy beyond what his observation of living figures had taught him.²

Much of the grotesque character and exaggerated action that undoubtedly exists in Japanese art, when compared with ours, seems to disappear on better acquaintance, and especially as we become familiar with the people and their impulsive ways. A few years passed under these influences is very apt to change

¹ I believe that my opinion would receive general support were the works of this sculptor placed in a European exhibition.

² With such an example for us it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was under similar conditions that the great works of the Greek sculptors were produced.



many preconceived points of view. The action of figures, for instance, in some of our best figure paintings seems posed and statuesque—greatly lacking in the lifelike and natural action of those of the Japanese. Much of this may be the result of that study of Greek art which forms the foundation of our art as taught in all the great academies, and which ever after tends to blind the student to life in its graceful and natural action.

I was much impressed with the calm and serious religious spirit of many of the large wall-paintings in the old temples. They reminded me strongly, both in spirit and execution, of the Byzantine and pre-Raphaelite paintings in church and cloister. I cannot help thinking, however, that the art of painting in Japan will not, except in a few branches, bear comparison with the best works of the old masters of Europe, and it has never been developed to that degree of perfection or attained the completeness of the best of Western art.

But then the Japanese art of painting cannot, as with us, be treated separately, for with them it is closely connected with all the other arts, which mutually strengthen and complete one another. This harmonious combination of art and industries, taken as a whole, excels anything that Western civilization can produce.

Shortly before my departure from Japan I was prevailed upon to exhibit my pictures at the *Mōgaku*—the Tokio asylum for deaf-mutes and the blind—for the benefit of that institution. Great interest was taken in the affair by both managers and public, and the exhibition was largely attended.¹ Before it formally opened, a private view was held for the members of the mikado's family and officials of high rank. On this occasion Prince Harunomiya, the son of the mikado, a child of six years of age, made a most ceremonious visit, attended by his aides-de-camp and a numerous suite of court officials.

The little fellow had been driven to the building in an English coach and four, with liveried footmen, and he was dressed in an American boy's suit, with the exception of a military cap. As he entered the hall his escort followed respectfully and the director of the institution received him with profound bows, but when I was introduced to him he stepped forward with great self-possession and shook hands with me. He then passed from picture to picture, motioning for me to accompany

him. He gravely examined each picture separately and listened attentively to the director's explanation, giving me from time to time a nod of approval. He bought a number of photographs of the pictures which were on sale for the benefit of the institution, and as he took his departure the director advanced to escort him to his carriage. He turned at the threshold of the door, however, and gravely motioned him back, as if to say, "We will dispense with further ceremony." And he did, for he jumped quickly into his carriage, and touching his cap in military salute, the heir-apparent to the throne of Japan was rapidly driven off.²

The skilled artisan of Japan not only executes but in most cases designs his own work.³ He perfectly understands the capabilities of the materials he employs, be they of wood, bronze, lacquer, or ivory, and he designs his forms to adapt them to the materials used. He does not consider it necessary that the form he plans should be a perfect or accurate reproduction of the object he undertakes to represent, but he does endeavor to give its character, however he may vary the design in conforming to the character of his materials.

In this he is undoubtedly guided more or less by his artistic instinct, which is but an inheritance from generations of artisan forefathers who have bequeathed to him their accumulated knowledge. Thus it is that the Japanese artisan is instinctively artistic, and produces artistic work almost unconsciously by simply following out his natural tastes and inclinations.

With us, whatever the designer produces is planned with the deliberate intention of making what he knows to be considered artistic. It is but what he knows, and not what he feels.

Many of the artists of Kioto, the ancient capital of Japan, continue to a greater degree than those of Tokio to remain true to the art traditions of the old time, and the modern commercial spirit had not yet encroached to such a demoralizing extent upon their work.

This fact was impressed upon me on the occasion of a visit to a celebrated cloisonné maker of the former city, who was renowned for the beautiful form, color, and workmanship of his ware. He received me with the usual courtesy in a home which was exceptionally refined and esthetic. One side faced and opened

¹ The exhibition lasted four days and the price of admission was only 15 *sen*—about 10 cents. The sum netted for the benefit of the asylum, however, was over a thousand dollars.

² The prince's family has reigned in Japan over two thousand five hundred years. I could not help speculating, therefore, as to whether his majestic manners were not, like the skill of the artists, inherited.

³ This was true also of the great gold and silver smiths of Europe. Compare Benvenuto Cellini's account of art and artists of that period. Art historians could obtain a much better insight into the conditions under which the art of Europe during that period flourished by familiarizing themselves with the living art of the workshops of Japan.

on a most charming garden. A little waterfall murmured in one corner and emptied its waters into a deep pool in which great golden carp sluggishly swam about. The garden was inclosed by a high hedge and tall trees that completely shut out the busy world beyond. Although we were in the middle of the city, the illusion of distance was perfect. Here and there the hedge had been cut away just enough to give a glimpse of a distant range of mountains or a picturesque old temple or pagoda. We walked through the garden, crossed a little bridge consisting of one roughly hewn slab of stone which spanned the dry bed of a brook, artificially constructed with water-worn stones so ingeniously placed as to make it seem nature itself. Presently we caught a glimpse of the workshop with its busy workers. All the beauty of this garden was spread out before their eyes, and the master, who seemed to read my thoughts, asked me whether I did not think it likely that these workers in beautiful forms and combination of harmonious colors would be favorably influenced and assisted by their inspiring surroundings. Who could not but agree with him? We returned to his house, where he told me something of his life, and my admiration for the man increased. He employed only a few

assistants and executed but a limited quantity of work. He was ever striving to improve the quality of his ware, and proudly pointed out the contrast between his former efforts and his present work. A few years ago he told me he had sent a collection of his cloisonné to the Paris Exposition, where he had received a medal and had been fortunate enough to dispose of the greater portion of his stock at very good prices. Thus he was, for the first time in his life, in possession of a considerable amount of money.

Some of his friends advised him to enlarge his workshop, employ more men, and conduct his business on a larger scale. "It was a great temptation," he said, "and I would undoubtedly have become rich; but I felt that work of this kind could not be turned out in great quantities and be good. I could not go on improving, and I would derive but little satisfaction in turning out unsatisfactory work. So I decided to continue as before, and I have never regretted it. All that money," he added quietly, "went to make this garden."

These are motives and ideas worthy of a golden age; and in sentiments such as these, operating through centuries of seclusion, lies the true secret of Japan's artistic greatness.

Theodore Wores.



IN THE ORCHARD.

THE autumn leaves are whirled away;
The sober skies look down
On faded fields and woodlands gray,
And the dun-colored town.

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisle,
In sad-hued gown and hood
Slow passes, with a peaceful smile,
A maiden pure and good.

Her deep, serene, and dove-like eyes
Are downward bent; her face,
Whereon the day's pale shadow lies,
Is sweet with nameless grace.

The frolic wind beside her blows;
The sear leaves dance and leap;
With hands before her clasped, she goes
As in a waking sleep.

To her the ashen skies are bright,
The russet earth is fair;
And never shone a clearer light,
Nor breathed a softer air.

O wizard love! whose magic art
Transmutes to sun the shade,
Thine are the beams that fill the heart
Of this meek Quaker maid.

James B. Kenyon.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

CABINET CHANGES—LINCOLN REELECTED—CHASE AS CHIEF-JUSTICE.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

CABINET CHANGES.



THE principal concession in the Baltimore platform made by the friends of the Administration to its opponents was the resolution which called for harmony in the Cabinet; and although no method was specified by which such harmony could be attained, it was no secret that the convention requested, and, so far as its authority went, required, that the Cabinet should be rendered homogeneous by the dismissal of those members who were stigmatized as conservatives. The President at first took no notice, either publicly or privately, of this resolution, and it was with something akin to consternation that the radical body of his supporters heard of the first change which occurred in his Cabinet after the convention adjourned. The resignation of Mr. Chase, whom the extreme radicals regarded as in some sort their special representative in the Government, took them entirely by surprise. The demonstration made by Mr. Wade and Mr. Davis some weeks later increased the feeling of restlessness among them, and brought upon the President a powerful pressure from every quarter to induce him to give satisfaction to the radical demand by the dismissal from the Cabinet of Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, who had gradually attracted to himself the hostility of all the radical Republicans in the country. The unpopularity into which Mr. Blair had fallen among the radicals was one of those incidents that recall the oft-repeated simile that compares political revolutions to Saturn devouring his offspring. Mr. Blair was one of the founders of the Republican party. After graduating at West Point and serving for a year in the Seminole war, he resigned his commission in the army and began to practice law in St. Louis. He immediately gained high distinction in his profession, and became, while yet a young man, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He returned to Maryland, and in 1855 was appointed solicitor of the United States in the Court of Claims. The repeal of

the Missouri Compromise made a Republican of him. President Buchanan removed him from office in 1858 on account of his zealous antislavery attitude. He was counsel for the plaintiff in the famous Dred Scott case, and presided over the Republican convention of Maryland in 1860. With the exception of his brother Frank in Missouri, and Cassius M. Clay in Kentucky, he was beyond question the most prominent opponent of the extension of slavery in all the Southern States. The immediate cause which occasioned his loss of caste among the radical antislavery men was the quarrel which sprang up between his family and General Frémont in Missouri. In this also he had the mortification of feeling that he had nursed the pinion that impelled the steel. The reputation of General Frémont was the creation of the Blairs. It was at their solicitation that the President appointed the Pathfinder a major-general in the regular army, and gave him command of the important department of Missouri. So late as the 24th of August, 1861, General Frémont relied upon Montgomery Blair for all the support and assistance he required in Washington. The Postmaster-General, writing to him on that date, spoke of the President and his colleagues with the indiscreet frankness of confidential friendship. "Chase," he said, "has more horror of seeing treasury notes below par than of seeing soldiers killed, and therefore has held back too much, I think. I do not believe at all in that style of managing the Treasury." He goes on lamenting his lack of influence in the Government in a style which reminds us of Mr. Chase himself.

This, I can see [he says], is partly my own fault. I have been too obstreperous, perhaps, in my position, and men do not like those who have exposed their mistakes beforehand and dun them with them afterwards. The main difficulty is, however, with Lincoln himself. He is of the Whig school, and that brings him naturally not only to incline to the feeble policy of the Whigs, but to give his confidence to such advisers. It costs me a great deal of labor to get anything done, because of this inclination in the mind of the President, or leading members of the Cabinet, including Chase, who never voted a Democratic ticket in his life. But you have got the people at your back, and I am doing all I

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can to cut red tape and get things done. I will be more civil and patient than heretofore, and see if that will work.

No man can be sufficiently sure of friends to write them such letters as this. A few months later Frémont was Blair's deadliest enemy, and these letters, being printed, came up like impertinent ghosts between the Postmaster-General and his colleagues at the Cabinet table.

In the beginning of this quarrel the Blairs were unquestionably right; but being unjustly assailed by the radicals, the natural pugnacity of their dispositions would not permit them to rest firmly planted on their own ground. They entered upon a course of hostility that was at first confined to their factious enemies, but which gradually broadened and extended till it landed them both in the Democratic party. Montgomery Blair was doubtless unconscious of his progress in that direction. He thought himself the most zealous of Republicans until the moment that he declared himself the most zealous of Democrats. Every admonition he received but increased the heat and energy with which he defended himself. The Union League of Philadelphia, towards the close of 1863, left out his name in the resolutions by which they elected all the rest of the Cabinet honorary members of the League. He chose to consider Mr. Winter Davis responsible for some attacks made upon him, and desired to defeat him in Maryland. The President, who had certainly no cause to show personal favor to Mr. Davis, said that as he was the choice of the Union men of Maryland he merited and should receive what friendly support the Administration could give him. Mr. Blair made a speech in Rockville touching upon the subject of reconstruction, and indulged in vigorous and somewhat acrid allusions to some of his leading Republican assailants. This brought upon him, and upon Mr. Lincoln, over his shoulders, much vehement criticism. It was in relation to this speech that the President said:

The controversy between the two sets of men represented by Blair and by Sumner is one of mere form and little else. I do not think Mr. Blair would agree that the States in rebellion are to be permitted to come at once into the political family and renew their performances, which have already so bedeviled us, and I do not think Mr. Sumner would insist that when the loyal people of a State obtain supremacy in their councils and are ready to assume the direction of their own affairs they should be excluded. I do not understand Mr. Blair to admit that Jefferson Davis may take his seat in Congress again as a representative of his people. I do not understand Mr. Sumner to assert that John Minor Botts may not. So far as I understand Mr. Sumner, he seems in favor of Congress taking from the Executive the power it at present exercises over

insurrectionary districts and assuming it to itself; but when the vital question arises as to the right and privilege of the people of these States to govern themselves, I apprehend there will be little difference among loyal men. The question at once is presented, in whom is this power vested? and the practical matter for discussion is how to keep the rebellious population from overwhelming and outvoting the loyal minority.¹

It was about this time that the President wrote the letter of kindly and sensible advice to General Frank Blair which we have given in another place; a letter which, when published many months afterwards, gave great and lasting offense to the enemies of Blair in Congress and in the country. Although General Blair at this time retired from the contest for the speakership, the Postmaster-General continued, with equally bad taste and judgment, to oppose the nomination of Mr. Colfax for that place. Upon Colfax going to him in person and demanding the motive of his hostility, Mr. Blair was so indiscreet as to give as a reason for his opposition that Colfax was running as a Chase candidate.²

The opposition to Blair was not confined to the radical demonstrations in the Baltimore convention and out of it. Some of the most judicious Republicans in the country, who were not personally unfriendly to Blair, urged upon the President the necessity of freeing himself from such a source of weakness and discord. Even in the bosom of the Government itself a strong hostility to Mr. Blair made itself felt. While Mr. Chase remained in the Cabinet there was always a condition of smoldering hostility between the two men. Mr. Blair's enmity to Mr. Seward also became more and more violent in its expression, and his relations with Mr. Stanton were subject to a strain which was hardly endurable. There was still, however, so much in his character and antecedents that was estimable, the President had so deep a regard for both the Blairs, and especially for their father, that he had great reluctance to take any action against the Postmaster-General. In the middle of July, after the termination of Early's raid upon Washington, General Halleck, exasperated by the report of stringent and sarcastic remarks which Mr. Blair, under the provocation of the destruction by rebels of his property in the suburbs of Washington, had made, in reference to the laxity or poltroonery of the defenders of the capital, addressed an angry note to the Secretary of War, saying that he wished to know "whether such wholesale denouncement and accusation by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and approbation of the President of the United States.

¹ J. H., Diary, Nov. 1.

² J. H., Diary, Nov. 21.

If so," said General Halleck, "the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet." Mr. Stanton sent this letter of Halleck's to the President without comment. The President, on the same day, replied in his most masterful manner. After summarizing Halleck's letter, he said:

Whether the remarks were really made I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge is necessary to a correct response. If they were made, I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may have been hastily said in a moment of vexation at so severe a loss is sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed.¹

Not satisfied with this, the President, when the Cabinet came together, made them this impressive and oracular little speech:

I must myself be the judge how long to retain in and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and, much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made nor question asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter.²

This, we are inclined to think, is one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a President. The tone of authority is unmistakable. Washington was never more dignified; Jackson was never more peremptory.

The feeling against Mr. Blair and the pressure upon the President to remove him increased throughout the summer. Henry Wilson wrote on the 5th of September, "Blair every one hates. Tens of thousands of men will be lost to you or will give a reluctant vote on account of the Blairs." The President's mail was filled with such appeals as this; but through the gloom and discouragement of midsummer he declined to act. There was a moment, as we have seen, when he lost heart in the campaign, and believed that the verdict of the country would be against him. Yet even then he refused to make the concession to the radical spirit which he was assured from every quarter would result so greatly to his advantage; but with the victories which came later in the season, and with the response of the country to the infamy of the surrender of the Chicago convention, there came a great and inspiring change of public opinion, and before the

month of September ended the assured triumph of the Union cause became evident to one so capable as was Mr. Lincoln to discern and appreciate the signs of the times. He felt that it was his duty no longer to retain in his Cabinet a member who, whatever his personal merits, had lost the confidence of the great body of Republicans. He had learned also during the long controversy more than he had ever known before of the violent and unruly candor of the Postmaster-General. Exasperated by the attacks made upon him, there were no limits to Mr. Blair's jealousy and suspicion. He wearied the President by insisting upon it that all the leading Republicans were Lincoln's enemies. After Chase left the Cabinet he insisted that Seward and Stanton were in league against Lincoln; that Stanton went into the Cabinet to break down the Administration by thwarting McClellan, and that Seward was coquetting with the Copperheads. Mr. Lincoln listened to these denunciations with growing fatigue and impatience. He protested against them. He said once to Mr. Blair, in the presence of another, "It is much better not to be led from the region of reason into that of hot blood by imputing to public men motives which they do not avow."³ Towards the end of September the President, reasonably sure of his reelection, and feeling that he ought not any longer to delay complying with the demand of a party which was giving him so earnest and loyal a support, wrote this letter to the Postmaster-General:

You have generously said to me more than once that whenever your resignation could be a relief to me it was at my disposal. The time is come. You very well know that this proceeds from no dissatisfaction of mine with you personally or officially. Your uniform kindness has been unsurpassed by that of any other friend; and while it is true that the war does not so greatly add to the difficulties of your department as to those of some others, it is yet much to say, as I most truly can, that in the three years and a half during which you have administered the General Post-office, I remember no single complaint against you in connection therewith.⁴

Mr. Blair accepted his dismissal in a manner which was to have been expected from his manly and generous character. He called upon the President at once, not pretending to be pleased at what had happened, but assuming that the President had good reasons for his action, and refraining from any demand for explanation. He went immediately to Maryland and busied himself in speaking and working for the Union cause, and for the reelection of Mr. Lincoln. He made a

¹ Lincoln to Stanton, July 14, 1864. MS.

² Lincoln. MS.

³ J. H., Diary.

⁴ Lincoln to Blair, September 23, 1864.

speech a few days later in New York, at a great war meeting, in which he said that the action of the President in asking his resignation was suggested by his own father. All the family received this serious reverse in the temper of fighting men ready for all the chances of battle, and of bold players whose traditional rule of conduct when the cards go against them is, "Pay and look pleasant." General Blair wrote to his father that he was sure in advance that his brother had acted for the good of the country, and in the interest of the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, in which he says "the safety of the country is involved."

I believe [he continued] that the failure to elect Mr. Lincoln would be the greatest disaster that could befall the country, and the sacrifice made by the judge to prevent this is so incomparably small that I feel it would not cost him a pang to make. . . . He leaves the Cabinet with an untarnished name, and a reputation of having administered the department with the greatest ability and success; and so far as worldly considerations go, it is better for him to go out than to remain in the Cabinet. As to the future I have no fear. If Mr. Lincoln's reelection is secured, no matter what his personal disposition may be towards us, or what his political necessities may compel him to do, if the country is saved and restored, those who have served it in its trials will some day be rewarded for the patriotism they have shown by a higher power than that of the President.

After the death of Judge Taney, Mr. Blair for a while indulged the hope that he might be appointed Chief-Justice, a position for which his natural abilities, his legal learning, his former judicial service, and his large acquaintance with the more important matters which would come before the court eminently fitted him; but the competition of Mr. Chase was too strong for any rival, however worthy, and he was chosen, to the bitter disappointment of the Blairs. Even this did not shake their steadfast loyalty to the Union cause, nor their personal fidelity and friendship to the President. Immediately after his second inauguration Mr. Lincoln offered Montgomery Blair his choice of the Spanish or the Austrian mission, an offer which was peremptorily though respectfully declined.¹

Mr. Blair's successor in the Cabinet, ex-Governor William Dennison of Ohio, had been selected beforehand. The President informed him of his appointment in a curt telegram, and directed him to proceed to Washington as soon as possible. Mr. Dennison had rendered admirable service to the Government as governor of Ohio at the outbreak of the war. He was a gentleman of the highest character, of great ability and perfect integrity, and of peculiarly winning and gracious manners. We find

among the President's papers a letter written by his intimate friend, David Davis, on the 2d of June, suggesting Governor Dennison as a proper person to preside over the Baltimore convention. Judge Davis says: "He is a pure, upright man, one of your most devoted friends. If, during this or your subsequent administration, you think it your duty to modify your Cabinet, in my judgment you could not get a wiser counselor than Governor Dennison." This, so far as we know, was the first, perhaps the only, suggestion made to the President in favor of Mr. Dennison for a place in the Cabinet. The claim of localities always had a disproportionate weight in his mind. When Mr. Chase resigned Mr. Lincoln appointed Governor Tod in his place, and after Tod had declined he was glad to find an opportunity to call another Ohio statesman into his Cabinet.

The reconstruction of the Cabinet went on by gradual disintegration rather than by any brusque or even voluntary action of the President. Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General, before the end of the year 1864 grew weary, not only of the labors of his official position, but also of the rapid progress of the revolution of which he had been one of the earliest advocates. Although heartily devoted to the cause of freedom and emancipation, he was wedded, by constitutional temperament and lifelong habit, to the strictest rules of law and precedent. Every deviation from tradition pained him inexpressibly. The natural and unavoidable triumph of the radical party in St. Louis politics, and to a certain extent in those of the nation, seemed to him the herald of the trump of doom. He grew tired of it all, and expressed to the President his desire for retirement. If he had not himself wished to retire, the President would probably not have suggested it; he was greatly displeased at an announcement made by Simon Cameron, as if upon his authority, that in the event of reelection he would call around him fresh and earnest antislavery men. Mr. Lincoln, on hearing of this indiscreet and injurious statement, said, "They need not be so savage about a change in the Government. There are now only three left of the original Cabinet." He put a vacant judgeship at the disposition of the Attorney-General; but Mr. Bates declined it, not without some petulant remarks about the "uselessness of a legal system in a State dominated by the revolutionary spirit which then ruled in Missouri." He said he could not work in harmony with the radicals, whom he regarded as enemies of law and order; there was no such thing as a patriotic and honest American radical; some of the transcendental Republican Germans were honest enough in their moon-struck theorizing, but the

¹ Seward to Lincoln, March 9, 1865. MS.

Americans impudently and dishonestly arrogated to themselves the title of unconditional loyalty, when the whole spirit of their faction was contempt of and opposition to the law. "While the present state of things continues in Missouri there is no need of a court; so says Judge Treat, and I agree with him." Considering the subject of a successor to Mr. Bates, the President, his mind still hampered by the consideration of locality, weighed for several days the names of all the leading men of Missouri who were in any way fitted for the place, but found good reasons for rejecting them all. One of his secretaries said to him, "Why confine yourself to Missouri? Why not go to the adjoining State and take Judge Holt?" The President looked up with some surprise and said: "Why, that would be an excellent appointment. I question if I could do better. I had always intended, though I had never mentioned it to any one, that if a vacancy should occur on the Supreme Bench in any Southern district I would appoint him; but giving him a place in the Cabinet would not hinder that."

Mr. Bates tendered his resignation at last on the 24th of November.

Heretofore [he said], it has not been compatible with my ideas of duty to the public and fidelity to you to leave my post of service for any private considerations, however urgent. Then the fate of the nation hung in doubt and gloom; even your own fate, as identified with that of the nation, was a source of much anxiety. Now, on the contrary, the affairs of the Government display a brighter aspect; and to you, as head and leader of the Government, all the honor and good fortune that we hoped for has come. And it seems to me, under these altered circumstances, that the time has come when I may, without dereliction of duty, ask leave to retire to private life. In tendering the resignation of my office of Attorney-General of the United States (which I now do) I gladly seize the occasion to repeat the expression of my gratitude, not only for your good opinion which led to my appointment, but also for your uniform and unvarying courtesy and kindness during the whole time in which we have been associated in the public service. The memory of that kindness and personal favor I shall bear with me into private life, and hope to retain it in my heart as long as I live. Pray let my resignation take effect on the last day of November.

A few days before the end of November the President offered the place of Attorney-General to Joseph Holt; but Mr. Holt, with that modesty and conscientiousness which formed the most striking trait of his noble character, believed that the length of time which had elapsed since he had retired from active service at the bar had rendered him unfit for the preparation and presentation of cases in an adequate manner before the Supreme Court, and therefore declined the appointment. The President was

not at first inclined to accept this as a sufficient reason for declination; but on the 30th of November Mr. Holt wrote a letter formally reiterating his refusal to accept the appointment.

After the most careful reflection [he said] I have not been able to overcome the embarrassments referred to at our last interview, and which then disinclined me to accept, as they must now determine me respectfully to decline, the appointment tendered in terms at once so generous and so full of encouragement. In view of all the circumstances, I am satisfied that I can serve you better in the position which I now hold at your hands than in the more elevated one to which I have been invited. I have reached this conclusion with extreme reluctance and regret; but having reached it, and with decided convictions, no other course is open to me than that which has been taken. I beg you will be assured that I am and shall ever be most grateful for this distinguished token of your confidence and good-will. In it I cannot fail to find renewed incentives to the faithful and zealous performance of the public duties with which you have already charged me.

Failing to secure Mr. Holt, the mind of the President turned naturally enough to another Kentuckian, Mr. James Speed, an able and accomplished lawyer, a man of high professional and social standing in his State, and the brother of the most intimate friend of the President's youth, Joshua F. Speed. Mr. Holt warmly recommended Mr. Speed. He said:

"I can recall no public man in the State, of uncompromising loyalty, who unites in the same degree the qualifications of professional attainments, fervent devotion to the Union and to the principles of your administration, and spotless purity of personal character. To these he adds—what I should deem indispensable—a warm and hearty friendship for yourself, personally and officially."

Soon after the opening of the new year Mr. Fessenden was again elected to the Senate from Maine, and resigned his office as Secretary of the Treasury. In his letter of resignation he said:

I carry with me great and increased respect for your personal character and for the policy which has marked your administration of the Government at a period requiring the most devoted patriotism and the highest intellectual and moral qualities for a place so exalted as yours. Allow me also to congratulate you upon the greatly improved aspect of our national affairs, to which, and to the auspicious result of our prolonged struggle for national life, now, as I sincerely believe, so near at hand, no one can claim to have so largely contributed as the chosen Chief Magistrate of this great people.

The place thus vacated instantly excited a wide and spirited competition of recommendations. The principal bankers of Chicago joined in recommending Hugh McCulloch of Indiana, who had made a remarkably favorable official record as Comptroller of the Currency

in the supervision of the national banks; Governor Morgan was strongly presented by nearly the entire State of New York, though a few of the so-called radicals of that State joined with the great mass of the people of New England in recommending Governor Andrew, whose splendid executive qualities no less than his fiery zeal and patriotism had endeared him to the earnest antislavery people throughout the country. Both branches of the Maine legislature recommended ex-Vice-President Hamlin to take the place vacated by his distinguished colleague. Mr. Jay Cooke, who was carrying on with such remarkable success at that time the great funding operations of the Treasury Department, reinforced with his recommendation the demand of the Western politicians and bankers for Mr. McCulloch. Mr. Montgomery Blair, who still retained his friendly and confidential relations with the President, wrote to him on the 22d of February, saying that Mr. Hamlin did not wish his claim to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury urged upon the President; that Mr. Morgan positively refused the appointment. He supplemented these two important bits of information with the characteristic and irrelevant suggestion that Mr. Seward should leave the Cabinet, that Sumner should take his place, and that Governor Andrew might then succeed Sumner in the Senate. He also added that it would be a good thing to encourage Garibaldi to drive the French from Mexico. The President concluded to nominate Governor Morgan, who declined the honor. Mr. McCulloch was then appointed; upon which Mr. Usher, on the 8th of March, desiring, as he said, to relieve the President from any possible embarrassment which might arise from the fact that two members of the Cabinet were from the same State, resigned his place as Secretary of the Interior. The President indorsed the resignation, "Accepted, to take effect May 15, 1865." Before that date should arrive tremendous changes were to take place in the Government of the United States.

LINCOLN REELECTED.

FROM the moment the Democratic convention named its candidates the stars in their courses seemed to fight against them. During the very hours when the streets of Chicago were blazing with torches, and the air was filled with the perfervid rhetoric of the peace men rejoicing over their work, Hood was preparing for the evacuation of Atlanta; and the

same newspapers which laid before their readers the craven utterances of the Vallandigham platform announced the entry of Sherman into the great manufacturing metropolis of Georgia—so close together came bane and antidote. The convention had declared the war was a failure, and demanded that the Government should sue for terms of peace. Lincoln's reply three days afterwards was a proclamation announcing to the country "the signal successes that Divine Providence has recently vouchsafed" the people at Mobile and Atlanta, and calling for "devout acknowledgment to the Supreme Being in whose hands are the destinies of nations." He also tendered, by proclamation, the national thanks to Farragut, Canby, and Granger, and to General Sherman and the gallant officers and soldiers of their respective commands, and ordered that national salutes of one hundred guns should be fired on successive days from all the arsenals and navy yards in the United States in honor of these glorious victories. Thus, amid the prayers and thanksgivings of a grateful people, and the thunder and smoke of great guns uttering from their iron throats the general joy, the presidential campaign began. The darkest hour had come just before the dawn, and the light broadened on the political campaign from beginning to end.¹

One of the earliest speeches of the autumn was made by Mr. Seward at his home in Auburn, New York.² He spoke avowedly without authority from the President, yet, as well from his intimacy with Mr. Lincoln as from his commanding place in the Administration, his speech demanded and received great attention. He said:

While the rebels continue to wage war against the Government of the United States, the military measures affecting slavery, which have been adopted from necessity to bring the war to a speedy and successful end, will be continued, except so far as practical experience shall show that they can be modified advantageously, with a view to the same end. When the insurgents shall have disbanded their armies and laid down their arms the war will instantly cease; and all the war measures then existing, including those which affect slavery, will cease also; and all the moral, economical, and political questions, as well questions affecting slavery as others, which shall then be existing between individuals and States and the Federal Government, whether they arose before the civil war began, or whether they grew out of it, will, by force of the Constitution, pass over to the arbitration of courts of law and to the councils of legislation.

Referring to the Chicago declaration in favor of the immediate cessation of hostilities, and

to the victory at Atlanta. "I should say the victory," Mr. Lincoln answered; "at least, I should prefer to have that repeated."

² September 3, 1864.

¹ The Rev. Dr. Thompson, calling on the President soon after this, congratulated him on the improved aspect of politics, and asked him whether he attributed it in greater part to the Chicago platform or

the paralyzing effect on the action of the Government which would follow the success of the Democrats upon such a platform, he asked, in that contingency, "Who can vouch for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power?"¹ The opposition journalists immediately seized upon this as a threat that the Administration was determined to keep itself in power whatever might be the verdict of the people, and this clamor went on until the President, as we shall show, put an effectual quietus upon it.

Mr. Lincoln himself took little part in the contest. He was forced, from time to time, to assist with his presence charitable demonstrations in favor of the sick and wounded soldiers; and being always obliged on these occasions to say a few words, he acquitted himself of these necessary tasks with dignity and discretion. He made no personal reference to his opponents, and spoke of his enemies North and South with unfailing charity and moderation. Regiments of soldiers returning to their homes after their term of service was over sometimes called upon him, and in brief and pithy speeches he thanked them for calling, and always added a word or two of wise or witty political thought. Speaking to an Ohio regiment, he defined in one phrase the essential character of our republican government with more accuracy and clearness than ever Jefferson had done:

I wish it might be more generally and universally understood what the country is now engaged in. We have, as all will agree, a free government, where every man has a right to be equal with every other man. In this great struggle this form of government, and every form of human rights, is endangered if our enemies succeed. . . . There is involved in this struggle the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. . . . When you return to your homes, rise up to the height of a generation of men worthy of a free government, and we will carry out the great work we have commenced.

To another regiment he said:

I happen, temporarily, to occupy this house. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has done. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence—that you

¹ Ten days later, when Mr. Seward had returned to Washington, he said, in answer to a serenade: "The Democracy of Chicago, after waiting six weeks to see whether this war for the Union is to succeed or fail, finally concluded that it would fail, and therefore went in for a nomination and platform to make it a sure thing by a cessation of hostilities and an abandonment of the contest. At Baltimore, on the contrary, we

may all have equal privileges in the race of life with all its desirable human aspirations—it is for this that the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright. . . . The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel.

Being invited to attend a Union mass meeting at Buffalo, the President at first thought of writing a letter, and we find among his papers the following fragment in his own manuscript:

Yours inviting me to attend a Union mass meeting at Buffalo is received. Much is being said about peace, and no man desires peace more ardently than I. Still I am yet unprepared to give up the Union for a peace which, so achieved, could not be of much duration. The preservation of our Union was *not* the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It was commenced for precisely the reverse object—to *destroy our Union*. The insurgents commenced it by firing upon the *Star of the West* and on Fort Sumter, and by other similar acts. It is true, however, that the Administration accepted the war thus commenced for the sole avowed object of preserving our Union; and it is not true that it has since been, or will be, prosecuted by this Administration for any other object. In declaring this I only declare what I can know, and do know, to be true, and what no other man can know to be false.

In taking the various steps which have led to my present position in relation to the war, the public interest and my private interest have been perfectly parallel, because in no other way could I serve myself so well as by truly serving the Union. The whole field has been open to me where to choose. No place-hunting necessity has been upon me urging me to seek a position of antagonism to some other man, irrespective of whether such position might be favorable or unfavorable to the Union.

Of course, I may err in judgment; but my present position in reference to the rebellion is the result of my best judgment, and, according to that best judgment, it is the only position upon which any executive can or could save the Union. Any substantial departure from it insures the success of the rebellion. An armistice—a cessation of hostilities—is the end of the struggle, and the insurgents would be in peaceable possession of all that has been struggled for. Any different policy in regard to the colored man deprives us of his help, and this is more than we can bear. We cannot spare the hundred and forty or fifty thousand now serving us as soldiers, seamen, and laborers. This is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated as horsepower and steam-power are measured and estimated. Keep it, and you can save the Union. Throw it away, and the Union goes with it. Nor is it possible for any administration to retain the services of these

determined that there should be no such thing as failure, and therefore we went in to save the Union by battle to the last. Sherman and Farragut have knocked the bottom out of the Chicago nominations, and the elections in Vermont and Maine prove the Baltimore nominations stanch and sound. The issue is thus squarely made up—McClellan and disunion, or Lincoln and Union."

people with the express or implied understanding that upon the first convenient occasion they are to be reenslaved. It cannot be, and it ought not to be.

After he had written thus far he seems to have changed his mind as to the good taste or the expediency of aiding even thus far in his own canvass. He therefore laid his letter aside and wrote a brief note¹ declining to address the meeting, on the ground, first, that it would be a breach of precedent, and, secondly, that if he once began to write letters it would be difficult to discriminate between meetings having equal claims.

Although the dignity and self-control with which Mr. Lincoln held himself aloof from the work of the canvass has been generally acknowledged, there is one incident of the campaign which was the object of severe criticism at the time. Governor Johnson, in accordance with the request of the State convention of Tennessee, had issued a proclamation² specifying the manner in which the vote for presidential electors should be taken, the qualification of voters, and the oath which they should be required to take. The Democratic candidates on the electoral ticket of that State, regarding themselves aggrieved by these requirements of the convention and the governor, united in a protest against this proceeding, and one of their number, a Mr. Lelleyet, was sent to present the protest in person.³ In the account of his interview with the President, which he published in the newspapers, Mr. Lelleyet said that the President told him "he would manage his side of this contest in his own way, and the friends of General McClellan could manage their side in theirs." It is not impossible that, in a moment of irritation at the presentation of a petition which was in itself an insinuation that he was making a selfish and corrupt use of his power, the President may have treated Mr. Lelleyet with scant courtesy; but he took the protest, nevertheless, and told him he would answer it at his convenience. There is certainly nothing of malice or of petulance in the grave and serious tone of the reply which the President sent a few days later to the McClellan electors of Tennessee. He informed them that he had had no communication whatever with Governor Johnson on the subject of his proclamation; that he had given to the subject such consideration as was in his power in the midst of so many pressing public duties.

My conclusion is [he said] that I can have nothing to do with the matter, either to sustain the plan as the convention and Governor Johnson have initiated it, or to revoke or modify it as you demand. By the Constitution and laws the President is charged

with no duty in the conduct of a presidential election in any State; nor do I, in this case, perceive any military reason for his interference in the matter.

The movement set on foot by the convention and Governor Johnson does not, as seems to be assumed by you, emanate from the National Executive. In no proper sense can it be considered other than as an independent movement of at least a portion of the loyal people of Tennessee.

I do not perceive in the plan any menace of violence or coercion towards any one. Governor Johnson, like any other loyal citizen of Tennessee, has the right to favor any political plan he chooses, and, as military governor, it is his duty to keep the peace among and for the loyal people of the State. I cannot discern that by this plan he purposes any more.

But you object to the plan. Leaving it alone will be your perfect security against it. Do as you please on your own account, peacefully and loyally, and Governor Johnson will not molest you, but will protect you against violence so far as in his power.

I presume the conducting of a presidential election in Tennessee in strict accordance with the old code of the State is not now a possibility.

It is scarcely necessary to add that if any election shall be held, and any vote shall be cast in the State of Tennessee for President and Vice-President of the United States, it will belong not to the military agents, nor yet to the Executive Department, but exclusively to another department of the Government, to determine whether they are entitled to be counted in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the United States. Except it be to give protection against violence, I decline to interfere in any way with any presidential election.⁴

The McClellan electors thereupon withdrew from the contest; Lincoln and Johnson electors were chosen, but their votes were not counted by Congress.

The most important utterance of the President during the campaign was a speech which he made on the evening of the 19th of October, in which he referred to the construction which had been placed on the remarks of the Secretary of State at Auburn, already quoted. He thought the distorted and unjust conclusions which had been drawn from Seward's remarks had gone far enough and that the time had come to put an end to them, and he seized, for that purpose, the occasion of a serenade from a party of loyal Marylanders who were celebrating in Washington the victory which the party of emancipation had gained in the elections in their State. He said a few words of congratulation upon that auspicious event, and then added:

A word upon another subject. Something said by the Secretary of State, in his recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that if I shall be beaten at the election I will, between then and the end of my constitutional term, do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago convention

¹ Lincoln to Schermerhorn, Sept. 12, 1864. MS.

² Sept. 30, 1864. ³ Oct. 16, 1864.

⁴ Lincoln to William B. Campbell *et al.*, Oct. 22, 1864.

adjourned, not *sine die*, but to meet again, if called to do so by a particular individual, as the intimation of a purpose that if their nominee shall be elected he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good people will permit themselves to suffer no uneasiness on either point.

I am struggling to maintain government, not to overthrow it. I am struggling especially to prevent others from overthrowing it. I therefore say that if I shall live I shall remain President until the 4th of next March; and that whoever shall be constitutionally elected therefor, in November, shall be duly installed as President on the 4th of March; and that, in the interval, I shall do my utmost that whoever is to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship.

This is due to the people both on principle and under the Constitution. Their will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace, even at the loss of their country and their liberty, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must do as they please with their own. I believe, however, they are still resolved to preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them.¹

During the progress of the campaign Mr. Lincoln was frequently called upon to assist his friends, to oppose his enemies, and to exercise his powerful influence in appeasing discords in different States and districts. He interfered as little as possible, and always in the interests of the party at large, rather than in those of individuals. He took no account of the personal attitude of candidates towards himself. In the case of those who were among his intimate friends he would go no further than to demand that Government officers should not work against them. When Mr. Arnold of Chicago, who had incurred the hostility of Mr. Scripps, the postmaster at that place, complained of the opposition of that official and called upon the President to put a stop to it, the President would do nothing more than to order the offending postmaster to content himself with the exercise of his own rights as a citizen and a voter and to allow his subordinates to do the same. The postmaster answered, as was natural, that this was precisely what he had been doing, and that this was the source of Mr. Arnold's complaint; that the congressman wanted his active official assistance, and would be satisfied with nothing less. Although Arnold was an intimate and valued friend of the President, he declined to exercise any further pressure upon the postmaster, and Mr. Arnold soon afterwards withdrew from the contest. After candidates had been regularly

and fairly nominated, the President had no hesitation in doing all in his power to conciliate hostilities and to unite the party in support of them. He tolerated in these cases no factious or malicious opposition on the part of his office-holders, and he laid his hands most heavily upon those injudicious friends of his own who attempted to defeat the reelection of Republican congressmen who had not been especially friendly to him. A large number of the leading Republicans in Roscoe Conkling's district had declared their intention to oppose him. Mr. Conkling's friends appealed to the President, claiming that the Republican opposition to him had its rise and origin among friends of the Secretary of State. The President commended their complaint to the attention of Mr. Seward, and answered for himself: "I am for the regular nominee in all cases, and no one could be more satisfactory to me as the nominee in that district than Mr. [Roscoe] Conkling. I do not mean to say there are not others as good as he in the district, but I think I know him to be at least good enough."² Being informed of some hostility on the part of the custom-house officials in New York against Frederick A. Conkling, he wrote similar admonitions to them. The postmaster of Philadelphia being accused of interference against William D. Kelley, the President sent for him, and following his custom in grave matters, he read to him a reprimand which he had committed to paper in the following words:

Complaint is made to me that you are using your official power to defeat Judge Kelley's renomination to Congress. I am well satisfied with Judge Kelley as a member of Congress, and I do not know that the man who might supplant him would be as satisfactory; but the correct principle, I think, is that all our friends should have absolute freedom of choice among our friends. My wish, therefore, is that you will do just as you think fit with your own suffrage in the case, and not constrain any of your subordinates to do other than as he thinks fit with his. This is precisely the rule I inculcated and adhered to on my part when a certain other nomination now recently made was being canvassed for.³

The reform of the civil service had not at that time been formulated by its friends, nor even adopted in principle by the country at large, yet it would be difficult even in the light of this day to improve upon this statement of its essential principle as applied to the conduct of office-holders. The postmaster, of course, promised exact obedience; but later in the summer the President was informed, on authority that he credited, that of the two or three hundred employees in the post-office not one of them was openly in favor of the renomination of Judge Kelley. Upon learning

¹ Autograph MS.

² Lincoln to Ward Hunt, Aug. 16, 1864. MS.

³ June 20, 1864. MS.

this, Mr. Lincoln wrote to an influential friend in Philadelphia, stating these facts and adding:

This, if true, is not accidental. Left to their free choice, there can be no doubt that a large number of them, probably as much or more than half, would be for Kelley. And if they are for him and are not restrained they can put it beyond question by publicly saying so. Please tell the postmaster he must find a way to relieve me from the suspicion that he is not keeping his promise to me in good faith.¹

The postmaster felt at last the hand of iron under the velvet glove, and Kelley was renominated and reelected, as he has been ever since—to the honor and advantage of his district and State.

The summer was full of brief panics and flurries among the politicians, and they were continually rushing to Mr. Lincoln to urge him to action or inaction in the interests of the canvass. We believe there is no instance in which he yielded to these solicitations. A matter of especial difficulty was the draft for half a million of men which had been issued on the 18th of July. Leading Republicans all over the country, fearing the effect of the draft upon the elections, begged the President to withdraw the call or suspend operations under it. Mr. Cameron, so late as the 19th of October, after the State elections had been secured, advised against the draft in Philadelphia. Mr. Chase on the same day telegraphed from Ohio, which had been carried triumphantly by the Republicans a few days before, recommending the suspension of the draft for three weeks—Chief-Justice Taney having died a week before. Judge Johnston of Ohio reports that he was with the President when a committee came from Ohio to request him to suspend the draft until after the elections, and that Mr. Lincoln quietly answered, "What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?" But these solicitations were not all in the same direction. General Sherman telegraphed from the field, "If the President modifies the draft to the extent of one man, or wavers in its execution, he is gone forever; the army would vote against him." The politicians and the general probably exaggerated in equal measure; the army would not have rejected him if he had seen fit to suspend the draft; and the people stood by him in his refusal to do it. He went so far in compliance with the earnest request of the Union people in Indiana as to write to Sherman expressing his sense of the importance of allowing as many of the Indiana soldiers as possible to go home to vote. Most of the other States which voted in October allowed their soldiers to vote in the field. Indiana had not

passed the necessary legislation for this purpose. The draft was steadily proceeding in that State, and, in the opinion of the leading men there, was endangering the success of the Union party in the elections. "Anything you can safely do," Mr. Lincoln wrote, "to let her soldiers, or any part of them, go home and vote at the State election will be greatly in point. They need not remain for the presidential elections, but may return to you at once."² He was careful, however, not to urge General Sherman to any course of action which he might consider injurious. "This is," he added, "in no sense an order, but is merely intended to impress you with the importance, to the army itself, of your doing all you safely can, yourself being the judge of what you can safely do." There were also reports from Missouri that Rosecrans was inclined to deny the soldiers the right of attending the elections, on the assumed ground that they would get drunk and make disturbance. The President, on being informed of this, quoted to Rosecrans the following words from the letter which he had written to Schofield: "'At elections see that those, and only those, are allowed to vote who are entitled to do so by the laws of Missouri, including as of those laws the restrictions laid by the Missouri convention upon those who may have participated in the rebellion.' This," said Lincoln, "I thought right then and think right now, and I may add I do not remember that either party complained after the election of General Schofield's action under it. Wherever the law allows soldiers to vote, their officers must also allow it."³

The opposition to Mr. Lincoln within the ranks of his own party did not entirely die away, even after the Chicago nomination and the changed political prospect which immediately followed it. So late as the 20th of September Thurlow Weed wrote to Mr. Seward that

The conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln collapsed on Monday last. It was equally formidable and vicious, embracing a larger number of leading men than I had supposed possible. Knowing that I was not satisfied with the President, they came to me for coöperation; but my objection to Mr. Lincoln is that he has done too much for those who now seek to drive him out of the field. Their last meeting was early last week at the house of Dudley Field, which was attended by Greeley, George Wilkes, Tilton, Opdyke, Noyes, and twenty-five others of the same stripe.

He also stated that a circular had been sent to leading Republicans in other States inquiring as to the feasibility of making another nomination for President at that time; that the malcontents, finding themselves in solitude, had concluded to break up operations and try to control the regular State convention.

¹ Lincoln to McMichael, Aug. 5, 1864. MS.

² Lincoln to Sherman, Sept. 19, 1864. MS.

³ Lincoln to Rosecrans, Sept. 26, 1864. MS.

After every semblance of open hostility had disappeared everywhere else in the country the fire of faction still kept it alive in Missouri. A singular state of things existed there. The radical party had almost entirely absorbed the Union sentiment of the State; the conservative party, the President's friends, had almost ceased to exist. The incumbents of the Government offices, a few of the intimate personal friends of Blair, still stood out against the radicals; and so long as this attitude was maintained the radicals, while working vigorously for their State and local tickets, refused to avow themselves in favor of Lincoln. So far as can be ascertained the only reason for this absurd position was that the "Clay Banks," as the conservatives were called, wished the radicals to declare for Lincoln as a pretext by which they could join the vast majority of their party, and the radicals spitefully refused to allow them this accommodation. Mr. Fletcher, the radical candidate for governor, refused during the greater part of the campaign to make any public statement that he would vote for Lincoln. His reason for this, privately given, was that he feared such an announcement would alienate from his support a large number of the more furious anti-Lincoln Germans. At last, however, he concluded to declare for the regular Republican presidential ticket, and a meeting was appointed for the purpose; but, to the astonishment of the moderate Union men, he went no further at this meeting than to say he would not vote for McClellan, and in explanation of this singular performance he told the President's private secretary¹ that he had found at the hotel where his speech was made a letter of the "Clay Bank" committee offering their support on condition of his declaring for Lincoln, and that he would not be coerced into it. The President sent messages to the moderate Unionists expressing his desire that the absurd and futile quarrel should come to an end, and they, to do them justice, desired nothing more. The only condition of their support which they made was that candidates should declare themselves for Lincoln, which they in turn would have been willing to do if it were not that the "Clay Banks" requested it.

So far as practical results went the party was united enough [Mr. Nicolay reported]; it seems to be well understood that, with the exception of very few impracticables, the Union men will cast their votes for you, for the radical congressmen, for the emancipation candidates, for the State legislature and the State convention, so that in practice nearly everybody is right and united, while in profession everybody is wrong or at cross purposes.

This was surmised while the clatter of factious fighting was going on, and was abundantly

proved by the result. While the radical candidate for governor only claimed that he would be elected by a majority of ten thousand, which claim by many of his party was considered sanguine, when the votes were counted it was found that Lincoln had carried the State by the immense majority of forty thousand.

The electoral contest began with the picket firing in Vermont and Maine in September, was continued in what might be called the grand guard fighting in October, in the great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and the final battle all along the line took place in November. Vermont and Maine were carried by good Republican majorities, the canvass in the latter State having been managed by James G. Blaine with a dash and energy which gave a presage of his future career. Before the October elections came on, auguries of Republican success had become so significant and universal that there was little doubt in the best-informed political circles of the result. The President, however, was too old a politician to be sure of anything until the votes were counted, and it was not without some natural trepidation that on the evening of the 11th of October he walked over to the War Department to get from the telegraphic instruments the earliest intimations of the course of the contest. The first dispatch he received contained the welcome intelligence of the election of Rutherford B. Hayes and his Republican colleague from the hard-fought Cincinnati districts. Next came dispatches announcing a Republican majority in Philadelphia and indicating a similar result in the State of Pennsylvania. The news continued very much in the same strain during the evening, and the President in the lull of dispatches read aloud to Stanton and Dana selected chapters of the Nasby papers. As the votes of the soldiers in the different camps in the vicinity of Washington began to be reported they were found to be nearly unanimous in favor of the Republican candidate, the proportion among Western troops being generally that of ten to one: among the Eastern troops, although there was everywhere a majority, it was not so large. Carver Hospital, by which Lincoln and Stanton passed every day on their way to the country, gave the heaviest opposition vote reported—about one out of three. Lincoln turned to the Secretary and said, "That's hard on us, Stanton! They know us better than the others." The sum of the day's work was of enormous importance. Indiana indicated a gain of thirty thousand in two years. Governor Morton and the entire Republican ticket were elected by twenty thousand majority, with the gain of four congressmen. Pennsylvania, whose representatives in

¹ Nicolay to Lincoln, Oct. 18, 1864. MS.

Congress had been equally divided, now changed their proportion to fifteen against nine, and made her legislature strongly Republican in both branches, with popular majorities ranging from ten to fifteen thousand. The Unionists carried Ohio by a majority of over fifty-four thousand and effected a complete revolution in her representation in Congress; for while in 1862 she had elected fourteen Democrats and five Republicans, she now sent to Washington seventeen Republicans and two Democrats. But the success of the day which lay nearest to the heart of the President was the adoption in Maryland of the new State constitution abolishing slavery forever on her soil. The majority was a very slender one, the vote of the soldiers in the field being necessary to save emancipation; but it served, and the next month the Union majority was greatly increased.

It would seem strange that after this decisive victory there should have been any room left for hope or confidence on the side of the opposition or for anxiety and panic among Republican politicians; but alternating fits of confidence and despondency are inseparable from all long-continued political campaigns, and even after these overwhelming successes we find the Democratic speeches and papers full of boasting, and the private correspondence of the most experienced Republican leaders full of tremor and apprehension. The President, however, had passed through his moment of despondency, and from this time to the end entertained no shadow of doubt of the result. Mr. Washburne wrote to him on the 17th of October from Galena: "It is no use to deceive ourselves about this State. Everything is at sixes and sevens; no head or tail to anything. There is imminent danger of our losing the State"; and more in the same strain. The President laid away the letter, writing on the envelope the single word, "Stamped." Ten days later Washburne had recovered his spirits, and wrote, "John Logan is carrying everything before him in Egypt." Earlier in the campaign Mr. Washburne, desiring to do all in his power to forward the Union cause, had written to Grant asking permission to print a letter from him in favor of Lincoln. Grant replied that he had no objection to this, but he thought that "for the President to answer all the charges the opposition would bring against him would be like setting a maiden to work to prove her chastity." A friend of Mr. Seward communicated to him about the same time an astonishing mare's nest, in which he claimed to have discovered that the opposition policy for the presidential campaign would be to abstain from voting. The Secretary submitted this letter to the

President. To Mr. Lincoln, with his life-long observation of politics, this idea of abstention from voting seemed more amusing than threatening. He returned the letter to the Secretary with this indorsement: "More likely to abstain from stopping when once they get at it."

As the time drew near for the election in November a flight of rumors of intended secessionist demonstrations in the principal States of the North covered the land. The points of danger which were most clearly indicated were the cities of Chicago and New York. We have related in another place the efficient measures taken to prevent any outbreak in Chicago, with the arrest and punishment of the conspirators. The precautionary measures in other States prevented any attempt at disorder. To preserve the public peace in the city of New York and to secure the guarantee of a fair and orderly election there, General Butler was sent with a considerable force of troops to that city. He issued an order on the 5th of November declaring that troops had been detailed for duty in that district sufficient to preserve the peace of the United States, to protect public property, to prevent disorder, and to insure calm and quiet. He referred to the charge made by the opposition that the presence of Union troops might possibly have an effect upon the free exercise of the duty of voting at the ensuing election. He hotly repudiated this accusation.

The armies of the United States [he said] are ministers of good and not of evil. . . . Those who fear them are accused by their own consciences. Let every citizen having the right to vote act according to the inspiration of his own judgment freely. He will be protected in that right by the whole power of the Government if it shall become necessary.

He denounced energetically the crime of fraudulent voting, but did not assume to himself the duty of separating the tares from the wheat. He simply warned the evil-intentioned that fraudulent voting would be detected and punished after the election was over. Governor Seymour had been, as usual, much exercised for fear of executive usurpation at the polls, and had issued a proclamation on the 2d of November urging the avoidance of all measures which would tend to strife or disorder. He called upon sheriffs of counties to take care that every voter should have a free ballot in the manner secured to him by the constitutional laws, and to exercise the full force of the law and call forth, if need be, the power of their districts against the interference of the military in the vicinity of the polling-places.

There was by no means a unanimous agreement among even the supporters of the Administration as to the expediency of sending

General Butler to New York at this time. The action was taken by Mr. Stanton on his own responsibility. Thurlow Weed disapproved of it, and up to the day of election thought, on the whole, the proceeding was injurious, in spite of Butler's admirable general order; but Butler acted under the circumstances with remarkable judgment and discretion. He devoted the days which elapsed between his arrival and the election to making himself thoroughly acquainted with the city, with its police arrangements, and the means at his disposal to preserve order. Every hour was occupied with a careful study of maps, of police arrangements, of telegraphic communication between his headquarters and every region of the city, and in consultations with general officers, the creation of an improvised engineer department, and the planning of a system of barricades in case of a widespread insurrection. But the object to which he gave special attention, and in which he most thoroughly succeeded, was the avoidance of any pretext for any charge of interference with the rights of citizens at the polls. On the morning of the 8th of November, although the city was absolutely in the hands of the disciplined military force which had been sent to guard it, not a soldier was visible to the thousands of voters who thronged the streets; but everybody knew that they were there, and the result was, as Butler telegraphed to Lincoln at noon on election day, "the quietest city ever seen."

To Mr. Lincoln this was one of the most solemn days of his life. Assured of his personal success, and devoutly confident that the day of peace and the reestablishment of the Union was not far off, he felt no elation and no sense of triumph over his opponents. His mind seemed filled with mingled feelings of deep and humble gratitude to the vast majority of his fellow-citizens who were this day testifying to him their heartfelt confidence and affection, and of a keen and somewhat surprised regret that he should be an object in so many quarters of so bitter and vindictive an opposition. He said to one of his secretaries: "It is singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should always, except once, have been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time; but always, except that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."¹

In the evening he went over, as was his custom, to the War Department. The night was rainy and dark. As he entered the telegraph room he was handed a dispatch from Mr. Forney claiming 10,000 Union majority in Philadelphia. The figures were so far above his estimate that he said, "Forney is a little ex-

citable." A moment after a dispatch came from Mr. Felton in Baltimore, "15,000 in the city, 5000 in the State. All hail, free Maryland!" A moment after there came messages from Boston announcing majorities for Mr. Hooper and Mr. Rice of something like 4000 each. The President, astonished, asked if this was not a clerical error for 400, but the larger figures were soon confirmed. Mr. Rice afterwards, in speaking of these astounding majorities in districts where there was never the least charge made of irregularity at the polls, quoted an explanation made by a constituent of his, with no irreverent intention, "The Almighty must have stuffed the ballot boxes."

The entrance of General Eckert, who came in covered with mud from a fall in crossing the street, reminded the President of an incident of his defeat by Douglas. He said: "For such an awkward fellow, I am pretty sure-footed. It used to take a rather dexterous man to throw me. I remember the evening of the day in 1858 that decided the contest for the Senate between Mr. Douglas and myself was something like this—dark, raining, and gloomy. I had been reading the returns and had ascertained that we had lost the legislature, and started to go home. The path had been worn hog-backed and was slippery. Both my feet slipped from under me, but I recovered myself and lit clear; and I said to myself, 'It is a slip, and not a fall.'"

Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, indulged in some not unnatural exultation over the complete effacement of Henry Winter Davis from Maryland politics. Mr. Davis had assailed the navy with a peculiarly malicious opposition for two years for no cause that Mr. Fox could assign except that he was a brother-in-law of Montgomery Blair. The President would not agree with him. "You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I," he said. "Perhaps I have too little of it; but I never thought it paid. A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me I never remember the past against him." All the evening the dispatches kept the same tenor of widespread success—in almost all cases above the estimates. The October States showed increased majorities, and long before midnight the indications were that the State of New York had cast her ponderous vote for Lincoln, and made the verdict of the North almost unanimous in his favor, leaving General McClellan but 21 electoral votes, derived from New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, 212 being cast for Lincoln and Johnson.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the President left the War Department. At the

door he met a party of serenaders with a brass band who saluted him with music and cheers, and, in the American fashion, demanded a speech. He made a brief response, saying that he did not pretend that those who had thought the best interests of the nation were to be subserved by the support of the present Administration embraced all the patriotism and loyalty of the country. He continued:

I do believe, and I trust without personal interest, that the welfare of the country does require that such support and indorsement be given.

I earnestly believe that the consequence of this day's work (if it be as you assume, and as now seems probable) will be to the lasting advantage, if not to the very salvation, of the country. I cannot at this hour say what has been the result of the election. But, whatever it may be, I have no desire to modify this opinion, that all who have labored to-day in behalf of the Union organization have wrought for the best interest of their country and the world, not only for the present, but for all future ages.

I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but, while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity.

For several days the torrent of congratulations came pouring in. Frank Blair wrote from Georgia, where he was leading an army corps under Sherman to the sea: "The vote in this army to-day is almost unanimous for Lincoln. Give Uncle Abe my compliments and congratulations." Grant paused for a moment in his labors in the investment of Richmond to express his sense of the vast importance and significance of the election. He thought a tremendous crisis in the history of the country had been met and triumphantly passed by the quiet and orderly conduct of the American people on the 8th of November.

The manner in which the President received these tumultuous demonstrations of good-will was so characteristic that it seems to us worthy of special attention. He was absolutely free from elation or self-congratulation. He seemed to deprecate his own triumph and to sympathize rather with the beaten than the victorious party. He received notice that on the night of the 10th of November the various Republican clubs in the District of Columbia would serenade him. Not wishing to speak extempore on an occasion where his words would receive so wide a publication, he sat down and hastily wrote a speech which, while it has not received the world-wide fame of certain other of his utterances, is one of the weightiest and wisest of all

his discourses. He read it at the window which opens on the north portico of the Executive Mansion, a secretary standing beside him lighting the page with a candle. "Not very graceful," he said, "but I am growing old enough not to care much for the manner of doing things."¹ There was certainly never an equal compliment paid to a serenading crowd. The inmost philosophy of republican government was in the President's little speech.

It has long been a grave question [he said] whether any government not too strong for the liberties of its people can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion has brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion has added not a little to the strain. If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have a free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men who have passed through this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. But the election, along with its incidental and undesired strife, has done good, too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now, it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's vote. It shows, also, to an extent yet unknown, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

But the rebellion continues; and, now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am duly sensible to the high compliment of a reelection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have? And now let me close by asking three

¹ J. H., Diary.

hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen, and their gallant and skillful commanders.¹

In this lofty and magnanimous spirit he received all the addresses of congratulation that came in upon him in these days. To a delegation from Maryland who ascribed it to his rare discretion that Maryland was then a free State he replied with deep appreciation of their courtesy, and he added: "Those who differ from and oppose us will yet see that defeat was better for their own good than if they had been successful." He not only had no feeling of malicious triumph himself, he had no patience with it in others. When Mr. Raymond, who represented his special friends in New York, wrote a letter breathing fire and vengeance against the officials of the custom-house, who, he said, had come near defeating him in the race for Congress, the President merely observed that it was "the spirit of such letters as that which created the factious malignity of which Mr. Raymond complained." To all those who begged for a rigorous and exemplary course of punishment for political derelictions in the late canvass his favorite expression was, "I am in favor of short statutes of limitation in politics." He rejected peremptorily some suggestions of General Butler and the War Department having in view the punishment of flagrant offenders in New York: "We must not sully victory with harshness." His thoughtful and chivalrous consideration for the beaten party did not, however, prevent him from feeling the deepest gratitude for those who had labored on his side. He felt that the humblest citizen who had done his duty had claims upon him. Hearing that Deacon John Phillips of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, a man who had already completed his 104th year, and had voted at every presidential election since the foundation of the Government, had taken the pains to go to the polls to vote for him, the President wrote him a grateful letter of thanks.

The example [he said] of such devotion to civic duties in one whose days have already been extended an average life-time beyond the Psalmist's limit cannot but be valuable and fruitful. It is not for myself only, but for the country which you have in your sphere served so long and so well, that I thank you.

The venerable man, who had attained his majority in the midst of the war of the Revolution, and who had arrived at middle age before this century opened, answered in a note which greatly pleased and moved the President, as coming from one of the oldest men living on the earth.

I feel that I have no desire to live [he said] but to see the conclusion of this wicked rebellion and the power of God displayed in the conversion of the nations. I believe, by the help of God, you will finish the first, and also be the means of establishing universal freedom and restoring peace to the Union. That the God of mercy will bless you in this great work, and through life, is the prayer of your unworthy servant,
JOHN PHILLIPS.

There is one phrase of the President's speech of the 10th of November which we have quoted which is singularly illustrative, not only of the quick apprehension with which he seized upon facts of importance, but also of the accuracy and method with which he ascertained and established them. Within a few hours after the voting had closed he was able to say that the election had shown that "we have more men now than we had when the war began." A great bundle of papers which lies before us as we write, filled with telegrams from every quarter annotated in his own neat handwriting, with a mass of figures which would have dismayed an ordinary accountant, shows the importance which he attached to this fact and the industry with which he investigated it. In his message to Congress a few weeks later he elaborated this statement with the utmost care. He showed from the comparative votes in 1860 and in 1864 a net increase of votes during the three years and a half of war of 145,551. The accomplished statisticians of "The Tribune" almanac in the following month, after the closest study of the official returns, expressed their surprise "at the singular accuracy of the President's figures."

An extract from his annual message to Congress gives the best summing up of the results of the election that has ever been written.

The purpose of the people within the loyal States to maintain the integrity of the Union was never more firm nor more nearly unanimous than now. The extraordinary calmness and good order with which the millions of voters met and mingled at the polls give strong assurance of this. Not only all those who supported the Union ticket so called, but a great majority of the opposing party also, may be fairly claimed to entertain and to be actuated by the same purpose. It is an unanswerable argument to this effect, that no candidate for any office whatever, high or low, has ventured to seek votes on the avowal that he was for giving up the Union. There have been much impugning of motives, and much heated controversy as to the proper means and best mode of advancing the Union cause; but on the distinct issue of Union or no Union the politicians have shown their instinctive knowledge that there is no diversity among the people. In affording the people the fair opportunity of showing one to another and to the world this firmness and unanimity of purpose, the election has been of vast value to the national cause.

On the day of election General McClellan

¹ Autograph MS.

resigned his commission in the army, and the place thus made vacant was filled by the appointment of General Philip H. Sheridan, a fit type and illustration of the turn in the tide of affairs, which was to sweep from that time rapidly onward to the great and decisive national triumph.

CHASE AS CHIEF-JUSTICE.

CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY died on the 12th day of October, 1864, during the public rejoicings that hailed the success of the Union party at the autumnal elections. He was a man of amiable character, of blameless life, of great learning, of stainless integrity; yet such is the indiscriminating cruelty with which public opinion executes its decrees, that this aged and upright judge was borne to his grave with few expressions of regret, and even with a feeling not wholly suppressed that his removal formed a part of the good news which the autumn had brought to the upholders of the Union. Toilsome and irreproachable as his life had been, so far as purity of intentions were concerned, it was marked by one of those mistakes which are never forgiven. In a critical hour of history he had made a decision contrary to the spirit of the age, contrary to the best hopes and aspirations of the nation at large. Before he had assumed the grave responsibilities of Chief-Justice he had not been insensible to those emotions and sympathies which animated the majority of his countrymen in later years. So early as 1818 he had spoken of slavery as a blot on our national character, and expressed the confident hope that it would effectually though gradually be wiped away. "Until it shall be accomplished, until the time shall come when we can point without a blush to the language held in the Declaration of Independence," he said, "every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery and better to the utmost of his power the wretched condition of the slave." But when he assumed public office he became a part of the machinery of his party. He accepted its tenets and carried them unflinchingly to their logical result, so that to a mind so upright and straightforward in its operations there seemed nothing revolting in the enunciation of the dismal and inhuman propositions of the Dred Scott decision. His whole life was therefore read in the light of that one act, and when he died, the nation he had so faithfully served according to his lights looked upon his death as the removal of a barrier to human progress. The general feeling found expression in the grim and profane witticism of Senator Wade, uttered some months before, when it seemed likely that the Chief-Justice would survive the ad-

ministration of Mr. Lincoln: "No man ever prayed as I did that Taney might outlive James Buchanan's term, and now I am afraid I have overdone it."

The friends of Mr. Chase immediately claimed that the place thus vacated belonged to him. They not only insisted that he was best fitted of all the public men in the country for the duties of that high office; that the great issues of the war would be safest in his hands; that the rights of the freedmen would be most secure with an ardent and consistent abolitionist; that the national currency would be best cared for by its parent; they also claimed that the place had been promised him by the President, and this claim, though not wholly true, was not without foundation. Several times during the last year or two the President had intimated in conversation with various friends of Mr. Chase that he thought favorably of appointing him Chief-Justice if a vacancy should occur. These expressions had been faithfully reported to the Secretary, and promptly entered by him in his diary at the time.¹ When Mr. Curtin was a candidate for reelection as governor of Pennsylvania, John Covode came to Mr. Chase and told him if Curtin was elected governor he would shape matters in Pennsylvania so as to secure its delegates in the presidential convention, but that the majority of the loyal men in Pennsylvania preferred Mr. Chase. Mr. Chase replied that no speculations as to Governor Curtin's future course could excuse the loyal men from supporting him now; that the future must take care of itself; that he, Mr. Chase, was not anxious for the Presidency; that there was but one position in the Government which he would really like to have, if it were possible to have it without any sacrifice of principle or public interest, and that was the chief-justiceship. At this Mr. Covode expressed himself satisfied, and went away resolved to permit the renomination of Curtin, which, it may be said in passing, he could have done nothing to prevent. Mr. Chase's eyes seemed pretty constantly fixed upon the bench in the intervals of his presidential aspirations. For a few days after his resignation his feelings against the President were of such bitterness that he seems to have given up that prospect. He was on the verge of open revolt from the party with which he had been so long associated. In his diary of the 6th of July he says:

Pomeroy says he means to go on a buffalo hunt and then to Europe. He cannot support Lincoln, but won't desert his principles. I am much of the same sentiments, though not willing now to decide what duty may demand next fall. Pomeroy remarked that on the news of my resignation reaching

1 August 30, 1863.

the Senate, several of the Democratic senators came to him and said, "We'll go with you now for Chase." This meant nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing Administration, but might mean much if the Democrats would only cut loose from slavery, and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. If they would do that I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.

A few days later he wrote recounting his efforts for the public good, and added:

My efforts were stoutly resisted outside, and had not earnest sympathy inside of the Administration. They were steadily prevailing, however, when a sense of duty to myself and the country also compelled me to resign.

A few malignant opponents of Mr. Lincoln still continued to write to Mr. Chase and keep alive in his mind the fancy of a possible nomination to the Presidency. His weakness before the people had been signally shown by an ill-judged attempt to secure him the nomination for Congress in Cincinnati, but in spite of this he still responded readily to suggestions from factious partisans. To one writing from Michigan he replied that he was now a private citizen and expected to remain such.

No one [he said] has been authorized to use my name in any political connection, except that I said I should not feel at liberty to refuse my services to the citizens of my congressional district if spontaneously and unanimously demanded. I think now that I erred in saying this; but it seemed right at the time. No such movement as the one you suggest seems to me expedient so far as I am concerned. Whether it would be expedient or patriotic in reference to some other name, I am not able to judge. I see only, as all see, that there is a deplorable lack of harmony, caused chiefly, in my judgment, by the injudicious course of some of Mr. Lincoln's chief advisers, and his own action on their advice.¹

Even to comparative strangers he could not write without speaking slightly of the President. To one he said: "I fear our good President is so anxious for the restoration of the Union that he will not care sufficiently about the basis of representation." To another, with a singular and unusual lack of dignity, he said: "Some seem to think that a man who has handled millions must be rich, and so I should be if I could have retained for myself even one per cent. of what I saved to the people; but I would not exchange the consciousness of having kept my hands free from the touch of one cent of public treasure for all the riches in the world." Mr. Chase

was, of course, absolutely and unquestionably honest, but that virtue is not so rare in public men that one should celebrate it in himself. He passed the heat of the midsummer in the White Mountains. During his absence his tone of bitter and sullen comment towards the President and his associates in the Cabinet continued,² but after the fall of Atlanta, and the evident response of the country to the Chicago nominations, his tone underwent a sudden change. He announced himself at last in favor of the election of Mr. Lincoln. In his diary of the 17th of September, after he had returned to Washington, he said:

I have seen the President twice. . . . His manner was cordial and so were his words; and I hear of nothing but good-will from him. But he is not at all demonstrative, either in speech or manner. I feel that I do not know him, and I found no action on what he says or does. . . . It is my conviction that the cause I love and the general interests of the country will be best promoted by his reflection, and I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends in securing it.

He continues in his usual tone of self-portraiture:

I have been told that the President said he and I could not get along together in the Cabinet. Doubtless there was a difference of temperament, and on some points of judgment I may have been too earnest and eager, while I thought him not earnest enough and too slow. On some occasions, indeed, I found that it was so. But I never desired anything else than his complete success, and never indulged a personal feeling incompatible with absolute fidelity to his administration.

He repeats over and again in his letters and diaries that he never really desired the Presidency; that he seized the first opportunity of withdrawing from the canvass. From Washington he went to Ohio, where he brought himself at last to make an open declaration of his preference for Mr. Lincoln as against McClellan; he voted for the Republican ticket at the election in October, and sent a telegram to the President that the result was "all right in Ohio and Indiana."

The death of Chief-Justice Taney occurred immediately afterwards, and the canvass for a successor on the part of the friends of Mr. Chase began without a moment's delay. Mr. Sumner was particularly ardent and pressing. "A Chief-Justice is needed," he wrote to the President, "whose position on the slavery question is already fixed and will not need argument of counsel to convert him." A mass

¹ Chase to Charles S. May, August 31, 1864.

² Samuel Bowles wrote September 4, 1864: "Do you notice that the 'Antislavery Standard' and the 'Liberator,' the representatives of the old abolitionists, are both earnest for Lincoln? Yet a new crop of rad-

icals have sprung up, who are resisting the President and making mischief. Chase is going around, peddling his griefs in private ears and sowing dissatisfaction about Lincoln. Oh, how little great men can be!" [*"Life and Times of Samuel Bowles,"* Vol. I., p. 413.]

of solicitations of the same character came in upon the President, and they were reinforced inside the Cabinet by the earnest influence of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Stanton; and although these and other friends of Mr. Chase were so strongly encouraged by Mr. Lincoln's response that they had no hesitation in assuring him that he would without doubt be made Chief-Justice, the President gave no decided intimation of his purpose. It is altogether probable that he intended from the first to appoint him, but he resolved at the same time to say nothing about it until he was ready to act. He said to his secretary, "I shall be very 'shut pan' about this matter." When one day his secretary brought him a letter from Mr. Chase in Ohio, he said, "What is it about?" "Simply a kind and friendly letter," the secretary answered. Mr. Lincoln, without reading it, replied, with his shrewd smile, "File it with his other recommendations."

So reticent was Mr. Lincoln in regard to his purpose that the enemies of Mr. Chase, who were especially abundant and active in Ohio, endeavored to prevent his nomination by the presentation of strong and numerous signed protests against it. The President received them not too affably, and while he listened respectfully to all they had to say in regard to the merits of the case, he sternly checked them when they began to repeat instances of Mr. Chase's personal hostility to himself. He treated with the same contempt a more serious statement which he received from New York that Mr. Cisco, who had personally declared for McClellan, gave as his reason for such a course that Secretary Chase had told him that Mr. Lincoln was incompetent and unfit for the position he held, though he added that Mr. Chase on his return to Washington had informed him that he then considered it his public duty to support Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. Strangely enough from the Treasury Department itself came an earnest protest against the late Secretary. The venerable Judge Lewis, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, protested that he was not a man of large legal or financial knowledge; that his selfishness had gradually narrowed and contracted his views of things in general; that he was amazingly ignorant of men; that it was the opinion in the department that he really desired towards the end of his term of office to injure and as far as possible to destroy the influence and popularity of the Administration. By his constant denunciation of the extravagance of disbursements, and his tone of malevolent comment against every act of the President, he clearly indicated his desire to excite popular discontent and grumbling against the Government. Judge Lewis said that with the exception of a

few sycophants the entire department was relieved by the change. Even Mr. Field, for whose sake he gave up his place, expressed himself as gratified by it. To all these representations Mr. Lincoln made no reply. He was equally silent as to the merits of other distinguished jurists whose names were mentioned to him. He had the highest esteem and regard for Mr. Evarts; he had great confidence in the legal learning and weight of character of Judge Swayne; he had a feeling of hearty friendship for Mr. Montgomery Blair, and although he had thought proper in the preceding autumn to ask for his resignation, the intimate and even affectionate relations which he maintained towards the ex-Postmaster-General encouraged him and his friends to believe that he would receive the appointment. The late Vice-President Wilson, shortly before his death,¹ said that Blair met him one day near the War Department and solicited his good word, saying that Chase would certainly not be nominated. Wilson was startled by Blair's confident tone and went at once to the President, to whom he reiterated the arguments already used in favor of Mr. Chase's nomination, saying that the President could well afford to overlook the harsh and indecorous things which Chase had said of him during the summer. "Oh! as to that," replied Lincoln, "I care nothing. Of Mr. Chase's ability and of his soundness on the general issues of the war there is, of course, no question. I have only one doubt about his appointment. He is a man of unbounded ambition, and has been working all his life to become President. That he can never be; and I fear that if I make him Chief-Justice he will simply become more restless and uneasy and neglect the place in his strife and intrigue to make himself President. If I were sure that he would go on the bench and give up his aspirations and do nothing but make himself a great judge, I would not hesitate a moment."

So strong was this impression upon Mr. Lincoln's mind that he half formed the intention of sending for Mr. Chase and saying frankly to him that the way was open to him to become the greatest Chief-Justice the Supreme Court had ever had if he would dismiss at once and forever the subject of the Presidency from his mind. But speaking on the subject with Senator Sumner, he saw in a moment's conversation how liable to misconstruction and misapprehension such action would be. In his eagerness to do what he thought best for the interests of both Mr. Chase and the country, he lost sight for an instant of the construction which Mr. Chase would inevitably place upon such a proposition coming from his twice-successful rival. Convinced as he was of Chase's

¹ April, 1874. Conversation with J. G. N.

great powers, and hoping rather against his own convictions that once upon the bench he would see in what direction his best prospects of usefulness and fame rested, he concluded to take all risks, and on the 6th of December nominated him to the Senate for Chief-Justice. He communicated his intention to no one, and wrote out the nomination in full with his own hand. It was confirmed at once without reference to a committee. Mr. Chase on reaching home the night of the same day was saluted at his door under his new title by his daughter, Mrs. Sprague. He at once sent the President a note, saying:

Before I sleep I must thank you for this mark of your confidence, and especially for the manner in which the nomination was made. I will never forget either, and trust you will never regret either. Be assured that I prize your confidence and goodwill more than any nomination to office.

The appointment was received with the greatest satisfaction throughout the Union. Although the name of Mr. Chase had been especially pressed upon the President by the public men who represented the most advanced antislavery sentiment of the North, the appointment when once made met with little opposition from any quarter. Mr. Chase, in a long life of political prominence and constant controversy, had won the universal respect of the country, not only for his abilities, but also for his courage, his integrity, and a certain solid weight of character of which his great head and massive person seemed a fitting embodiment. He had placed his portrait on the lower denominations of the legal-tender notes, saying with his customary heavy pleasantry, "I had put the President's head on the higher priced notes, and my own, as was becoming, on the smaller ones." His handsome face and features had thus become more familiar in the eyes of the people than those of any other man in America; and though neither then nor at any other period of his life did he become what could be called universally popular, the image of him became fixed in the general instinct as a person of serious importance in the national life. The people who gave themselves the trouble to reason about the matter said it was impossible that an original abolitionist should be untrue to the principles of freedom, or that the father of the national currency should ever disown his own offspring; while those who thought and spoke on impulse took it for granted that such a man as Mr. Chase should never for any length of time be out of the highest employment.

After all, the fears of the President in regard to the Chief-Justice were better founded than his hopes. Mr. Chase took his place on the

bench with a conscientious desire to do his whole duty in his great office, to devote his undoubted powers and his prodigious industry to making himself a worthy successor of the great jurists who before him had illustrated the bench, but he could not discharge the political affairs of the country from his mind. He still considered himself called upon to counteract the mischievous tendencies of the President towards conciliation and hasty reconstruction. His slighting references to him in his letters and diaries continued from the hour he took his place on the bench. When the fighting had ended around Richmond, and on the capitulation of Lee the fabric of the Southern Confederacy had fallen about the ears of its framers like a house of cards, the Chief-Justice felt himself called on to come at once to the front, and he wrote from Baltimore to the President:

I am very anxious about the future, and most about the principles which are to govern reconstruction, for as these principles are sound or unsound so will be the work and its results. You have no time to read a long letter nor have I time to write one, so I will be brief. And first as to Virginia.¹

He advised the President to stand by the Peirpoint government. As to the other rebel States, he suggested the enrollment of the loyal citizens without regard to complexion.

This, you know [he said], has long been my opinion. . . . The application of this principle to Louisiana is made somewhat difficult by the organization which has already taken place, but happily the Constitution authorizes the legislature to extend the right of suffrage. . . . What reaches me of the condition of things in Louisiana impresses me strongly with the belief that this extension will be of the greatest benefit to the whole population.

He advised, as to Arkansas, an amendment of the Constitution, or a new convention, the members to be elected by the loyal citizens, without distinction of color. "To all the other States," he said, "the general principle may be easily applied." He closed by saying: "I most respectfully, but most earnestly, commend these matters to your attention. God gives you a great place and a great opportunity. May he guide you in the use of them." But the same day the President delivered from a window of the White House that final speech to the people which he had prepared without waiting for the instructions of the Chief-Justice, and the day after Mr. Chase wrote again from Baltimore reviewing the record of both, reminding the President of his former errors from which Mr. Chase had tried to save him, discussing

¹ Chase to Lincoln, April 11, 1865.

in full the Louisiana case, of which the President had made so masterly and luminous a presentation in his speech, insinuating that if the President were only as well informed as he was he would see things very differently.¹ Almost before the ink was dry on this unasked and superfluous sermon the President was dead. The Chief-Justice, writing to a friend in Ohio, said: "The schemes of politicians will now adjust themselves to the new conditions. I want no part in them."² He retained his attitude at the head of the extreme Republicans until about the time of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Over this famous trial he presided with the greatest dignity and impartiality; with a knowledge of law which was never at fault, and with a courage which rose superior to all the threats and all the entreaties of his friends. But his action during the trial and its result alienated him at once from the great body of those who had been his strongest supporters, while it created a momentary appearance of popularity among his life-long opponents. His friends began to persuade him, and he began to think, that he might be the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. He commenced writing voluminous letters to leading Democrats expressing his indifference to the nomination, but at the same time saying he had always been a Democrat, was a Democrat still, and that the course which the Democracy ought to adopt would be to embrace true Democratic principles and declare for universal suffrage in the reconstruction of the Union. He did not flinch for an instant from his position on this important question. He said: "I believe I could refuse the throne of the world if it were offered me at the price of abandoning the cause of equal rights and exact justice to all men."³ Following his inveterate habit of taking a subjective view of the world of politics, he thought it possible that the Democratic party might be converted in the twinkling of an eye by virtue of his broad and liberal views. He cherished this pleasant delusion for several months. Whenever an obscure politician called upon him or wrote to him from some remote corner of the country, expressing a desire that he should be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, he would say, "Such indications . . . afford ground for hope that a change is going on in the views and policy of the Democratic party which warrants good hopes for the future."⁴ There was for a moment a vague

impression among the leading Democrats that as it was hopeless to make a campaign with one of their own party against the overwhelming popularity of General Grant, it might be worth while to try the experiment of nominating the Chief-Justice with the hope of diverting a portion of the Republican vote, and a correspondence took place between August Belmont and Mr. Chase in relation to that subject. Mr. Chase wrote:

For more than a quarter of a century I have been, in my political views and sentiments, a Democrat, and I still think that upon questions of finance, commerce, and administration generally, the old Democratic principles afford the best guidance.⁵

But he stoutly asserted, even in the face of this temptation, his belief in universal suffrage, though he coupled it with universal amnesty, and said:

If the white citizens hitherto prominent in affairs will simply recognize their [the negroes'] right of suffrage, and assure them against future attempts to take it from them, I am sure that those citizens will be welcomed back to their old lead with joy and acclamation, . . . and a majority, if not all, the Southern States may be carried for the Democratic candidates at the next election.

He repeated this sanguine statement in his correspondence with other leading Democrats, but the negotiation came to nothing; the Democratic convention met in New York, and Mr. Chase's name, mentioned by accident, gained a roar of cheers from the assembly and one-half of one vote from a California delegate. He professed his entire indifference to the result, and took no further interest in the canvass. An injudicious Republican politician in New York asked him to address a Grant meeting. He declined, of course, stating that he could not unreservedly support the Republican ticket, and that this was not the time for discrimination in a public address. "The action of the two parties has obliged me to resume with my old faith my old position, . . . that of Democrat, by the grace of God, free and independent." When his old enemy, General Blair, came to the front in the progress of the canvass and rather overshadowed the more conservative Seymour, the Chief-Justice intimated⁶ that men of his way of thinking would be constrained to the support of General Grant.

But if the political attitude of Mr. Chase in his later years was a subject of amazement

¹ "I most earnestly wish you could have read the New Orleans papers for the past few months. Your duties have not allowed it. I have read them a good deal; quite enough to be certain that if you had read what I have your feelings of humanity and justice would not let you rest till all loyalists are made equal

in the right of self-protection by suffrage." [Chase to Lincoln, April 12, 1865.]

² Chase to Ashley, April 16, 1865.

³ Chase to Barney, May 29, 1868.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Chase to Belmont, May 30, 1868.

⁶ In a letter to Col. Brown of Kentucky, Sept. 29, 1868.

and sorrow to his ardent supporters, his decisions upon the bench were a no less startling surprise to those who had insisted upon his appointment as the surest means of conserving all the victories of the war. He who had sustained Mr. Stanton in his most energetic and daring acts during the war now declared such acts illegal; he who had continually criticized, not always loyally, the conduct of the President for what he considered his weak reverence for the rights of States, now became the earnest champion of State rights; and finally the man to whose personal solicitations a majority of Congress had yielded in passing the legal-tender act, without which he said that the war could not have been successfully carried on, from his place on the bench declared the act unconstitutional. But so firm

was the impression in the minds of the people of the United States of the great powers and perfect integrity, the high courage, the exalted patriotism of this man, that when he died, worn out by his tireless devotion to the public welfare, he was mourned and praised as, in spite of all errors and infirmities, he deserved to be. Although his appointment had not accomplished all the good which Mr. Lincoln hoped for when he made it, it cannot be called a mistake. Mr. Chase had deserved well of the Republic. He was entitled to any reward the Republic could give him; and the President, in giving to his most powerful and most distinguished rival the greatest place which a President ever has it in his power to bestow, gave an exemplary proof of the magnanimity and generosity of his own spirit.

LIFE.

I AM o'er-weary picturing the strife;
 This is a solemn fate—to ride to death
 Lashed through the hurrying fatal lists of life,
 Strengthless to cease, begging for one short breath,
 Yet spurned for answer by a Power that thrusts
 Its spurs into the soul. Upon the brow
 Stand beads of blood; the very javelin rusts
 From tears; the drooping form can scarce but bow
 To earth. "One moment, Power, one resting-space,
 Have mercy!" "On, on, on!" the stern reply.
 I urge, "I once have triumphed, is not grace
 For victory?" "Have on! Thy grace am I!"
 "Is there no pause, no rest, however brief?"
 "On to the fight! Thy death is thy relief."

Louise Morgan-Smith.

TO GEORGE KENNAN.

UNFLINCHING Dante of a later day,
 Thou who hast wandered through the realms of pain
 And seen with aching breast and whirling brain
 Woes which thou wert unable to allay,
 What frightful visions hast thou brought away:
 Of torments, passions, agonies, struggles vain
 To break the prison walls, to rend the chain—
 Of hopeless hearts too desperate to pray!
 Men are the devils of that pitiless hell!
 Men guard the labyrinth of that ninefold curse!
 Marvel of marvels! Thou hast lived to tell,
 In prose more sorrowful than Dante's verse,
 Of pangs more grievous, sufferings more fell,
 Than Dante or his master dared rehearse!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS, AND HIS SON, IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR MONUMENTS.



8. PRINCE KHNUM, DECEASED.
(FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

ONLY in its later books does the Bible distinguish the different rulers of Egypt by their proper names. The word "Pharaoh" was a title rather than a personal appellation, and was borne by the reigning king, each one in turn down the long line of sovereigns.

A change of Pharaohs silently occurs in the biblical story between the second and the third chapters of the Book of Exodus. In Chapter II. we read:

Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. (Ver. 15.)

And it came to pass in the course of those many days, that the king of Egypt died: and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. (Ver. 23.)

From which it is clear that one Pharaoh had passed off the stage — the one who is commonly known as the "Pharaoh of the Oppression." But in Chapter III. we read how God called unto Moses out of the midst of the burning bush, and said:

Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt. (Ver. 10.)

From this it is equally clear that another Pharaoh had entered upon the scene — the one who is commonly known as the "Pharaoh of the Exodus." Everybody being acquainted with the peculiar names of such great personages, the writer of the Book of Exodus phrased his recital after the manner of that modern monarchic formula, "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

Not long ago we were astounded to see the tomb open and give up, among its treasures, the first of these two sovereigns, the person, carefully embalmed, of the Pharaoh of the Oppression — to behold his imperishable features after so long a time restored to view, and to find how remarkably faithful those portrait-statues were which his artists had carved when he was in the bloom of youth or in the prime of manhood. Nor, perhaps,

have we forgotten how the monuments stand ready to unlock the mystery in regard to that daughter of his who saved the life of the founding Moses.

And still, if we were to choose between the Pharaoh of the Oppression and the Pharaoh of the Exodus, or were asked, "Out of the several Pharaohs mentioned in the Bible, which one above all others would you most wish to learn more about, in fact, whatever the archæology of Egypt can teach us?" with scarcely a moment's hesitation we would answer, "The Pharaoh of the Exodus." That one who replied, "Who is the Lord, that I should hearken unto his voice to let Israel go?" ; that one who required straw as well as bricks of the already burdened and groaning Hebrews; that one before whom the contest by enchantments took place, until the magicians gave up, exclaiming, "This is the finger of God" ; that one who recalled his consent the instant the evils were removed; that one who, under all the signs and wonders and plagues of Jehovah, hardened his heart up to the very entrance of death into his dwelling to lay low his cherished first-born son, the heir to the throne; that one who repented having thrust out the bondsmen, and pursued after them, and overtook them encamping by the sea; that one, in fine, upon whose hosts the sea returned to its flow, till there remained not so much as one of them.

Do, then, the antiquities of Egypt really and in like manner illustrate the Pharaoh of the Exodus? Did he cause statues to be made of himself which show just how he looked? Have the inscriptions anything to tell us about his history also? Do his monuments bear out the many particulars of the biblical relation concerning his resistance to the God of Israel, and his disastrous defeat? Do they clear up the mystery of his first-born son, who was smitten on that fatal midnight when the Lord passed through the land and entered at every door whose posts were not sprinkled with blood?

These are natural questions, which we are eager to have answered in detail. Why not make a second search among the monuments?

Many households among us are accustomed to go to a painter or a photographer once in a while, or even every year, to put on record both faces and numbers of the family group. This custom, however, prevailed in the days of Rameses as well as in our own. He intended



1. FAMILY GROUP OF RAMESSES II. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

merely to parade his religious zeal; but, all unexpectedly by him, we, for certain reasons, are exceedingly curious to look in upon his domestic circle, and he himself has drawn aside the curtain for us in a manner bearing upon our present inquiry.

Among several such family representations he caused one to be engraved in everlasting rock on the bank of the Nile between Syene and Philæ (illustration 1). He is paying reverence to the ram-headed deity Khnum; and in this religious act he is followed first by the "Royal Wife," Queen, and mother "Isi-nefer-t," holding a scourge as an emblem of sovereignty in one hand and a lotus flower in the other; then by his "Royal Son Khamus," displaying the lock of a prince and wearing the leopard-robe of a priest; and, next in order, by "the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son Rameses, Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe"; then by "the great Royal Daughter, great Royal Wife, Bint-antha, Queen," holding sistrums of different patterns in her hands; and last of all in the procession, on the extreme lower left, by a "Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah" by name.

Of the three brothers here por-

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trayed the eldest, Rameses, died early, probably at the head of the soldiers of which he was commander, and on the field of battle. Then the succession fell on Khamus, the priest, who lived long to bear the honor. He gained great renown as high-priest of the god Ptah at Memphis, residing in the great temple dedicated to this deity there, and devoting himself so strictly to sacerdotal duties as somewhat to neglect the affairs of state—so his fond father thought. In this holy pursuit he sought to restore the olden worship of the Apis-bulls, then regarded as the living type of Ptah-Sokharis; and he carried out the enlargement and decoration of their burial-place, the Serapeum, by works which inscriptions of that time describe as splendid, and for which they overload their author with thankful praise. From illustration 2 we may catch a glimpse of him as he actually appeared when presenting himself in public, with his insignia of regency—a standard in each hand.

However, as we have seen the Great Rameses enduring to the age of nearly one hundred years, Khamus proved unequal to the task of outliving him. He had received the powers and authority of active regent when he must have been not far from five and twenty years old, in the thirtieth year



2. PORTRAIT-STATUE OF KHAMUS AS REGENT. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

of his father's reign: he died in the fifty-fifth year of his father's reign, at about fifty years of age, having governed in behalf of his father a quarter of a century. And yet, because he had not reached the throne at the time of his death, the monuments represent him as a prince and nothing more, still wearing the side-lock of juniority.

Illustration 3, which is used as an initial to this article, reproduces one of these, where the death-sign, appended to his name above his head, consists of two characters reading "ma-kheru," generally translated "the justified," or "proclaimed righteous," at the judgment-seat of Osiris, the god of Hades, thus declaring the faithful departed to be "triumphant," very much as we are accustomed to do down to this very day: its real signification, therefore, was "deceased."

After Khamus had departed this life the right of inheritance descended to the youngest depicted in the family group above given, Mer-en-ptah: the last became the first. His name, Mer-en-ptah, signifying "beloved by the god Ptah," or, according to the Memphitic dialect, Mer-en-phthah, is generally reduced or anglicized to Menephtah. He could not have been so very much younger than his elder brother, for he served as a similar regent for his father during no less than twelve years — from the fifty-fifth to the sixty-seventh, when at last the latter yielded up the scepter he had held so long.

When Menephtah actually became king he assumed the throne-name Hotep-hi-ma, "Trusting in Ma," together with the epithets Bai-en-ra, "Soul of Ra," and Mer-amen, "Beloved by the god Amen."

Doubtless he caused many statues of himself to be wrought in stone, but comparatively few of them have survived destruction. We are not bewildered by several equally good, or presenting their subject in various aspects, as in the case of Rameses; and yet there is one of the son so far superior to others of himself, even excelling in some respects any of the father, as to command attention and choice above all others. In order to see this pre-eminent pattern of Menephtah, executed during the best period and in the highest style of Egyptian art, we must ascend the Nile to Thebes. There the Tombs of the Kings shelter a memorial of him which is simply faultless in accurate design, nice chiseling, and complete preservation. It is a bas-relief, maintaining his presence in his own sepulcher, where he would naturally wish to leave behind the finest personation of himself that the most accomplished artists of his day could produce. A plaster-cast of it in Berlin, made by Dr. Richard Lepsius, has been specially photographed for illustration 4, which, therefore, is a perfect copy of the original sculpture. How easily we detect



4. BAS-RELIEF OF KING MENEPTAH AT THEBES.
(FROM A CAST IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.)

in the outline of this profile, in the contour of the face, in the shape of each separate feature, all the characteristic traits of the Rameses family, affected only by the personal element. A masterpiece of ancient art, we find it worthy of all praise as a delineation, either of the man when he was really handsome, or of that glorious form which the proud king desired to own and the foolish people were inclined to ascribe to their ruler, or, still again, perhaps of that blending of human personality with real divinity which alone could qualify him for acceptance with the deity Ra, though probably all of these aims entered into its design. His majesty stands before us in the attitude of worshipping the god Ra-Harmakhis—indeed, in the very gesture of demonstrating, not merely likeness to, but veritable identity with, the god himself, the hieroglyphics beneath his outstretched hand affirming:

He adores the Sun, he worships the Hor of the solar horizons.

In so doing he displays no lack of vanity, not to say presumption, judging him by our own notion of the manner appropriate to one who is venturing into the presence of the Supreme Being. He is shod with sandals, clad in a light transparent robe, furnished with the asp-bordered apron, decked with a royal uræus, and crowned with the atef-tiara. Overhead his panegyric reads:

Lord of the Two Lands, Mer-amen Bai-en-ra,
Lord of Diadems, Mer-en-ptah Hotep-hi-ma,
Crowned by Amen with dominion of the world,
Cherished by the Sun in the great abode.

Doubtless the artist in this transcendent figure sought not only to show forth the particular act of adoration, but to exalt Menephtah ideally to a phase worthy of the reception and society of the gods.

Yet, after many centuries have fled, we, whose feelings are cooler and judgments truer, looking on the changeless face of this bas-relief find less to laud sincerely. Apart from the superhuman element revealing itself through both physical and spiritual beauty, Menephtah betrays both softness and weakness. He is calm and cold: he would stir no heart, waken no love. Even art has not detected the slightest trace of nobility of character, for art could not well heighten a quality totally wanting.

Unless we happen to stop and reflect, we naturally fancy the successor of a king as youthful, or at least adolescent. But a recent instance serves to place in an exacter light the several stages of years reached by other members of a royal family when an aged emperor dies: the crown-prince of Germany had turned

the meridian of life when the Emperor William died, his great deeds were done, his glory was earned, and his career was so much of a memory that his actual reign must have been brief; and his son, in turn, the heir-apparent, now emperor, who possibly might have become active regent in advance of the throne, is the grandchild of the aged departed monarch. So it was when Rameses the Great died in Egypt, three and thirty centuries ago. As already learned, Menephtah was an old man when he became king—certainly not less, and probably more, than sixty years of age.

Soon after ascending the throne he began to exhibit a singular and not altogether scrupulous trait. As if long denied the privilege of writing his name upon a royal shield, he went about gratifying his impatience and vanity by imposing his cartouch upon the monuments of his predecessors. He did not stop to consider—or, what is more likely, he did not have honor enough to care—whether or no the contrast of his own rough work by the side of the finely wrought hieroglyphics of earlier kings would forever cry out to his shame.

Presently in this disgraceful business he ventured a step further and appropriated to himself a royal statue at Memphis. This was a standing image of Amen-em-hat III., the chief king in the twelfth dynasty, and, as a specimen of early art, one of exceptional excellence. Notwithstanding, though he left the remainder of the figure untouched, he went to its face and remorselessly blotted out the features it bore by remodeling them into his own likeness. Thus the portrait of the archaic king is lost to us, but a true view of Menephtah, when advanced in life, is gained.

Again, as he little foresaw, or cared less, the result is an incongruity. Those immense feet, those sturdy limbs, that heavy frame, the stiff pose of the subject, are characteristic of a style nearly a thousand years earlier, and therefore already antique; but the art of the face is in the perfect style of a Ramesside age. Here, in illustration 5, we are looking upon the real Menephtah. Here we still further perceive how as a son he resembled his father. Recalling the peculiar cast of Rameses II. in his portrait-figures at Tanis, at Memphis, at Thebes, at Abû-Simbel, we detect at once certain traits of descent in this strongly pronounced physiognomy—the retreating brow, the arched nose, the high cheek-bones, and the jutting chin. Even the searching eye and the stern expression of countenance seem to share the spirit of Rameses' later pictures. All the softness of the Theban bas-relief has vanished. How insensible the heart must have been to correspond with that brow! How pitiless—nay, how destitute of human sympathy—are the angular lines



5. STATUE OF KING MENEPHTAH AT MEMPHIS. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. NEUMANN.)

of that stony face! His very looks frown oppression; his lips breathe bondage. If a favor were to be asked of that forbidding visage, what answer would surely be forecast — yes, or no? Soul, talent, refinement, every element that makes man attractive, all are absent; superstition, arrogance, selfishness, obstinacy, distrust, fear, all are present in force. Or, what emotions would be inevitably inspired by these lineaments? Respect, affection, loyalty? or, hatred, repulse, revolt, flight? Such a presentment is precisely what we would expect from Menephtah's bearing towards Israel in Egypt. If an attempt were to be made, even by an artist of genius, to invent a face which should unite all the qualities of disposition developed by the trials of Menephtah rehearsed in the Bible, the best surely would fall short of this realistic historical carving.

However much Menephtah may have resembled his predecessor Rameses II. in other respects, he did not in the possession of a numerous family. Menephtah had only one son, and, strangely, that son was the fruit of his old age. How the elderly progenitor's heart must have been gladdened by that child, that long-awaited, often wished-for, only boy! And now, because the boon of his tutelary deity, Set,—“the giver of life,”—the offspring was called Seti; and because the sum of his father's joy, the one object of his father's love, he was called Menephtah.

As the lad grew up the father perceived the filial features developing into a duplicate of his own. And when the lad increased into youth, still the father had only to look on his face, as in a mirror, to behold a reflection of himself. Inasmuch as words would fail to show this remarkable likeness as effectively as sight, let us place their pictures side by side and study them comparatively (illustrations 6 and 7).

Both the monuments and the records of Menephtah suddenly become silent after the eighth year of his reign, and remain so a long while—in fact, until just before his



6. DETAIL OF THE THEBAN BAS-RELIEF.

7. SETI-MENEPHTAH IN EARLY LIFE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. M. F. PETRIE.)

death. Certain papyri were indorsed with this eighth year, one of which contains a letter, written by an Egyptian in Syria to a friend at Raamses, after this tenor:

At the moment of writing I am alive and well, so do not be anxious about me; but I want to hear the news as to your welfare every day, and I may add that I expect very soon to rejoin you at Pa-Rameses Mer-amen.

An undertone of apprehension pervades these lines, which is stated plainly in another communication:

Such is the state of affairs with us to-day; but no one knows what will happen to-morrow.

Just here we may recall the fact that the nomadic Shasu were admitted within the lines of Egypt during this eighth year of Menephtah's sole rule.

Of course Menephtah laid his burdens on foreigners only. As a natural result, by and by, history relating what happened "to-morrow," the foreigners in Egypt could endure his cruelty no longer, and, unitedly rising, threw off the yoke of Pharaoh. We learn this from Josephus ("Against Apion," I, 26), who took it from Manetho. A priest at Heliopolis, bearing the name of "Son of Osiris," either stirred up the movement or was elected to be the leader of the rebels; perhaps he, too, was secretly a Semite, for would foreigners trust a real Egyptian? And what is more significant, the revolt was supported in their mutiny by a force of many thousand Jebusites, regarded as descendants of the Shepherds who four centuries back had been expelled from this country.

The area of this uprising extended from

Heliopolis to Avaris, near Zoan, the latter becoming the stronghold of the opposition. Thus the revolt covered the Land of Goshen. Whether or not the Hebrews were concerned in this movement, we are not told; but it is not impossible that they were, and that an unwritten page of history is concealed under the concluding words of the second chapter of Exodus:

And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob. And God saw the children of Israel, and God took knowledge of them. (Vers. 24, 25.)

Now if 600,000 Hebrews and 200,000 men of Jebus were combined in the strike, to say nothing of the Shasu or other foreigners possibly involved in it, Menephtah had a heavy task before him to quell it. Apparently he found this to be the case, for, the story goes on:

He then passed out with the rest of the Egyptians, three hundred thousand of the most warlike of them, against the enemy, who met them. Yet he did not join battle with them; but thinking that would be to fight against the gods, he returned back and came to Memphis.

When the enemy is found to number two to one, other things being equal, no doubt a graceful retreat is better than hopeless valor. Menephtah, furthermore, had reached the age of three score years and ten, an age when courage, as well as vigor, usually gives out. And so, quietly taking his young son with him, he withdrew his whole army up the Nile into Ethiopia, where he wearily wore away twelve long years of exile.

At the end of this sojourn he was eighty or

more years of age, and had been a king twenty years. His son, Seti-Menephtah, in his eighteenth year had grown to be a robust youth. Evidently the father was now too far along in life to do what he had never done before — fight; and if ever the royal pair should return to their realm, it would depend on the spirit and power of the son. During this term of banishment we can scarcely fancy the latter otherwise engaged than in training for this end, and exercising himself in every art of

before. Somewhere in Lower Egypt a final battle was now accepted upon the united challenge of the rebels and the Shepherds, by which the rebels were completely re-subdued and the Jebusites again driven out to the very bounds of Syria.

Either on his way down the Nile, or shortly afterward, Seti-Menephtah visited at Abû Simbel a colossal statue of his grandfather, Rameses II., and inscribed upon one side of it the purpose of his pilgrimage, which was:

In order to render homage to the one who had given him valor.

This was a marked reflection upon his father; but let that pass. At the same time, perhaps, he engraved a tablet on the rock there to commemorate his victories over foreigners — quite likely the very foreigners thus chased back to Syria; in which, as reproduced in illustration 8, he is seen dispatching an Asiatic with a heavy mace, the god Amen-Ra standing by in the act of giving him a scimiter, the legend describing him as

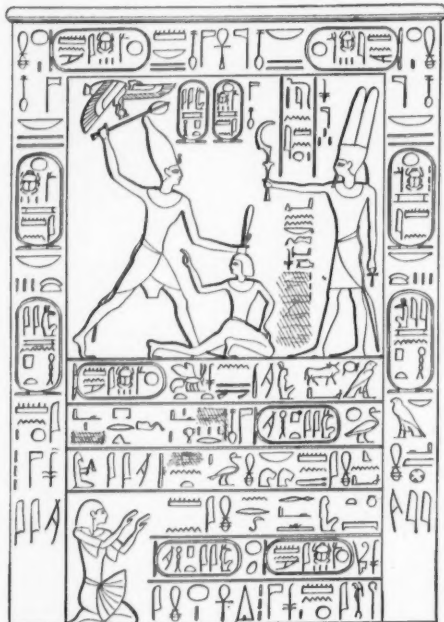
Warlike and valiant, like the goddess Ament.

Also the door-post of his sepulcher, inscribed while he was living, praises him as

The Defender of Egypt, and the Chastiser of the Libyans.

Upon this tablet, as elsewhere, we find that he had already begun to use the double cartouch, Ra-user-kheperu Mer-amen, and Seti Mer-en-ptah. No doubt this was done by agreement between his father and himself. When they came to take their departure from Ethiopia, the very attempt of which depended on the lead and chivalry of the son, the latter, both by the father's desire and by the consent of the army, must have become regent, and probably a regent in more than the usual sense of the word. The father remained real king and retained the throne,—he was to be consulted on all important questions, his wish was to be law, his will supreme, his indorsement was essential as to policy,—but the son was to execute. Moreover, by the results of that brilliant march to the sea the son had earned a share in the dominion, and was entitled to participation in the government of the emancipated country.

Then, too, Seti-Menephtah was the first-born son of his father, the heir-apparent or crown-prince; no brother existed to become a rival; and the cartouches were to belong to him soon by virtue of sole possession of the throne. He was then physical strength itself, the very synonym of health, waking into the morning of life: no cloud marred the horizon, nothing, thought he or his father,—nothing on earth or in heaven,



8. SETI-MENEPHTAH TRIUMPHING OVER FOREIGNERS. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

war that might qualify him to be the capable and heroic leader of his Egyptians on the return march to their homes.

At length, in the thirteenth year of their Ethiopian residence, the prince being educated for the fray and the Egyptians eager to recover their land, they all started forth down the Nile, the king of Ethiopia perhaps sending along his troops as auxiliaries.

This return journey was one of success from beginning to end. Seti-Menephtah distinguished himself at every point by a personal prowess that was irresistible: under his masterly generalship triumph followed closely upon the heels of victory. His opponents either were struck with instant death, or crushed under a heavier oppression, or driven before a wave of revolution and military glory that contrasted strangely with the imbecility of a dozen years



9. PORTRAIT-STATUE OF SETI-MENEPHTAH. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

whether of men or from the gods,— could prevent his wearing the double crown of Egypt alone in the near future. Such was his destiny—in universal human expectation.

Under this arrangement two years passed serenely away. Seti as regent and prospective king pursued the occupations of war by securing the country against the Libyans on the west, and by fortifying the Fountains of Water on the east. He cultivated the arts of peace by fostering authors, both of poetry and of literature, and sculptors, who carved him in stone with exceptional skill and elegance. Their three renowned statues of him now embellish the museums of London, Paris, and Turin. From the first of these illustrations 9 is taken, showing us, as successfully as any modern artist could hope to do, just how this distinguished young warrior looked. He carried a frank brow rising just off the line of the nose, a gracefully curved eyebrow, a broad eyelid, a large pensive eye, the arched nose of the Ramesses, full lips, and a delicately molded chin. Altogether his face was singularly genial and

winning. Apparently he was inclined to muse, and smile when his thoughts were far away, as if he were gazing on some vision, either of beauty that engaged his soul or of loveliness that wakened emotions of the heart. Or was he dreaming of the Elysian Fields, that seemed to tempt him hence?

At Thebes he built a little temple, carved the walls of sanctuaries and pylons with bas-reliefs and hymns, set up doorways, obelisks, sphinxes, and stelæ, and even began his own sepulchral chambers on the west of the Nile. But the last date he placed upon any of his works was that of the second year of his executive reign, or when he was about twenty years of age.

Meanwhile, the children of Israel? Their interval of respite from toil was over, and the return of the task-master renewed their bondage with tenfold severity. If they had been concerned in the recent protest against that oppression which Egypt laid upon foreign races who kept their ethnic caste and faith, as a consequence their slavery was made more



10. SETI-MENEPHTAH AS REGENT. (FROM THE STATUE IN THE TURIN MUSEUM. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAVRE G. B. BERRA.)

onerous than before. And such seems to have been the case, causing an outcry from the sufferers that ascended unto heaven; a cry that brought Jehovah down to visit his people and declare, "I know their sorrows."

To royal father and son a cloud now rose on the horizon. A new commotion was visible among the servile Hebrews. One man, about equal in age to the venerable Menephtah, joined by another, his brother somewhat younger and just returned from Midian, were observed to be going round among the bondmen advising them to rest from their burdens and inciting them to some sort of concerted movement. Presently they ventured into the presence of the monarch himself, and announced their proposal to be no less than freedom — withdrawal of their entire community from Egypt, or, in the words of the deity of their worship, "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Let my people go."

What? "To get up out of the land?" Why, that was the very aim Rameses had sought to defeat by rigorous service, together with the drowning Nile, eighty years ago, and the very contingency Menephtah had guarded against seventeen years ago by strengthening the walls and garrisons of Heliopolis. Naturally these two representatives of the Hebrews were told that the proposition could not be thought of. "Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, loose the people from their works? get you unto your burdens."

We cannot follow the contention step by step. Enough that the king proved to be stubborn beyond all influence, that the cloud grew portentous and broke in a storm of disorders without parallel in natural history, and that this series of marvels culminated in an unprecedented tragedy. In the dead of night the spiritual God of Israel, whom Menephtah "knew not," went out into the midst of Egypt and left not a single house in which there was not one dead, "from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon"; and "even unto the first-born of the maid-

servant behind the mill." Those words disclose an exigency just then obtaining—that a regent shared the throne with the king; they show that this regent (10) was the king's first-born son; they imply with great exactness that conjunction of circumstances to which we have been independently led; in short, they define Seti-Menephthah to the very letter.

The God of Israel could make no exception; had he done so, even the tenth plague would have failed of its purpose. Therefore this singular child on whom the hopes of the empire and the dynasty centered, this fearless and accomplished warrior who had redeemed his country, this unfolding flower of humanity whom to regard was to commend, to love, to celebrate, must be sacrificed to soften the heart of an obdurate father. When he fell asleep that fatal night he woke in those scenes, so far away yet so close at hand, on which he had been wont to brood and dream by day.

Where Seti-Menephthah was at the moment is not clear from the sacred narrative: he may have been at Zoan or at Raamses, where he had commanded the cavalry of the army. If at the former, the horror-stricken father knew the worst immediately; if at the latter, the warning he had received from Moses, together with dire analogy all around, told him the heartrending truth as well as messengers could have told him. Though the country was in confusion, the embalmers would be in duty bound first to minister their last offices unto the king's son; and when at length the imposing ceremonies were over, hands of



11. ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF SETI-MENEPHTAH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH DEY.)

genuine grief laid a fallen favorite to repose in the gloom of that sepulcher he himself had already started in the valley of the Tombs of the Kings (11). This he had opened at the very end of the valley and foot of the mountain. The chamber in which the casket of stone was to stand, the intended final resting-place of its excavator, had not been reached. It was on account of such unfinished design that, early in the present century, Champollion wrote:

This poor sepulchral hall was only a corridor in the plan, whose extremity lies still in rough rock; and it became the room of the sarcophagus, or the funeral chamber, by the accident of the death of the Pharaoh.¹

"Accident"? Yes, rather a most unexpected, sudden, shocking, inscrutable providence.

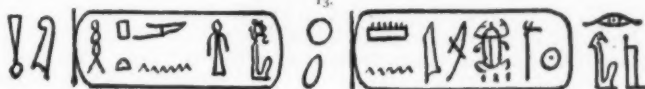
In this beginning of a royal tomb some portions of that sarcophagus, in the rosy granite of Syene, were found lying scattered upon the floor; one (12), from the lower part of the lid carved in effigy, retained the cartouch concluding a legend upon its surface; another (13), upon

¹ "Notices Descriptives," Vol. I., p. 463.



12.

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13.



14.



15.



16. BAS-RELIEF OF SETI-MENEPHTAH. (FROM A CAST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

the edge of the lid, preserved a similar record entire, both testifying to the *decease* of Seti-Menephtah; where the hands folded upon the breast the prenominal cartouch (14) was

ness all these carriage; how bright the look of that eye, and fitting the smile upon that almost girlish cheek; how replete with hope the countenance,

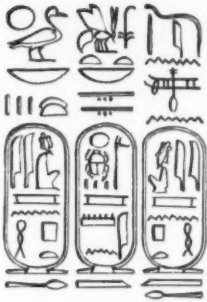
carved, surmounted by the symbols of "the Osiris royal," signifying identity with Osiris now, "Thy Spirit is that of Osiris"; and the nominal cartouch (15) concluded an inscription in the same apartment running along the platform of the wall on the right.

Yet, though the royal sarcophagus has been broken to pieces, and the royal mummy has disappeared, happily the image of the prince on the throne, thus cut down without warning, had not long before been carefully imprinted upon the wall of the corridor, just inside the entrance. Turning again to the notes of Champollion:

First corridor, wall on the left, second tableau, sculptured but not painted, and as fresh as if it had just left the hand of the sculptor: the king Menephtah III., coiffé and wearing the atef-crown, offers wine to the god Nefer-tum.

Once more the same Providence that had occasion to deal so severely with both father and son has with extraordinary care shielded from harm this bas-relief of the son all through the centuries, in order that we might see him exactly as he was in life (illustration 16). This figure, regarding either design or engraving, is a masterpiece of beauty. Nothing from antiquity can exceed it in natural form and attitude: more of life, spirit, and sweet expression could scarcely be thrown into stone. The artist who conceived and wrought this gem had real genius, and carried his technical skill to the highest point of attainment. His fine appreciation of spiritual traits underlying physical features, and his delicate power of bringing them out of the wall, were simply marvelous. How full of youthlike tender-

lineaments; how noble that bright the look of that eye, and fitting the smile upon that almost girlish cheek; how replete with hope the countenance,



as the offerer of wine holds out his cups to the god! The gra-ver of this iconograph knew how to soften rock, away back in those days of high antiquity. Yet our object lies outside of all this. The lesson we are to learn from these lines is, that this royal ruler was very young when he died. Underneath the royal cartouches memorializing the personage of this relief, the signs for *deceased*, "makheru," are not only present, they are repeated (17): their date, therefore, must be very nearly that of his death. Had this cavo-rilievo been sculptured any length of time before his death, these signs for *deceased* would be absent. Inasmuch as in this instance there was no need to make the subject younger than he was actually, or more divine, Seti-Menephtah could not have been more than twenty years of age when he was brought low instantly, here to be committed to his "eternal home." A portrait-statue of Seti-Menephtah in middle life or in old age does not exist.

In this light we begin to recognize the true relation of Seti-Menephtah to his father and his true position in time. Under the name of Seti II., he is generally supposed to have been chronologically the successor of his father, and the two years of his reign are generally assumed to have been years of sole authority. On the contrary, the above-related natural version of his brief career is indicated by the monuments to be the right one: let us no longer neglect or misjudge their testimony.

A deep mystery always has hung over the death of Pharaoh's son. Who was he? How old may he have been? Left he absolutely no trace behind?

I venture to assert that his disappearance will ever continue to be completely shrouded in darkness so long as we fail to give proper heed to the light of the monuments. And I invite attention to the fact that the antiquities of Egypt, the best among authorities, stand ready to teach us:

1. That Seti-Menephtah was the first-born son of his father.
2. That his father lived to an advanced age.
3. That the son's administration was

merely one of regency in behalf of his father.

4. That the son died early, before his father died.

It follows that Seti-Menephtah corresponds to the biblical (1) First-born son (2) of a living Pharaoh, (3) who sat on his throne, (4) but died suddenly, before his father died. Both the Egyptian monuments and the Hebrew Scriptures describe a situation embracing four distinct premises: the four premises are identical in both accounts; the logical conclusion, therefore, must be that they relate to the same personage, for, in the nature of things, two series of such identical particulars would not occur apart once in many ages.

Let us give a few moments to the careful study of the following contemporary Egyptian monuments:

1. *Some Mural Tablets in the Grottoes of Gebel Silsilis.* Menephtah imitated his father in having pictures of his family circle drawn upon ever-enduring rock.

One of these tablets presents to us the group of Menephtah, Isi-nefer-t, and Nehesi. It is graven on the west wall of the Grand Speos, or Temple hewn out of a mountain, and (Cham-pollion, "Monuments," II., cxiv.) exhibits King Menephtah in the ceremony of offering an image of the divinity Ma to the god Amen-Ra and the goddess Maut: he is attended by his wife



18. PORTRAIT OF NEHESI, THE PRIME MINISTER. (FROM A STATUE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

the Queen Isi-nefer-t, and by an officer named Nehesi. The latter is explained by adjacent hieroglyphs to be

Viceroy over the Two Lands, Fan-bearer at the right of the King, Chief over the priests of all the gods, having admittance to the King's presence, knowing his counsel, Mayor of the city and Governor of the Nome, *pa-Nehesi deceased*.

His office, therefore, was equivalent to that of Privy Councillor and Prime Minister. A sitting statue of him now in London (illustration 18) reveals the fact that he had served in a similar capacity under Rameses II., so

Crown Prince of the Palace over the Two Countries, Chief of millions, Head over hundreds of thousands, He who stands in closest relationship to the good god, the Royal Son of his body begotten, beloved of him, of Royal [birth], the Chief of the Soldiers, the very great [Regent in behalf of] him.

Menephtah's Royal Son alive! By the time this rock-engraving was executed so many years had been added to the offspring of Isi-nefer-t that he began to be included in his parents' acts of devotion to the gods.

A third tablet presents to us the group of King Menephtah, Isi-nefer-t, Seti-Menephtah, and Nehesi (20). Its vignette embraces two scenes by means of two registers. In the lower register Menephtah offers an image of a sphinx to the deity Horus and the divinity Ma: here, as in the last tablet, he is attended by

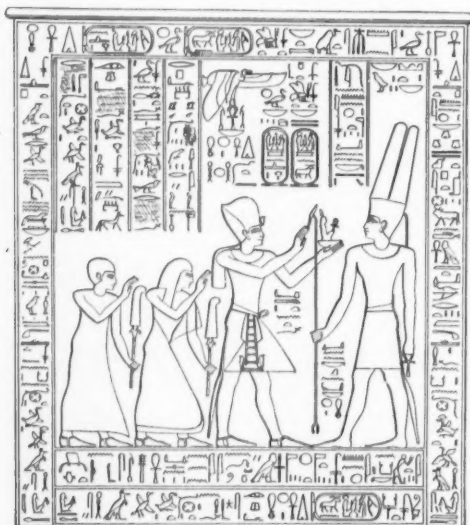
The Heir to the Throne, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son of his body begotten, beloved of him,

who is closely followed by his *ka*—his "double," or "life"—and remotely by the Privy Councillor, the King's Lion, *Nehesi deceased*.

But we are impatient to learn the name of that royal son; will not this monument identify him for us at last?

Observe that in the upper register King Menephtah, offering once more an image of Ma to Amen-Ra and Ptah, is attended by the royal wife and mother, Queen Isi-nefer-t, followed by

The Heir to the Throne of the whole Land, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the great Royal Son (the *sam*) of his body begotten, beloved of him, [Set]ti-Mer-en-ptah *deceased*.



19. KING MENEPHTAH, HIS ROYAL SON, AND NEHESI. (FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER.")

that he simply held over in both duty and rank under King Menephtah, by whom he was evidently greatly esteemed; but he had passed away prior to the date of this sculpture—the second year in the reign of Menephtah. Isi-nefer-t wears the vulture-head-dress of maternity, but as yet her offspring was too young to be brought into this scene of worship.

A second tablet presents to us the group of King Menephtah, his royal son, and Nehesi. As outlined in illustration 19, it depicts Menephtah again tendering an image of Ma to the deity Amen-Ra; as before, the Privy Councillor to his Majesty, *Nehesi deceased*, finds his place last in the series; now, however, the middle place, immediately behind Menephtah, is occupied, not by Isi-nefer-t the Queen, wife, and mother, but by

And last of all by Nehesi. In other terms, this royal son of Menephtah was his only son; as only son and heir to the throne, he was his eldest son; as only son and eldest son, he was his "first-born"; the name of this first-born son was Seti-Menephtah, and at the era of this rock-engraving he was already dead! Menephtah and Isi-nefer-t both survive. They are still reigning, and performing the religious duties of king and queen; but they are childless. The scene represented is one in which their beloved offspring, the *sam* or priest of Ptah, Seti-Menephtah, did engage in, with them, until quite recently; but the acknowledgment is made that he does so in person no longer—"the late Seti-





20. VIGNETTE OF MURAL TABLET AT GEBEL SILSILIS. (FROM CHAMPOLLION'S "MONUMENTS.")

Menephtah." He is retained in the group because he was so dearly loved, and because there was no brother to be put in his place. At the beginning of Seti's name, over the back of his head, the figure of the god Set was defaced by iconoclasts some time after the death of both son and father. Champollion, deeming the obliterated character to be no part of the name, read what was spared as Ptah-Amen:

This stela teaches us that the wife of this Pharaoh was called *Isénofré*, as his mother was, and that his eldest son was called *Phtbamen*. ("Letters," p. 156.)

But Dr. Richard Lepsius detected the sign under its disfigurement, and correctly reproduced it in his *Königsbuch*:

The Royal Son, the *sam*, Seti-Menephtah (21).

Even if there was no other proof, this monument is quite sufficient of itself to establish the fact that Seti-Menephtah's rule occurred during the lifetime of his father, and that his father, King Menephtah, continued to reign after the son had ceased to help him rule.

This last tablet states that King Menephtah's object in going up the Nile to Silsilis, above Thebes, at this epoch was with pride to publish in the Upper Country the achievement of having reared a temple in honor of the god Amen-Ra at Heliopolis, in the Lower Country. The other monuments which deserve our attention as pertaining to Seti-Menephtah were originally all stationed at Zoan in Lower Egypt.

2. *The Sides of a Statue of Rameses.* This statue is a standing image of Rameses II. holding within his arms two standards, the one on

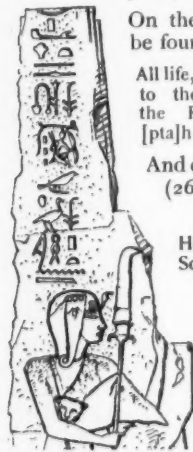
the right-hand side terminating in a head of the goddess Maut, the other in a head of the goddess Hathor (illustration 22). It was a colossus, between eleven and twelve feet high, carved out of syenite. It has lost its atef-crown, but, cared for now in the Palace of Gizeh, it retains the solar disk, the peculiar wig, the false beard, the kilt hanging from the belt by means of a lion-headed clasp and ending in a row of hooded asps. It was sculptured in fairly good style; but round upon the left side the statue carries an irrelevant supplement, executed in a very different and rather bad manner (23).

Sketched in slight relief, a prince has not yet put off the recurved side-lock as a badge of infancy; he wears the leopard-robe as a badge of that order of priests of Ptah at Memphis called *sam*; and he shows by the plume in his hand that he enjoyed the high rank of Fan-bearer at the right of the king. The inscription identifies this young prince as

The Heir to the Throne over the Upper and Lower Countries, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah deceased.

Round on the right side of the statue this inscription occurs in more complete form (24):

All life, permanence, purity, and health to the Heir of the Throne over the Two Lands, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, the *sam*, . . .
[Mer-jen-ptah deceased.



23. LATER SCULPTURE UPON LEFT SIDE OF RAMESES STATUE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH BEV.)

On the left standard may be found (25):

All life, stability, and health to the Heir of the Throne, the Royal Son, Mer-en-[pta]h.

And on the right standard (26):

All victory and might to the Heir to the Throne, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah deceased.

How singular! Who was this royal son "Menephthah deceased" when a prince? Was it Menephthah, son of Ramses II.? Impossible; for that Menephthah lived to be king, and to attain nearly as great an age as the illustrious Sesostris. Fur-



22. RAMESES II. AS REGENT. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE PALACE OF GIZEH. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEBAH.)

thermore, this colossus embodies Ramses II. at early manhood, while yet a regent under his father Seti I.: whereas, until long after this stage of life, Khamus was heir to the throne, not Menephthah. Besides, the style of the new figure is so unlike that of the colossus that it must be referred to another hand at a later period.

The solution is not far to seek. This bas-relief pictures Menephthah the son of King Menephthah; and, as we have just seen, the father had no other son bearing his name save Seti-Menephthah. All these titles are precisely those of Seti-Menephthah in the third tablet at Silsili, particularly the sacerdotal "*sam*" and the military "Chief of the Soldiers." It must



have been the son of Rameses II., Menephtah, when king, who was the author of this meager bas-relief upon his father's statue, and this fully accounts for its misplacement and poor quality. It is a work of pathos: he did it with a trembling hand, for the Heir to his Throne—his hope, his dependence, his joy, his lovely boy—was dead.

Why, then, did he not insert Seti before the "Menephtah" of these inscriptions?

At that time, and for the people of all Egypt in those days, it was wholly unnecessary. Everybody understood who was meant without it.

3. *The Sides of a Statue of Menephtah.* Of course Menephtah must needs imitate his father Rameses in all things, and among all things in setting up a similar image of himself. His was not so much of a colossus perhaps, being scarcely ten feet high, but it was cut of equally fine pale rose-granite of Syene. The standards he tipped with the images of

the gods after whom he was named, the right with Ptah-Tutanen, the left with Amen. He assumed a similar wig, upon which an atef-crown was placed; he put on the conventional beard; and from his belt he let fall an apron displaying his own titles with the same ornaments his father had used. This statue was discovered by Mariette Bey in the course of his excavations at San nearly thirty years ago, who describes what he saw and read on the sides of the statue in the following terms:

Upon the left side of the base there has been afterwards cut the figure, standing erect, of a personage holding an ostrich plume in his hand. The legend reads: "The Heir upon the throne of Seb (formula designating the heir to the crown), the Governor of the Two Countries for his father, the Royal Son Seti-meri-en Ptah, *the justified*."¹

As in the third tablet of Silsilis, so in the present legend, the full or double name, Seti-Menephtah, appears: its author or engraver did not leave the "Seti" out this time.

But how remarkably alike these side-scenes upon the statues of the kings Rameses and Menephtah are! They

must have been the work of one and the same author, and that author could not have been Rameses in this instance; he must, therefore, have been King Menephtah in both cases.

Compare now the two accounts—one recorded in the Scriptures, the other recorded on this Egyptian stone:

THE BIBLE.

The Lord smote
The first-born of
Pharaoh,
That sat on his
throne.

THE MONUMENT.

He who governed
Egypt,
In behalf of his
father:
Seti-Menephtah de-
ceased.

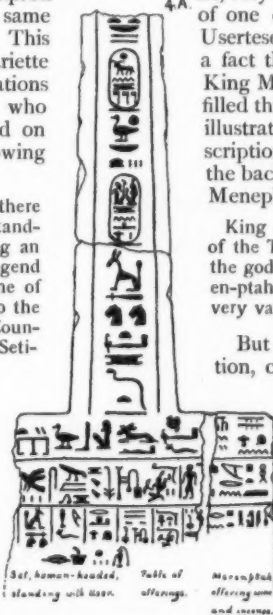
The parallel is absolute. We have already found how Seti-Menephtah, supplying what his father lacked, became conqueror by force of arms, and then active governor of the land. The Egyptian epigraphist confesses all that the sacred narrator affirms, and surpasses him by revealing the full name of the smitten one.

4. *The Back of a Throne of Usertesen surviving at San.* To the open court of the Great Temple, Usertesen I., one of the earliest kings in the twelfth dynasty, contributed two colossi. They were seated figures, in black granite, very highly polished. Upon the back of one of these, still remaining at San, Usertesen had not engraved anything—a fact that did not escape the notice of King Menephtah, who at different times filled this field with inscriptions, copied in illustration 27. The first or vertical inscription, in large characters, covering the back of the pilaster, pertains to King Menephtah himself, and reads:

King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Lord of the Two Countries Bai-en-ra Beloved of the gods, Son of Ra, Lord of Diadems, Mer-en-ptah Hotep-hi-ma, Beloved of Set the very valiant forever.

But the second or horizontal inscription, covering the back of the throne with small characters, does not pertain to King Menephtah, but to another person, the first two lines running:

[Heir] to the double throne of Seb, inheriting the sovereignty of the Two Lands, Chief of officers, Administrator of the Upper and Lower Countries, the Royal Scribe, the Chief of the Soldiers, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah deceased.



24. Set, human-headed, standing with User. 25. Table of offerings. 26. Mer-en-ptah offering wine and incense.

¹ "Notice des Principaux Monuments à Boulaq," p. 292.

27. BACK OF USERTESEN'S STATUE AND THRONE. (FROM TANIS I: EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.)

And the last line describes the offering of incense and wine to the deity Set the very valiant by

Sutek the very valiant: His loving Adorer, the Heir to the Throne over the Two Countries, the Royal Scribe, Chief Sealer, Chief Soldier, the Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah deceased.

The picture underlying these words, not reproduced by Mr. Petrie, but long ago described by Mariette Bey,

Represents the adoration of Sutekh by a Prince named Menephtah.

The god, clothed in Egyptian fashion, wears upon

us still to read the formula, "Heir upon the throne of Seb," which distinguishes more particularly the prince named to succeed the reigning king. . . . The uræus which he bears upon his brow would seem to indicate that at this moment Prince Menephtah was already associated upon the throne with his father. ("Notice," etc., pp. 283, 284.)

In thus speaking, Mariette refers to King Menephtah when a prince, and to the throne of Rameses II. But Menephtah the father is excluded from consideration by the twice-told tale "dead." Again the truth is, King Menephtah's son, Seti-Menephtah, is meant.

5. The Back of a Throne of Usertesen removed to Berlin.

Because set up along an avenue the seated colossus of Usertesen I. just described required a mate for company on the opposite side of the way: the throne of this companion was, many years ago, carried away to Berlin, where it silently relates to every visitor its story of the tragedy enacted in Egypt centuries ago (28). Menephtah found the back of this second throne untouched in like manner; and the temptation to fill it up with the decorations of his own glory was too great for him to resist.

His first act was to cover nearly the whole of its surface with his titles and escutcheons in two series.

In the course of time, however, he changed his mind: something happened that led him to recast a portion of his first work. His second act was, esteeming the lower set of titles as of least account, to chisel them away, thus lowering this portion of the back to the depth of two or three inches.

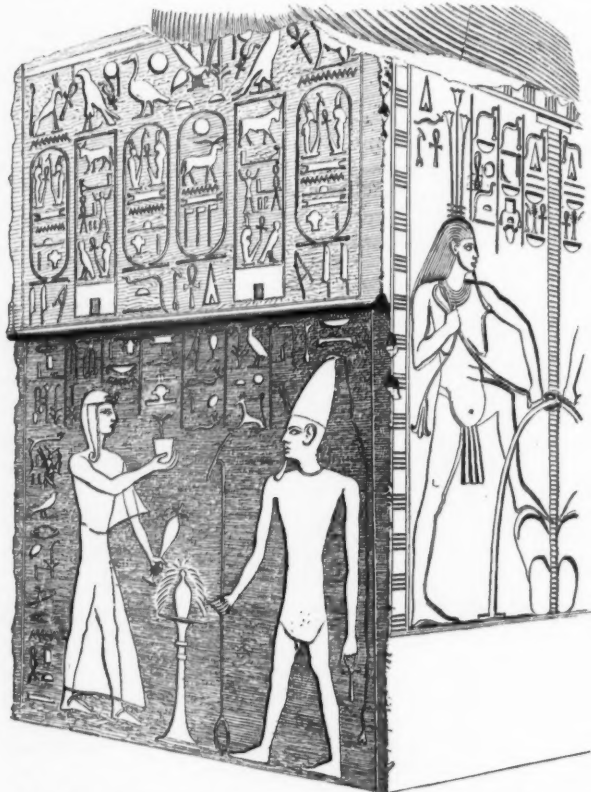
For what purpose?

To inscribe a new name and a new record there,

more in the vein of his newly acquired mood. It was, for the most part, a repetition of what Mariette has described from the San throne. On the right we now look upon

Sutekh, the great god, Lord of heaven.

And on the left we behold his worshiper, decked with the recurved lock of a prince and with the royal uræus, in the act of offering



28. BACK OF USERTESEN'S THRONE. (FROM THE MONUMENT IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM. FROM A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY G. NEUMANN.)

his head a pointed miter from which depends a kind of long waved ribbon ending in a fork, like the tail of the animal symbolical of Sutekh. This same fork is placed at the extremities of the two little horns with which the forehead of the god is armed.

As to the other personage, he stands erect in the posture of adoration, and exhibits the grand costume of Egyptian princes, with the uræus upon his brow. . . . A fragment of inscription permits

incense and a libation of wine to the god, the adjacent hieroglyphs describing him as

His loving Adorer, his Son, beloved of him, rejoicing in his service, of Royal Birth, the Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe, Chief of the Soldiers, great Royal Son, Mer-en-ptah deceased.

But all these titles are the peculiar distinctions of Seti-Menephtah. And it was only natural that *he* should be represented as professing relationship to, and delight in the service of, that god whose name he bore. The change that had befallen the father and reigning King Menephtah was the untimely death of his matchless son, so very dear to his heart and already exalted so near to his own rank and seat.

6. *The Tablet of Four Hundred Years.* All the foregoing monuments are, in some measure, introductory to, and serve as so many keys for unlocking the purpose of, the longest witness in this series. A double obscurity has always surrounded the Tablet of Four Hundred Years.

After discovering it within the inmost shrine of the Great Temple, under a heap of similar stelæ and mural inscriptions, for the most part broken to fragments, Mariette Bey concealed it on the site, near by, so they say; and when he died he carried the secret of its hiding-place with him into the other world.

But its subject-matter has always been a riddle. A confusion lurks under an evident combination—in its vignette of two unrelated pictures, and in its record of two unconnected stories, pertaining to two different persons.

Referring to illustration 29, the first of these occupies the left-hand side of the vignette *a*, and the first seven lines of the horizontal inscription. Here the vignette sketches an apotheosized forefather, Aa-peh-peh, under the form of the deity Sutekh, or Set, holding a scepter in one hand, the symbol of life in the other; wearing the white crown, rendered quite odd by a forked horn in front, and from its apex by a long waving streamer, likewise forked at the end. Here Rameses II. is the actor, as well as the epigraphist of this part of the tablet, identified by his cartouches and defined by the intermediate hieroglyphics as

Giving wine to his beloved god that He may make him a giver of life.

The upper seven horizontal lines of the record explain the meaning of these sketches of god and king, and reveal the original simple purpose of the tablet to be, on the part of Rameses, to acknowledge and honor the Shepherd king Set Aa-peh-peh, who lived four hundred years before, as the father of Rameses' fathers: the great king hereby seeks to immortalize an act of ancestor worship. Literally, this part of the legend runs as follows:

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LINE 1. The living Horus, the living Sun, the powerful Bull beloved of Ma, Lord of the Festivals of Thirty years like his father Ptah, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen, Giver of life,

2. Lord of the Vulture and Uraeus Diadems, Protector of Egypt, Chastiser of Provinces, Sun born of the gods, Possessor of Lands, the Hawk of gold, Rich in years, Greatest of the Victors,

3. King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen, Chieftain enriching the Lands with memorials of his name.

4. The sun has shone as the king liked, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Ra-user-ma Sotep-en-ra, Son of Ra, Rameses Mer-amen.

5. His Majesty ordered that a great Tablet of granite should be made in the great name of the Father of his fathers

6. (The King of Upper Egypt, Ra-mer-en-ma, Son of Ra, Mer-en-ptah-Seti, being firm and prosperous forever, like Ra every day)

7. In the Four Hundredth year, on the fourth day of the month Mesori, of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Set Aa-peh-peh, Son of Ra, beloved of him, Nubti Set, beloved of Harmakhis, who is forever and forever.

No regnal year of Rameses II. is supplied to serve as a date for the monument, because, as line 6 shows, the reign of Rameses had not yet begun; this stela was set up when he was acting as a regent only at Zoan, in Lower Egypt, while his father, Seti I., was still living at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and continuing to rule as king firmly and prosperously over the land.

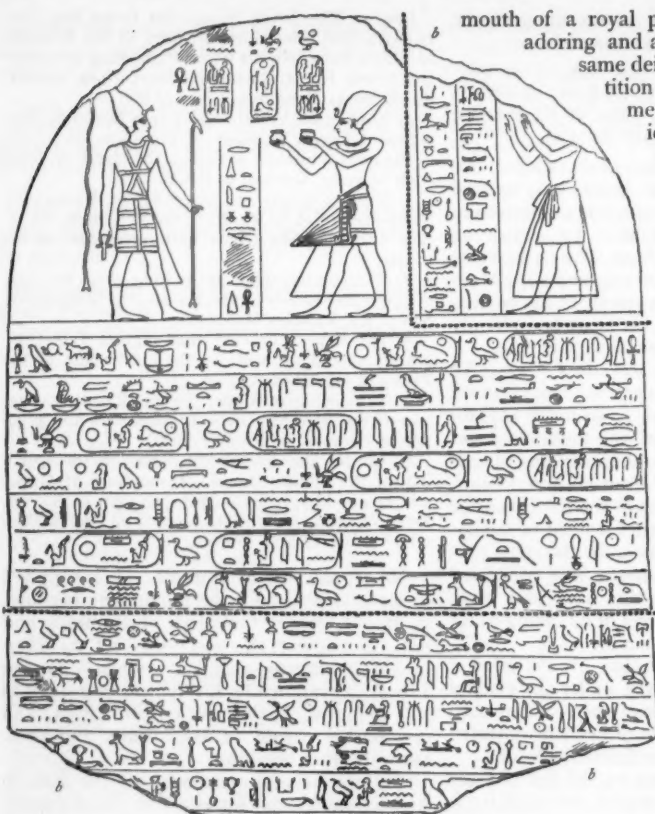
But the second personage is the one in whom our special interest lies: he is treated on the right-hand side of the vignette and in the lower portion of the horizontal inscription *b, b*. By a fracture of the slab his portrait and head are lost; but the two vertical lines of hieroglyphics expressing a petition in his behalf, addressed also to the deity Sutekh on the left, *a*, imperfectly read:

. . . Thy service, O Set, son of Nut, Grant thou a long time in thy service to the *ka* of the Heir to the Throne, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry, Controller of Provinces, and Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier.

Here the single fact that the prayer is offered for the benefit of the *ka* of the person prayed for would indicate that we have in these words a petition for the welfare of some one no longer in life. Who was he? Already we encounter some of the titles familiar as those belonging to the subject of our study; but the last five lines of the horizontal inscription offer many more:

LINE 8. Having come [before the god represented at *a* in the vignette]—

The Heir to the Throne, Governor of the Nome, Fan-bearer at the King's right hand, Commander



29. THE TABLET OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS. (FROM THE REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE.)

of the Archers, Controller of Provinces, Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier, Chief of the Matsu, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry,

9. The processional priest of the fête Bai-nebat, High-priest of Set, Officer of Uati, Ruler of Lands, Superintendent of the priests of all the gods, Prince Seti *deceased*, Son, Heir to the Throne, Mayor of the City, Governor of the Nome,

10. The Commander of the Archers, Controller of Provinces, Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier, Royal Scribe, Commander of the Cavalry of Pa-Rameses, the Prince *deceased* born of the Lady of the House, Chantress superior of Ra, Princess *deceased*,—

He says:

11. Hail to thee, Set, son of Nut, valiant in the boat of millions of years, overthrowing enemies at the prow of the boat of Ra! Great are thy bellowings in . . .

12. . . . Grant thou me a long time in thy service to follow thy person. I have been placed in . . .

Here we have another prayer, an echo of the one written in the vignette, put into the

mouth of a royal personage, represented as adoring and addressing one and the same deity with Rameses. Its petition to the deity Set, "Grant me a long time in thy service," reflects the cultus drawn upon the last monument, and recalls the words of its adorer of the same god, Sutekh, "Happy" or "Blessed in his service." This personage is plainly named the "Prince Seti *deceased*." By such designation Seti I., the father of Rameses II., cannot be meant, because this Prince Seti, when alive, is said to have been commander of the cavalry stationed at Pa-Rameses, the biblical town Raames built by the children of Israel for Rameses II., which therefore was not in existence in the days of Seti I., father of Rameses. Hence the "Prince Seti" must designate Seti II., the son of Menephtah the King. Seti I. also would be excluded by

the anachronism involved in the office "Superintendent of the fortress-town Tsar-on-the-frontier," if this frontier fortress, Tsar, was the biblical town Zoan, shown with equal surety by its ruins to have been the creation of Rameses II. A superintendent of Zoan could be only a son or a grandson of Rameses the Great; and so, as his name was Seti, he must have been Seti-Menephtah.

Here, too, we have most of the titles belonging to Seti-Menephtah, already met with—"Heir to the Throne," "Son," "Prince"; and, in addition to these, he is said to have occupied many offices which together would be held only by one on the road to the throne—"Fan-bearer," "Royal Scribe," "Governor," "Commander," "Priest," etc. Indeed, he is declared to have been born of a royal wife, a "Princess," the "Lady of the House." In Egypt the right to the throne descended through the mother; accordingly the mother, from among whose sons the heir was to be selected, must be of the royal line. If the king married out-

side of a royal family the children were ineligible to the crown.

Here also we have apparently the last of King Menephtah's works. Since the tablets described under 1 of this series were placed on the walls of the Speos at Silsilis, this "Princess," the royal wife and mother, had departed; she, too, had gone before to recover her lost boy. The queen was no more, and the heir to the throne was not. What lament could be greater? These are the words of one bereaved indeed. Who inscribed those mortuary strokes? Manifestly, he who had both consort and prince to mourn—Menephtah the King, the desolate survivor. No possibility now remained of another heir or successor in his line to perpetuate his dynasty.

Either Menephtah found the parts of the vignette on the right and the bottom of the tablet (*b*, *b*) without tracing, or he made them so, and then he engraved them between his tears.

Such is the resolution of the "peculiarity," the incongruity, of the Tablet of Four Hundred Years. He who wrote his name upon several monuments of other rulers, his predecessors at Zoan,—he who bequeathed to us a statue composed of the body of Amen-em-hat and the face of Menephtah,—he it was who has caused us to puzzle over a tablet presenting the original worship of Rameses II., supplemented by an imitation of it imputed to Seti-Menephtah his son, who, because no longer with him on earth, was conceived to be entering the presence of an ancestral deity in the world of the gods. So overmastering was Menephtah's misery that he could not refrain from draughting and rehearsing the honors of his painfully absent child upon every monument, no matter whose, that offered an opportunity.

Upon three of these six memorials the youth referred to has been called Menephtah, upon two Seti-Menephtah, and upon one Seti: no argument is required to show that they all refer to one and the same individual.

Every one of the six, at its end, has confessed just such an unlooked-for death in youth as the Bible attributes to the first-born of Pharaoh and the tomb at Thebes concedes.

Four reasons ascribe the authorship of all these retrospective sketches to Menephtah the King.

First. He was the last survivor of the whole family.

Second. No one except Menephtah would have done such things: Amen-meses and Siptah who followed, descendants of other or irregular lines, were usurpers, rivals, anti-kings, full of antagonism to the house of Menephtah. They would have struck out, effaced, covered up by their own cartouches and claims to

the throne, had they done anything; whereas this sort of regretful work reveals the parental hand. Menephtah was now left a broken-down old man. The high expectation cherished two short years ago, that this vigorous youth would shortly become the sole wearer of Egypt's crown in spite of earth and heaven, the Lord had extinguished in a moment of time. The bright hope was blasted, and in its seat was bitter grief. The stricken father was beside himself: we can fairly hear him moan, not unlike David over Absalom, "O my son Menephtah, my son, my son Menephtah! would God I had died for thee, O Seti, my son, my son!" By day he sought him and by night he missed him. Stooping under the blow, his faltering limbs led him to those spots where his boy had lived, had fought, had worshipped. What wonder if, in this aberration of distress, this agony of loneliness, he should exhibit a weakness for wandering among the monuments of Zoan to picture on them the image that was ever before his eyes, and to remind the people,—who by no means needed to have their memory quickened,—in words that wept, of the lad who was once alive. He would have the world remember his loved one till the world itself should die.

Third. Whatever had been conferred on the son now reverted to the father. Seti-Menephtah had been real ruler and nominal sovereign; the plan that these were to be permanent and finally merge into kingship had been frustrated by a higher power. Both the crown and the government had fallen back wholly upon Menephtah; his reign was continuing as before, and, on account of the absence of other heirs, it must continue till he should die. Then the question must have arisen, How is Seti's brief regency, accompanied by his assumption of kingly prerogative, to be regarded? What would have been reckoned as part of another reign under the nineteenth dynasty could not now be counted. Officially it must be treated as if it had never happened, it must be recognized as such no longer; indeed, measures must be taken to show that he lived and died while yet a prince and not as a king. Accordingly he was represented on the monuments, after his death, just as Khamus was (illustration 3), a deceased prince, distinguished by the sidelock of a royal infant who had not reached the throne as sole ruler after the death of the king.

Fourth. The juxtaposition on the monuments 3, 4, and 5 above-described, of the cartouches and inscriptions of Menephtah the King to those of Seti-Menephtah the son, indicates synchronism.

To the six monumental witnesses of Seti-Menephtah's minority, already considered, another might be added from the papyri. Having

been Chief of the Scribes, where now are his fellows? Have those whom he cherished in his court, and the poets who sought his favor when living, nothing to say of him when dying? Did no others in the realm share the heartache of the father?

They wrote his elegy, and voiced a universal wail when they sang

THE DIRGE OF SETI-MENEPHTAH.

O Fan-bearer at the right of the king,
Crown-prince in the grand hall of Seb,
Royal Scribe of truth!
Thy mouth and thy lips were full of health:
Thou wast in favor with the king all thy life.
O Horus, friend of things that are just!
Thou shalt dwell a thousand years on the earth,
Thou reposest upon the mountain
Whose mistress is on the west of Thebes, in the
necropolis.
Thy soul is renewing itself among the living,
And mingling among the perfected spirits.
Descending into the divine bark, thou art not
re-pulsed,
Thou passest even to the jaws of the tomb;
Thou art judged before the deity [Osiris;
Thou art proclaimed *righteous*].

Observe that the poets neither call him king nor imply that he had been such, but only "Fan-bearer" and "Crown-prince," and that after having passed the portal of the tomb and been weighed in the balance of the judgment hall of Osiris, they had no more to wish for him than all the beatitudes of the Egyptian Paradise. They assure him of a thousand years on earth by embalment, which insured against a second death. And by "the living" they meant the departed, who were supposed scarcely to begin, and not to enjoy, life until they reached the Elysian Fields.

Menephtah, his father, owed his promotion to the throne not to personal merit, but to the removal of most of his elder brothers by death on the field of battle: it is safe to infer that he had kept himself far away from all such dangerous ground. On reaching the throne he had grown too old to learn how to wield the sword or to direct others in actual combat.

But he was an adept in the science of magic, and a believer in the great significance of dreams, visions, and the oracles of the gods. And whenever he was driven into a corner he managed to make superstition avail to extricate him without bodily harm.

When the Libyans, with their allies, were crossing his boundaries and marching on Memphis, he ought to have been at the head of the troops and in the forefront of the defensive works. But as the opposing expedition was about to set out, lo! by night he had a dream, which he naively related, to this effect:

Then his Majesty saw in a dream as it were a statue of the god Ptah standing in front of him so as to prevent the king from advancing. It was as high as . . . and it said to him, "Remain where you now are"; and giving him a scimiter, "Put away anxiety from your heart."

Thereupon his Majesty asked, "What am I to do?" And the god replied, "Let the cavalry in great numbers advance in front of the infantry to the cultivated land in the defiles of the nome of Pa-ari-sheps." And so it was done: Menephtah, the incompetent king, trembling with fear, held back clinging to the bank of the Nile, while his army, commanded by his generals, sallied out and won the victory without him.

Later, the goddess Isis appeared to him in another dream, complaining that her temple had been demolished; and this led to that rebellion of his foreign population that drove him to Ethiopia.

From the face of the combined forces of rebels and Jebusites he turned back, as he professed because, forsooth, after a priest had prophesied they were to conquer Egypt and hold it thirteen years, to contend with them would be to fight against the gods; whence, also, the return from Ethiopia at the end of twelve years.

Such inexperience in warfare and such shrinking from exposure to personal harm has some bearing on what he would do in the Exodus at the crossing of the sea: analogy indicates at least a probability.

Had his son been living, the father, now about eighty years of age, certainly again would not have left the bank of the Nile. But the warrior Seti-Menephtah lay motionless on his bier in the palace; and the cavalry, requiring a leader, must now be led forth by the venerable king himself. Though blinded by the shadow of death, though bleeding from his fresh wound of bereavement, though frenzied with rage against those who had brought calamity on him, he made ready his chariot, and all the chariots of Egypt, "The Cavalry of Pa-Rameses," and his army, and pursued after escaping Israel. When Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel were sore afraid.

Did he follow them into the midst of the sea, leading his forces after him?

If he did, it was the first time in all his life that he led an attack. Judging from his constitutional cowardice and his record of absence from every field of hostilities, we may be sure he would have had another revelation from heaven sooner than risk his person by such a collision in such a place. For this, too, his feebleness unfitted him, and recent events had unnerved him. Undoubtedly, having brought his host up to the fugitives, remaining in camp

himself he sent his forces forward into the depths to bring Israel back.

And there, standing on the beach at the break of day, he saw the returning waters engulf his troubled, baffled, mighty yet impotent hosts, and, as the day wore on, toss them up at his feet.

Why should we expect the father to perish with the son? For him to live was the greater penalty; shall the less be required? Imagine him, as he furtively fled back to Zoan, untended by a single one of the gallant charioteers who rode out with him, utterly crushed under multiplied horrors, to linger and suffer out a retributive existence.

Just how long he continued to linger and suffer is unknown. His remaining days were devoted to the pardonable diversion of inscribing upon the monuments at Zoan mementos of him who was his pride, so darkly slain by the mysterious God of the Hebrews. For the sake of these we indulge no regrets that he was spared the sea. No doubt, too, during his last years he was diligently engaged in completing his sepulcher at Thebes. Though not to finish it entirely, he lived long enough to make it in extent and in style of decoration second only to the magnificent tomb of Seti I., his grandfather. Yet his mummy was not there as far back as classic times, when tourists from Italy and Greece left memoranda of pilgrimage in numbers on the spot.

Reference has been made to a single date recorded shortly before King Menephtah's decease. It was observed by Dr. Heinrich Brugsch at Thebes in 1853, and made note of as follows:

Here we meet with the ruins of a temple belonging to the era of Amenhotep III., containing many cartouches of the kings both of earlier and later time; and the remnants of a statue of Menephtah Hotephima, carved out of black granite, with its inscription whose highest date may be the year 33, the lowest not less than the year 25 of this king. ("Reiseberichte," s. 194.)

As we have followed his career, the Exodus and the death of his son must have occurred in the twenty-second or the twenty-third year of his reign: accordingly, if he died in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, he had only two or three years more to live after those critical events; but if he endured to the thirty-third year of his reign, he had about ten to wear away. He must have been between eighty-five and ninety-five years old when at length he was rejoined to his idol.

After the crossing of the sea, Israel chanted words of a song familiar to us:

I will sing unto the Lord,
For he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

Not long afterward, when the aged king died, a poem was composed by an Egyptian courtier, eulogistic in character, not familiar to us and deeply interesting as the contemporary elegy: at about the same time and over closely connected events the Hebrews sang a paean of triumph, but the Egyptians,

THE DIRGE OF MENEPHTAH.

Amen gave thy heart pleasure,
He gave thee a good old age,
A lifetime of pleasure followed thee:
Blessed was thy lip, sound thine arm,
Strong thine eye to see afar.
Thou hast been clothed in linen;
Thou hast guided thy horse and chariot
Of gold with thy hand,
The whip in thy hand, yoked were the steeds;
The Syrians and the Negroes marched before thee.
A proof of what thou hast done —
Thou hast proceeded to thy boat of acacia wood,
A boat made of it before and behind;
Thou hast approached the Beautiful Tower
Which thou thyself made.
Thy mouth was full of wine, beer, bread, and flesh:
Cattle were slaughtered and wine opened.
The sweet song was made before thee:
The chief anointer anointed thee with balsam.
The superintendent of thy fields brought birds,
The fishermen brought fish;
Thy galleys came from Syria laden with good things;
Thy stable was full of horses;
Thy female slaves were strong.
Thine enemies were placed fallen:
Thy word no one opposed.
Thou hast gone before the gods, the victor, *the departed*.

It is often asserted that the Egyptians naturally would not confess a misfortune, and that their antiquities afford no trace of the first-born son of Pharaoh brought low under the last of those ten judgments which liberated Israel. But may not such statements themselves be fallible? As in the example of the Oppressor's daughter, may not the monumental concealment of his son's son, who died for the freedom of God's chosen people, be due rather to our dullness of vision? Is not their ingenuous testimony on record, and waiting only for our unerring discernment?

John A. Paine.



"ALBEMARLE" CUSHING.

JOY in rebel Plymouth town, in the spring of 'sixty-four,
When the *Albemarle* down on the Yankee frigates bore,
With the saucy Stars and Bars at her main;
When she smote the *Southfield* dead, and the stout *Miami* quailed,
And the fleet in terror fled when their mighty cannon hailed
Shot and shell on her iron back in vain,
Till she slowly steamed away to her berth at Plymouth pier,
And their quick eyes saw her sway with her great beak out of gear,
And the color of their courage rose again.

All the summer lay the ram,
Like a wounded beast at bay,
While the watchful squadron swam
In the harbor night and day,
Till the broken beak was mended, and the weary vigil ended,
And her time was come again to smite and slay.

Must they die, and die in vain,
Like a flock of shambled sheep?
Then the Yankee grit and brain
Must be dead or gone to sleep,
And our sailors' gallant story of a hundred years of glory
Let us sell for a song, selling cheap!

Cushing, scarce a man in years,
But a sailor thoroughbred,
"With a dozen volunteers
I will sink the ram," he said.
"At the worst 't is only dying." And the old commander, sighing,
" 'T is to save the fleet and flag — go ahead!"

Bright the rebel beacons blazed
On the river left and right;
Wide awake their sentries gazed
Through the watches of the night;
Sharp their challenge rang and fiery came the rifle's quick inquiry,
As the little launch swung into the light.

Listening ears afar had heard;
Ready hands to quarters sprung
The *Albemarle* awoke and stirred,
And her howitzers gave tongue;
Till the river and the shore echoed back the mighty roar,
When the portals of her hundred-pounders swung.

Will the swordfish brave the whale,
Doubly girt with boom and chain?
Face the shrapnel's iron hail?
Dare the livid leaden rain?
Ah! that shell has done its duty; it has spoiled the Yankee's beauty
See her turn and fly with half her madmen slain!

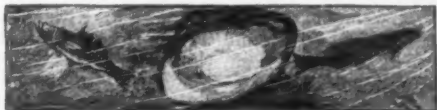
High the victors' taunting yell
 Rings above the battle roar,
 And they bid her mock farewell
 As she seeks the farther shore,
 Till they see her sudden swinging, crouching for the leap and springing
 Back to boom and chain and bloody fray once more.

Now the Southron captain, stirred
 By the spirit of his race,
 Stops the firing with a word,
 Bids them yield, and offers grace.
 Cushing, laughing, answers, "No! we are here to fight!" and so
 Swings the dread torpedo spar to its place.

Then the great ship shook and reeled
 With a wounded, gaping side,
 But her steady cannon pealed
 Ere she settled in the tide,
 And the Roanoke's dull flood ran full red with Yankee blood,
 When the fighting *Albemarle* sunk and died.

Woe in rebel Plymouth town when the *Albemarle* fell,
 And the saucy flag went down that had floated long and well,
 Nevermore from her stricken deck to wave.
 For the fallen flag a sigh, for the fallen foe a tear!
 Never shall their glory die while we hold our glory dear,
 And the hero's laurels live on his grave.
 Link their Cooke's with Cushing's name; proudly call them both our own;
 Claim their valor and their fame for America alone —
 Joyful mother of the bravest of the brave!

James Jeffrey Roche.



THE POET.

HE 's not alone an artist weak and white
 O'er-bending scented paper, toying there
 With languid fancies fashioned deft and fair,
 Mere sops to time between the day and night.
 He is a poor torn soul who sees aright
 How far he fails of living out of the rare
 Night-visions God vouchsafes along the air;
 Until the pain burns hot, beyond his might.
 The heart-beat of the universal will
 He hears, and, spite of blindness and disproof,
 Can sense amidst the jar a singing fine.
 Grief-smitten that his lyre should lack the skill
 To speak it plain, he plays in paths aloof,
 And knows the trend is starward, life divine.

Richard E. Burton.

THE HISTORY OF THE KARA POLITICAL PRISON.



WHEN Colonel Kononovich (Kon-on-o'-vitch) resigned his position as governor of the Kara (Kah-rah') penal establishment, in 1881, his place was taken by Major Potulof (Po'too-loff), who had previously been connected in some official capacity with the prison administration of the Nerchinsk (Ner'-chinsk) silver mines. Shortly after Potulof assumed command, all of the male political convicts, who then numbered about one hundred, were transferred to the new political prison erected by Colonel Kononovich at the Lower Diggings, where they were divided into gangs of twenty-five men each and shut up in four large *kameras* (kah'me-rahs). Their life, as described in letters surreptitiously written by some of them to their friends,¹ was hard and hopeless, but not absolutely intolerable. They were allowed to exercise every day in the court-yard, they were permitted to receive small sums of money from their friends, they had in the prison a fairly good library consisting of books purchased by them or sent to them from European Russia, and they could amuse themselves occasionally by working with carpenter's or blacksmith's tools in a small shop situated in one corner of the court-yard. On the other hand, they were living under very bad sanitary conditions; some of them were kept night and day in handcuffs and leg-fetters; two or three of them were chained to wheelbarrows; those who still had possession of their mental faculties were forced to listen constantly to the babbling or the raving of their insane comrades; they were no longer allowed to diversify their monotonous existence by work in the gold placers; they were deprived of the privilege of enrollment in the free command at the expiration of their terms of probation; they were forbidden to communicate with their relatives; and their whole world was bounded by the high serrated wall of the prison stockade. That their life was a terribly hard one seems to have been admitted, even by the most indifferent of Siberian officials. In March, 1882, Governor-General Anuchin (An-noo'-chin) made a "secret" report to the Tsar with

regard to the state of affairs in Eastern Siberia, in the course of which he referred to the political convicts at Kara as follows:

In concluding this part of my report [upon the prisons and the exile system], I must offer, for the consideration of your Imperial Majesty, a few words concerning the state criminals now living in Eastern Siberia. On the 1st of January, 1882, they numbered in all 430 persons, as follows:

a. Sent to Siberia by decree of a court and now	
1. In penal servitude	123
2. In forced colonization	49
3. In assigned residences [na zhitvo] . . .	41
b. Sent to Siberia by administrative process and now	
1. In assigned residences [na zhitelstvo].	217
Total	430 ²

All of the state criminals belonging to the penal-servitude class are held at the Kara gold mines under guard of a foot company of the Trans-Baikal [By-kahl'] Cossacks consisting of two hundred men. The sending of these criminals to work with the common convicts in the gold placers is impossible.³ To employ them in such work in isolation from the others is very difficult, on account of the lack of suitable working-places, their unfitness for hard physical labor, and the want of an adequate conveyance. If to these considerations be added the fact that unproductive hard labor, such as that employed in other countries merely to subject the prisoner to severe physical exertion, is not practiced with us, it will become apparent that we have no hard labor for this class of criminals to perform; and the local authorities who are in charge of them, and who are held to strict accountability for escapes, are compelled, by force of circumstances, to limit themselves to keeping such state criminals in prison under strict guard, employing them, occasionally, in work within the prison court, or not far from it. Such labor has not the character of penal servitude, but may rather be regarded as hygienic. Immunity from hard labor, however, does not render the lot of state criminals an easy one. On the contrary, complete isolation and constant confinement to their own limited circle make their life unbearable. . . . There have been a number of suicides among them, and within a few days one of them, Pozen, has gone insane. A number of others are in a mental condition very near to insanity. In accordance with an understanding that I have with the

¹ I have in my possession a number of these letters, and many of the facts set forth in the following pages have been derived from them. Although the letters themselves must be regarded, of course, as *ex-parte* testimony, they were not intended to excite public sympathy, nor to affect public opinion, since it was not supposed by the writers that they would ever obtain publicity.

² It is a noteworthy fact, frankly admitted by the Governor-General, that out of 430 political offenders banished to Eastern Siberia, 217—or more than half—

had been sent there without trial, and without even a pretense of judicial investigation. I submit this officially stated fact for the attentive consideration of the advocates of a Russo-American extradition treaty.

³ The Governor-General does not say why this was "impossible," nor does he try to explain the fact that although the politicals were constantly sent to the gold placers under Colonel Kononovich's management, no evil results followed, and not a single attempt was made to escape.

Ministry of the Interior, all sufferers from mental disorder will be removed, if possible, to hired quarters in the town of Chita [Chee'tah],¹ since there are in Siberia no regular asylums for the insane, and all the existing institutions of that kind in European Russia are full.²

It is a fact perhaps worthy of remark that the life of the political convicts at Kara, which Governor-General Anuchin describes as "unbearable," was made unbearable by the direct and deliberate action of the Government itself. Anuchin caused to be erected in front of the prison windows the high stockade that hid from the prisoners the whole outside world and turned their place of confinement into a huge coverless box; while the Minister of the Interior, apparently without the least provocation, abolished the free command, and ordered the "complete isolation" which resulted in the suicide and insanity that the Governor-General seems to deplore. The condition of the state criminals was not "unbearable" under the administration of Colonel Kononovich. It became unbearable as a consequence of the orders that forced the latter's resignation.

It was hardly to be expected that young and energetic men would quietly submit to a state of things that was officially recognized as "unbearable," and that was gradually driving the weakest of them to suicide or insanity. In April, 1882, less than a year after Colonel Kononovich's resignation, and less than a month after the delivery of Governor-General Anuchin's report to the Tsar, a few of the boldest and bravest of the state criminals at Kara made an attempt to escape by digging a tunnel under the prison wall. The excavation, which was made under the floor in one of the *kameras*, was not discovered; but owing to the marshy nature of the ground upon which the building stood, the hole quickly filled with water, and work in it was abandoned. It then occurred to some of the prisoners that they might escape by concealing themselves during the day in the small shop in one corner of the court-yard where they were allowed to work, and then scaling the stockade from its

roof at night. The most serious difficulty in the way was the evening "verification." After supper every night the prisoners in all the cells were counted, and the men concealed in the workshop would be missed before it grew dark enough to render the scaling of the stockade reasonably safe. This difficulty the prisoners hoped to overcome by making dummies to take the places of the missing men in the *kameras*. It was not customary to waken prisoners who happened to be asleep at the time of the evening verification. The officer on duty merely included them in the count without disturbing them, and as he did not enter the dimly lighted cell, but made his count from the door, he was not likely to notice the difference between the figure of a dummy and the figure of a real man lying asleep on the platform with his face to the wall. If the proposed stratagem should succeed, the men who escaped were to make their way down the valley of the Amur (Am-moor') River to the Pacific Ocean, and there endeavor to get on board of some American whaling or trading vessel. In the mean time their comrades in the prison were to supply their places with dummies at every verification, in order to conceal their escape as long as possible and give them time enough to reach the coast before the inevitable hue and cry should be raised. Late one afternoon in April, when all necessary preparations had been made, two political convicts named Muishkin (Mwish'kin) and Khrushchef (Khroosh'cheff) concealed themselves in a large box in the prison workshop, and just before the time for the evening verification their places were taken by two skillfully constructed dummies in convict dress which were laid on the sleeping-platform in the cell that they had occupied. The substitution was not noticed by the officer who made the evening count, and at a late hour of the night Muishkin and Khrushchef crept out of the box in the workshop, climbed up on the roof, scaled the stockade without attracting the attention of the sentry, and stole away into the forest. A few days later two more men escaped in the

¹ Up to the time of our visit to the mines, three years and a half later, this promised removal had not been made. Insane politicals were still living in the same *kameras* with their sane comrades, and intensifying, by their presence, the misery of the latter's existence. In East Siberian prisons generally we found little attention paid to the seclusion or care of demented convicts. In more than one place in the Trans-Baikal we were startled, as we entered a crowded prison *kamera*, by some uncared-for lunatic, who sprang suddenly towards us with a wild cry or with a burst of hysterical laughter. The reasons for this state of affairs are given, in part, by the Governor-General. There is not an insane asylum in the whole country, and it is easier and cheaper to make the prison comrades of a lunatic take

care of him than to keep him in seclusion and provide him with an attendant. For educated political prisoners, who dread insanity more than anything else, it is, of course, terribly depressing to have constantly before them, in the form of a wrecked intelligence, an illustration of the possible end of their own existence.

² Report of Governor-General Anuchin to Alexander III., Chapter V., Section 3, under the heading of "Exile Penal Servitude and the Prison Department." A copy of this report is in my possession, and I intend, ultimately, to publish it in full. The original bears, as an indorsement, in the Tsar's handwriting, the significant words, "Grustnaya no ne novaya kartina" ["A melancholy but not a new picture"].

same way, and at the end of two weeks the prison authorities were counting every night and morning no less than six dummies, while the six prisoners represented by these lay figures were far on their way towards the coast of the Pacific. Sometime in the course of the third week after the departure of Muishkin and Khrushchef two more dummies were laid on the sleeping-platforms in the prison kameras, and a fourth couple escaped. In getting away from the stockade, however, one of them unfortunately fell into a ditch or a pool of water, and the splash attracted the attention of the nearest sentry, who promptly fired his rifle and raised an alarm. In ten minutes the whole prison was in commotion. A careful count was made of the prisoners in all the kameras, and it was found that eight men were missing. A few days before this time a visit of inspection had been made to the prison by Mr. Galkin Vraskoi (Gal'kin Vrass'koy), chief of the Russian prison administration, and General Ilyashevich (Il-yah-shay'vitch), governor of the Trans-Baikal, and when the escape was discovered these high officials were on their way from Kara to Chita. In response to a summons from Major Potulof they hurried back to the Lower Diggings and personally superintended the organization of a thorough and widely extended search for the missing men. Telegrams were dispatched to all the seaport towns along the coast of the Pacific, as well as to all points on the Amur that could be reached by telegraph; descriptions and photographs of the fugitives were mailed to police officials throughout Eastern Siberia; orders were issued to arrest all suspicious or unknown persons; and searching parties of natives, stimulated by the promise of reward, scoured the forests in all parts of the Trans-Baikal. It was impossible, of course, for men who were unfamiliar with the country, who had neither guides, maps, nor compasses, and who were enfeebled by long imprisonment, to elude, for any great length of time, so persistent and far-reaching a pursuit. Although two of them, Muishkin and Khrushchef, made a journey of more than a thousand miles, and actually reached the seaport town of Vla-

divostok, every one of the fugitives was ultimately recaptured and brought back to Kara in handcuffs and leg-fetters.¹

In the mean time the prison authorities at Kara were making preparations to "give the political convicts a lesson"² and "reduce the prison to order." This they purposed to do by depriving the prisoners of all the privileges that they had previously enjoyed; by taking away from them books, money, underclothing, bed-clothing, and every other thing not furnished by the Government to common criminals of the penal-servitude class; by distributing them in small parties among the common-convict prisons at Ust Kara, Middle Kara, and Upper Kara; and by subjecting them to what are known to Russian prisoners as "dungeon conditions" (*kartsernoi polozhenie*).³ Anticipating, or pretending to anticipate, insubordination or resistance to these measures on the part of the politicals, Ilyashevich and Galkin Vraskoi concentrated at the Lower Diggings six *sotnias* of Cossacks, and after ten days of inaction, intended, apparently, to throw the prisoners off their guard, ordered a sudden descent upon the prison in the night. This unprovoked attack of an armed force upon sleeping and defenseless prisoners is known in the history of the Kara political prison as "the pogrom of May 11."⁴ Three or four hundred Cossacks with bayoneted rifles marched noiselessly into the court-yard under direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Rudenko (Roo'den-ko), filled the prison corridor, and then, throwing open suddenly and simultaneously the doors of all the kameras, rushed in upon the bewildered politicals, dragged them from their sleeping-platforms, and proceeded with great roughness and brutality to search them, deprive them of their personal property, strip them of their clothing, and hale them out into the court-yard. All the remonstrances and protests of the sufferers were answered with insults; and when some of the more impetuous of them, indignant at the unprovoked brutality of the assault, armed themselves with boards torn up from the sleeping-platforms and made an attempt to defend themselves, they were knocked down and mercilessly beaten by the

¹ The politicals who took part in this unsuccessful attempt to escape were Muishkin, Khrushchéf, Bólo-mez, Levchénko, Yurkófski, Díkófski, Kryzhanófski, and Minakóf.

² This was the expression used by Major Potulof in speaking to me of the events that followed the escape. It is believed by many of the politicals at Kara that the prison authorities deliberately intended to provoke them to violence, in order, first, to have an excuse for administering corporal punishment, and, secondly, artificially to create a "boont," or prison insurrection, that would divert the attention of the Minister of the Interior from their (the officials') negligence in allowing eight dangerous criminals to escape.

³ A prisoner living under "dungeon conditions" is deprived of money, books, writing materials, underclothing, bed-clothing, tobacco, and all other luxuries; he is not allowed to walk for exercise in the court-yard nor to have any communication with the outside world; and he must live exclusively upon black rye-bread and water, with now and then a little of the soup or broth thickened with barley, which is known to the political convicts as "balánda."

⁴ The word "pogrom" has no precise equivalent in the English language. It means a sudden, violent, and destructive attack, like one of the raids made upon the Jews by infuriated peasants in Russian towns some years ago.

Cossacks with the butt-ends of their guns. Among the prisoners most cruelly maltreated were Voloshénko, Rodiónof, Kobylánski, Bobókhof, and Orlóf. It is not necessary to go minutely into the details of this scene of cruelty and violence. I do not wish to make it out any worse than it really was, and for my purpose it is sufficient to say that before noon on the 11th of May, 1882, the bruised and bleeding political convicts, robbed of all their personal possessions and stripped of the boots and underclothing that they had bought with their own money and that they had previously been permitted to wear, set out in three parties, on foot and without breakfast, for the common-criminal prisons of Ust, Middle, and Upper Kara. They were guarded by convoys of from fifty to one hundred Cossacks, who had express instructions from Governor Ilyashevich not to spare the butt-ends of their guns. The party destined for Ust Kara, in which there was one man chained to a wheelbarrow, asked permission to stop and rest on the road, as they had had nothing to eat or drink that day and were marching a distance of fifteen versts (about ten miles). The soldiers of the convoy, however, refused to allow them to stop, and pricked them on with their bayonets. Thereupon the prisoners who were not handcuffed attacked the Cossacks with stones. An unequal contest followed, in the course of which the men who resisted were knocked down and beaten again with the butt-ends of guns, and all who were not already manacled had their hands tied securely behind their backs. Late in the afternoon, bruised, tired, hungry, and thirsty, they reached Ust Kara, and after being again carefully searched were shut up by twos in the dark and dirty "secret" cells¹ of the common-criminal prison, where they threw their weary bodies down on the cold, damp floors and congratulated themselves that the day was over. The parties sent respectively to the Amurski

(Am-moor'skee) prison and the prison in Middle Kara had an experience similar to that of the Ust Kara party, except that they were not beaten by their guards. Before dark the hundred or more state criminals who had occupied the *kameras* of the political prison were distributed in small parties among the common-criminal prisons of Ust Kara, the Lower Digging, Middle Kara, and Upper Kara; the long-term (*bez sróchni*) convicts were in both handcuffs and leg-fetters, and all were living under "dungeon conditions." In this manner Governor Ilyashevich and Mr. Galkin Vraskoi put down the "insurrection" (*boont*) that a hundred or more sleeping prisoners presumably would have raised when they awoke, taught the "insurgents" a valuable and much needed "lesson," and showed the Minister of the Interior how vigorously and successfully his subordinates could deal with a sudden and threatening emergency—and with sleeping men! The political prison had been "reduced to order," but it was the order that once "reigned in Warsaw."

For two months the political convicts lived under "dungeon conditions" in the cells of the common-criminal prisons, seeing little of one another and knowing nothing of what was happening in the outside world. Bad air, bad and insufficient food, and the complete lack of exercise soon began injuriously to affect their health; scurvy broke out among them, and in less than a month several of them, including Tikhonof (*Tee'khon-off*) and Zhukofski (*Zhoo-koff'skee*), were at the point of death,² and many more were so weak that they could not rise to their feet when ordered to stand up for verification. During all of this time the prison authorities had in their possession money belonging to these wretched convicts; but they would not allow the latter to use it, nor to direct its expenditure for the underclothing, bedding, and nourishing food of which the sick especially

¹ "Secret" cells in Siberian prisons are those intended for the solitary confinement of persons accused of murder or other capital crimes. They were not generally shown us in our visits to prisons, but I was permitted by Colonel Makofski to inspect the "secret" cells in the prison at Irkutsk (*Eer-kootsk'*). These had neither beds nor sleeping-platforms, and contained no furniture of any kind except a "parásha," or excrement bucket. The prisoners confined in them were forced to sleep without pillows or bed-clothing on the cold cement or stone floor, and during the day had either to sit on this floor or to stand. I saw men who had not yet been tried occupying such cells as these in the Irkutsk prison. If I had power to summon as witnesses the subordinate officials of the House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg, I could prove, in a Russian court, that even in that show prison of the Empire there were "kartsers," or disciplinary cells, where there was not so much as a "parásha," and where the floors were covered with excrement. Of course Mr. Galkin Vraskoi and Mr. Kokovtsef (*Ko-kov'tsef*),

the heads of the Russian prison administration, were not aware of this fact; but, nevertheless, it is a fact, unless both political prisoners and the prison officials themselves severally and independently lied to me. The political offender Dichevskulo (*Dee-chess-koof'o*) was put into such a cell as this after the riot in the house of Preliminary Detention that followed the flogging of Bogoliubof (*Bo-go-lioo'-boff*). I did not see the "secret" cells in the Kara prisons, but there is no reason to suppose that they were in any better condition than the *kameras* that I did see and that I have described. I do not mean to have the reader draw the sweeping and mistaken conclusion that all cells, or even all "secret" cells, in Russian prisons are of this kind, nor that the higher prison officials are in all cases responsible for such a state of affairs. All that I aim to do is to make plain the conditions under which educated and delicately nurtured political offenders in Russian prisons are sometimes compelled to live.

² Tikhonof died shortly afterwards.

were in such urgent need. It was not until scurvy threatened to become epidemic that Major Khalturin (Khal-too'rin), a cruel gendarme officer from Irkutsk who had succeeded Major Potulof in the command of the political prison, consented to allow the prisoners to have bedding.

In the women's prison at Ust Kara the state of affairs was little better. The women, of course, had had nothing whatever to do with the escape, nor with the artificially created "insurrection," but they had, nevertheless, to take their share of the consequences. The new commandant, Major Khalturin, believed in strict discipline with no favors; and he regarded the permission that had been tacitly given the women to wear their own dress instead of the prison costume as an unnecessary concession to a foolish and sentimental weakness. He therefore ordered that their own clothing be taken away from them, and that they be required to put on the convict garb. Some of the women were sick and unable to change their dress, others did not believe that the order would really be enforced, and they refused to obey it, and finally the overseer of the prison resorted to violence. The scene that ensued produced such an effect upon Madame Leschern that she attempted to commit suicide.

Outside the political prison at the Lower Diggings were living a number of women who had voluntarily come to the mines in order to be near their husbands. Previous to the escape and the "pogrom" these women had been allowed to have interviews with their imprisoned husbands once or twice a week, and had received from the latter small sums of money, with the help of which they contrived to exist. After the prison had been "reduced to order" and the political convicts had been subjected to "dungeon conditions," interviews between husbands and wives were no longer permitted; and as the prisoners' money was all held in the possession of the authorities, the unfortunate women and children were soon reduced almost to starvation. Vera Rogatchéf, wife of Lieutenant Dmitri Rogatchéf, a young artillery officer then in penal servitude, was brought to such a state of destitution and despair that she finally shot herself.

On the 6th of July, 1882, eight of the political convicts, who were regarded by the Government for some reason as particularly dangerous, were sent back in chains from Kara to St. Petersburg to be immured for life in the "stone bags" of the castle of Schlussemburg.¹

¹ These "dangerous" prisoners were Messrs. Gélis, Voloshénko, Butsínski, Paul Orlóf, Malávski, Popóf, Shchedrin, and Kobylánski. Nothing is known with regard to their fate. Madame Gélis, the wife of one of them, whose acquaintance I made in the Trans-

A few days later — about the middle of July — all the rest of the state criminals were brought back to the political prison at the Lower Diggings, where they were put into new and much smaller cells that had been made by erecting partitions in the original kameras in such a manner as to divide each of them into thirds. The effect of this change was to crowd every group of seven or eight men into a cell that was so nearly filled by the sleeping-platform as to leave no room for locomotion. Two men could not stand side by side in the narrow space between the edge of the platform and the wall, and the occupants of the cell were therefore compelled to sit or lie all day on the plank nares without occupation for either minds or bodies. To add to their misery, paráshas were set in their small cells, and the air at times became so offensive and polluted that, to use the expression of one of them in a letter to me, "it was simply maddening." No other reply was made to their petitions and remonstrances than a threat from Khalturin that if they did not keep quiet they would be flogged. With a view to intimidating them Khalturin even sent a surgeon to make a physical examination of one political, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining whether his state of health was such that he could be flogged without endangering his life. This was the last straw. The wretched state criminals, deprived of exercise, living under "dungeon conditions," poisoned by air laden with the stench of excrement-buckets, and finally threatened with the whip when they complained, could endure no more. They resolved to make that last desperate protest against cruelty which is known in Russian prisons as a "golodófka," or "hunger-strike." They sent a notification to Major Khalturin that their life had finally become unendurable, that they preferred death to such an existence, and that they should refuse to take food until they either perished or forced the Government to treat them with more humanity. No attention was paid to their notification, but from that moment not a mouthful of the food that was set into their cells was touched. As day after day passed the stillness of death gradually settled down upon the prison. The starving convicts, too weak and apathetic even to talk to one another, lay in rows, like dead men, upon the plank sleeping-platforms, and the only sounds to be heard in the building were the footsteps of the sentries, and now and then the incoherent mutterings of the insane. On the fifth day of the "golodófka" Major Khalturin, convinced

Baikal, told me that she was denied a last interview with her husband when he was taken away from Kara, that she never afterwards heard from him, and that she did not know whether he was among the living or the dead.

that the hunger-strike was serious, came to the prison and asked the convicts to state definitely upon what terms they would discontinue their protest. They replied that the conditions of their life were unbearable, and that they should continue their self-starvation until the excrement-buckets were taken out of their cells, until they were permitted to have books and to exercise daily in the open air, until they were allowed to direct the expenditure of their money for better food and better clothing than were furnished by the Government, and until he (Khalturin) gave them a solemn assurance that none of them should be flogged. The commandant told them that the talk about flogging was nonsense; that there had never been any serious intention of resorting to the whip, and that, if they would end their strike, he would see what could be done to improve the material conditions of their life. Not being able to get any positive assurances that their demands would be complied with, the prisoners continued the "golodófka." On the tenth day the state of affairs had become alarming. All of the starving men were in the last stages of physical prostration, and some of them seemed to be near death. Count Dmitri Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior, who had been apprised of the situation, telegraphed the commandant to keep a "skórbnoi leest," or "hospital sheet," setting forth the symptoms and condition of the strikers, and to inform him promptly of any marked change.¹ Every day thereafter a feldsher, or hospital steward, went through the cells taking the pulse and the temperature of the starving men. On the thirteenth day of the "golodófka" Major Khalturin sent word to the wives of all political convicts living at the Lower Diggings that they might have an interview with their husbands—the first in more than two months—if they would try to persuade them to begin taking food. They gladly assented, of course, to this condition, and were admitted to the prison. At the same time Khalturin went himself to the starving men and assured them, on his honor, that if they would end the hunger-strike he would do everything in his power to satisfy their demands.

¹ I have never been able to understand why a government that is capable, when irritated, of treating prisoners in this way should hesitate a moment about letting them die and thus getting rid of them. However, I believe it is a fact that in every case where political hunger-strikers have had courage and nerve enough to starve themselves to the point of death the authorities have manifested anxiety and have ultimately yielded. It is one of many similar inconsistencies in Russian penal administration. The Government seems to be sensitive to some things and brutally insensitive to others. It prides itself upon its humanity in expunging the death penalty from its civil code, and yet it inflicts death constantly by sentences of courts-martial in civil cases. It has abolished the knout, but it flogs

The entreaties of the wretched, heart-broken women and the promises of the commandant finally broke down the resolution of the politicals, and on the thirteenth day the first and most obstinate hunger-strike in the history of the Kara political prison came to an end.

While these events were taking place, a young married woman about twenty-four years of age, named Maria Kutitonskaya (Koo-tee-ton'ska-ya), who had been condemned to penal servitude on account of her revolutionary activity in Odessa, finished her prison term in Kara and was sent as a forced colonist to a small village called Aksha (Ak-shah'), situated in the southern part of the Trans-Baikal on the frontier of Mongolia. She had been an eyewitness of the brutalities that attended the "reduction of the political prison to order" by Rudenko and Potulof; she had seen the "lesson" given to the political convicts with the butt-ends of guns; she had herself felt the shame and misery that impelled Madame Leschern and Mrs. Rogatchef to attempt self-destruction; she was acquainted with the causes and history of the long and desperate hunger-strike that had just ended; and, stirred to the very depths of her soul by a feeling of intense indignation, she determined, as a last resort and at the cost of her own life, to assassinate General Ilyashevich, the governor of the Trans-Baikal, and thus call the attention of the world to the cruelties practiced by his authority, and in part under his direction, at the mines of Kara. She was at this time pregnant, and was aware of her condition; she knew that it would be impossible to escape after committing the crime that she contemplated; she knew that she was about to sacrifice her own life, and probably the life also of her unborn child; but so intense were the emotions aroused by all she had seen and known at Kara, that she was ready to commit murder, and to die for it, upon the chance that the deed and its investigation would give publicity to the wrongs and outrages that she and her companions had suffered. As soon as she could get together money enough for her traveling expenses after her arrival at Aksha, she

with the plet, which, according to the testimony of Russian officers, can be made to cause death in a hundred blows. It shrinks from allowing political convicts to die of self-starvation, and yet it puts them to a slow death in the "stone bags" of the castle of Schlussemburg. To the practical American intelligence it would seem to be safer, as well as more humane, to order political convicts out into the prison court-yard and have them shot, than to kill them slowly under "dungeon conditions." Society would not be half so much shocked and exasperated by summary executions as it now is by suicides, hunger-strikes, and similar evidences of intolerable misery among the political convicts in prison and at the mines.

bought a small, cheap revolver from a common-criminal colonist, ran away from her place of banishment, and, hiring horses from the peasants in the villages through which she passed, made her way towards Chita, which was the governor's place of residence. As it was not customary for young and attractive women to travel entirely alone in that part of the world, she was regarded with a good deal of interest and curiosity by the peasants, and just before she reached her destination she was arrested by a village official upon suspicion. She persuaded this man to take her to Chita and turn her over to the *ispravnik*, with whom she was personally acquainted. To the *ispravnik* she admitted frankly that she had run away from her place of exile, but said that in so doing she had not intended to escape, but merely to get an interview with the governor. After some conversation the *ispravnik* went with her to the governor's house, and leaving her in a reception room went to apprise Ilyashevich of her presence and her desire for an interview.

"Have you searched her?" inquired the governor suspiciously.

"No," replied the *ispravnik*; "I did n't think of it."

"Never mind," said Ilyashevich. "What can a woman do?" And with these words he entered the reception room where Madame Kutitonskaya, with a cocked revolver hidden under a handkerchief in her right hand, was awaiting him. As he advanced to greet her she raised the revolver, and saying, "This is for the 11th of May,"¹ shot him through the lungs. The wound was not mortal, but he fell to the floor and was carried to a couch by some of the servants, while the *ispravnik* seized and disarmed Madame Kutitonskaya, caused her to be bound, and sent her under strong guard to the Chita prison. Her life there was a life of terrible loneliness and misery. She was put into a cold, dirty, "secret" cell, which the district architect of the Trans-Baikal described to me as "hardly long enough to lie down in or high enough to stand up in." Her own dress and underclothing were taken away from her, and in place of them she was given an old prison suit that had already been worn by a common convict and was full of vermin. She lived under strict "dungeon conditions," and for three months lay without bed-clothing on the bare floor. When, as a result of such hardships and privations, she became sick, and asked for straw to lay down on the planks

where she slept, she was told by the chief of police, Mélnikof, that there was no straw for her. But for the food smuggled into her cell and the aid surreptitiously given to her by sympathetic common-criminal convicts in the same prison, she would undoubtedly have died before the meeting of the court appointed to investigate the case. After three months of this wretched existence she was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged. Then, for another whole month, she lay under sentence of death, arguing with herself, through many long, sleepless nights, the question whether or not she should make known to the authorities her pregnant condition, which had not yet become apparent. She knew that an announcement of the fact that she was with child would, in accordance with the custom in such cases, secure a long reprieve if not a commutation of her sentence; but, on the other hand, life held no hope for her, and she believed that if she allowed herself to be hanged under such circumstances, the fact of her pregnancy, which would inevitably be discovered after her death, would intensify the feeling of horror that she hoped would be excited by the series of events which had led up to the catastrophe—would give to such events even greater publicity, and would inspire all lovers of humanity and justice with a deeper and bitterer hatred of the Government. The questions that tormented her most were, first, whether, if she allowed herself to be hanged without revealing her condition, she would not be the murderer of her unborn child, and, secondly, whether that child would die when she died, or would live for a time in her dead body. This last ghastly doubt seems to have been particularly harrowing to her in her morbid mental condition, but even in the face of such reflections she finally decided to allow herself to be hanged. Early in January, 1883, the Government, without reference to her condition, of which it was still ignorant, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life² and sent her with a returning party of common-criminal exiles to the city of Irkutsk. Although it was midwinter, she was not provided with a sheepskin overcoat nor with felt boots, and she might have perished from cold on the road if the common criminals in the party had not taken pity upon her and furnished her with warm clothing at the expense of their own comfort. When she reached Irkutsk she was in such a condition that she had to be lifted

¹ The date of the "pogrom" in the Kara political prison.

² I was credibly informed, and in justice the fact should be stated, that this commutation of sentence was asked for by Governor Ilyashevich, whose life Madame Kutitonskaya had attempted. Whether he

felt, upon reflection, some stirrings of pity and remorse, or whether he merely wished to make a showing of magnanimity in order to throw doubt upon the reports of his cruelty at the mines and break their effect, I do not know.

out of her sleigh. As a result of this prolonged agony of mind and body, her child, a short time afterwards, was born dead in the Irkutsk prison. When we left Siberia in 1886 she was still living. All that I know of her life since that time is that it has ended.

When one of my informants first knew Madame Kutitonskaya she was a happy, careless school-girl in Odessa, and no one would have ventured to predict that in less than ten years she would develop into a woman of such extraordinary energy, courage, self-control, and firmness of purpose. There are few things more remarkable in the records of heroism than the determination of Madame Kutitonskaya to allow herself to be hanged, with a child in her womb, in order that the horror of such an execution might stir the emotions of every man and woman who heard of it, and give wider publicity to the series of events of which it was the final outcome. Such, however, is the type of character that is forged in the furnace of oppression and tempered in the cold bath of solitary confinement.

The statements that I have made with regard to the events that led to the shooting of Governor Ilyashevich are based upon conversations with the political convicts who were actors in them, and upon three independently prepared accounts in manuscript of the escape, the "pogrom," and the hunger-strike. The story of the attempted assassination, and of Madame Kutitonskaya's life in prison, is from one of her letters, written after her arrival in Irkutsk. The brief transcript of her intentions, thoughts, and reflections while lying under sentence of death in Chita was obtained from an exiled lady who had many long talks with her in the Irkutsk prison, and whose acquaintance I subsequently made. The whole story, in its main outlines, is known to political exiles throughout Siberia, and I heard it in half a dozen different places. All the efforts that I dared make to get at the Government's side of the case were unsuccessful. The officials to whom I applied for information—with a few exceptions—either manifested such a disinclination to talk that I could not pursue the subject, or else made preposterous attempts to deceive me. A young surgeon in the Irkutsk prison whom I questioned about Madame Kutitonskaya was so frightened that he got rid of me as soon as possible and never dared return my call. The *ispravnik* of Nerchinski Zavod (Ner'chin-skee Zah-vod'), who went to Kara with some of the recaptured fugitives after the escape, described the political convicts to me as "*lofki moshenniki*" (clever rogues) who were not deserving of either sympathy or respect. Most of them, he said, were "priests' sons, or seminarists who had been ex-

pelled from school." Lieutenant-Colonel Novikov (No'vee-koff), who was for three years or more commander of the Cossack battalion at the mines of Kara, assured me that the political convicts were mere "*malchishki*" (miserable insignificant boys), without any definite aims or convictions; that out of one hundred and fifty of them that he had known at Kara only three or four had any education, and that Madame Kutitonskaya's attempt to assassinate Governor Ilyashevich was "a mere crazy freak"—that "she did n't know herself what she did it for." The attentive reader will see that I have had no difficulty in making my choice between such preposterous statements as these and the clear, coherent, and detailed narratives of the political convicts themselves. If my history of the Kara political prison is one-sided, it is simply because the other side either refused to give me information, or was too ignorant to state its own case with any show of plausibility.

How far from the real truth were the statements made to me by officials with regard to the character of the political convicts at Kara I purpose to show by giving brief biographies of three or four of the men and women who took an active part in the series of events that I have tried to describe, or who were identified with the later history of the political prison. One of the ablest and most distinguished of them was Anna Pavlovna Korba (Kor-bah'), whose portrait, made from a photograph taken before her exile, will be found on page 741. She was the daughter of a Russian nobleman named Paul Mengart, and was born in the province of Tver, near Moscow, in 1849. She was carefully educated under the direction of her mother, a cultured and deeply religious woman, and at the early age of eighteen or nineteen she was married to a Swiss gentleman residing in Russia named Victor Korba. Her beauty and accomplishments made her greatly sought after in society, her husband was wealthy and was proud of her social success, and for a time she lived the life of a woman of the great world. This life, however, could not long satisfy a young girl of bright mind and serious character, and in 1869, when she was only twenty years of age, she made an attempt to fit herself for something better. A school for the higher education of the daughters of the nobility was opened about that time in connection with a boys' college in St. Petersburg, and Madame Korba at once enrolled herself as a student, with the intention of finally completing her education in one of the institutions for women at Zurich or in Paris. In 1870 her husband failed in business: she was forced to abandon the hope of finishing her collegiate training abroad, and a short time

afterwards went with her husband to reside in the small provincial town of Minsk, where he had obtained employment. Here she began her career of public activity by organizing a society and raising a fund for the purpose of promoting popular education and aiding poor students in the universities. Of this society she was the president. In 1877 the Russo-Turkish war broke out and opened to her ardent and generous nature a new field of benevolent activity. As soon as wounded Russian soldiers began to come back from Bulgaria, she went into the hospitals of Minsk as a Sister of Mercy, and a short time afterwards put on the uniform of the International Association of the Red Cross, and went to the front and took a position as a Red Cross nurse in a Russian field hospital beyond the Danube. She was then hardly twenty-seven years of age. What she saw and what she suffered in the course of that terrible Russo-Turkish campaign can be imagined by those who have seen the paintings of the Russian artist Verestchagin. Her experience had a marked and permanent effect upon her character. She became an enthusiastic lover and admirer of the common Russian peasant, who bears upon his weary shoulders the whole burden of the Russian state, but who is cheated, robbed, and oppressed, even while fighting the battles of his country. She determined to devote the remainder of her life to the education and the emancipation of this oppressed class of the Russian people. At the close of the war she returned to Russia, but was almost immediately prostrated by typhus fever contracted in an overcrowded hospital. After a long and dangerous illness she finally recovered and began the task that she had set herself; but she was opposed and thwarted at every step by the police and the bureaucratic officials who were interested in maintaining the existing state of things, and she gradually became convinced that before much could be done to improve the condition of the common people the Government must be overthrown. She soon afterwards became a revolutionist, joined the party of "The Will of the People," and participated actively in all the attempts that were made between 1879 and 1882 to overthrow the autocracy and establish a constitutional form of government. On the 5th of June, 1882, she was arrested and thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk, and some months later was tried before the Governing Senate upon the charge of being a terrorist. At the end of the trial she was asked if she had any last words to say in her own defense, and she replied as follows:

"I do not admit my guilt. I will, however, admit that I belong to the revolutionary party, —the party of the Will of the People,—and that

I believe in its principles and share its views. As for an organization that chooses and prefers a path of bloodshed, I do not know any such organization, and I doubt whether any such organization exists. Such a party may arise in time, if the revolutionary movement extends, but if I be living when the time comes, I will not belong to it. If the party of the Will of the People adopts the policy of terror, it is not because it prefers terrorism, but because terrorism is the only possible method of attaining the objects set before it by the historical conditions of Russian life." These are sad and fateful words, and they bear a prophecy of terrible calamity: "Gentlemen—Senators! You are well acquainted with the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire. You are aware that no one has a right to advocate any change in the existing Imperial form of Government, or even to think of such a thing. Merely to present to the Crown a collective petition is forbidden—and yet the country is growing and developing, the conditions of social life are becoming day by day more and more complicated, and the moment approaches when the Russian people will burst through the barriers from which there is no exit."

The presiding judge, interrupting: "That is your personal opinion."

Madame Korba, continuing: "The historical task set before the party of the Will of the People is to widen these barriers and to obtain for Russia independence and freedom. The means for the attainment of these objects depend directly upon the Government. We do not adhere obstinately to terrorism. The hand that is raised to strike will instantly fall if the Government will change the political conditions of life. Our party has patriotic self-control enough not to take revenge for its bleeding wounds; but, unless it prove false to the Russian people, it cannot lay down its arms until it has conquered for that people freedom and well-being. As a proof that the aims of our party are wholly peaceful, I beg you to read the letter written to Alexander III. soon after the 1st of March.¹ You will see from it that we desire only reforms, but reforms that shall be sincere, complete, and vital."

MADAME KORBA'S last words did not soften towards her the hearts of her judges, and of course she did not expect that they would. She was found guilty, and was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and forced colonization in Siberia for life at the expiration of her penal term. At the date of my last advices from the mines of Kara she was still living, but she was greatly broken, and there was little probability

¹ The date of the assassination of Alexander II.

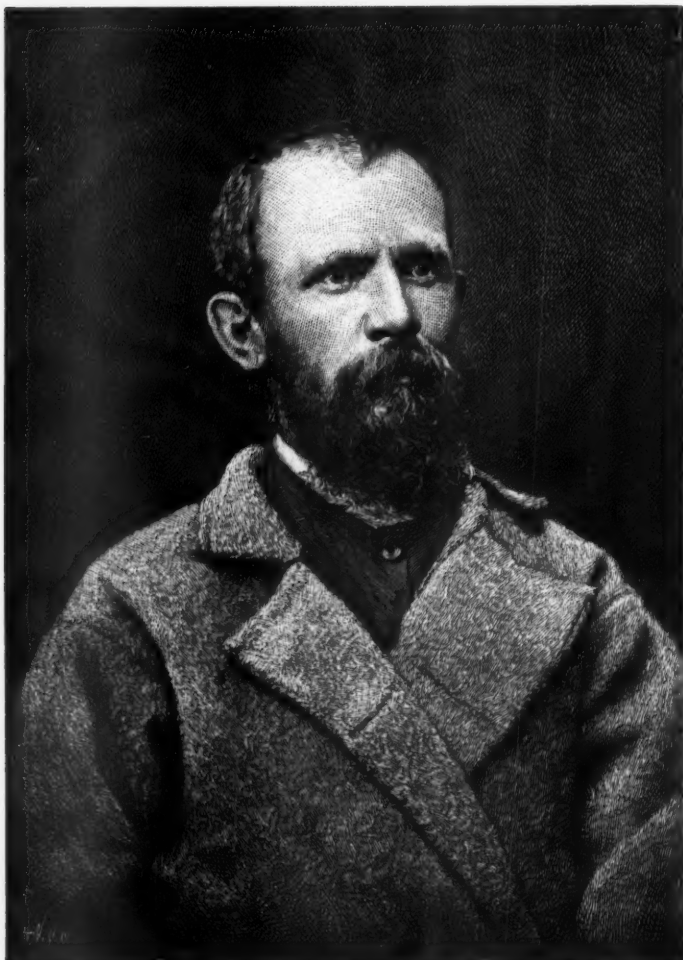


ANNA PAVLOVNA KORBA.

that she would long endure the hardships and privations of penal servitude.

Among the male political convicts at the mines of Kara whose careers most interested me was Hypolyte Muishkin, whose portrait was engraved from a police photograph taken while he was in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. In the year 1864 a well-known author and political economist named Chernishefski (Chernee-shefskee), whose famous novel "What is to be Done?" has recently been translated into English, was tried in St. Petersburg as a revolutionist and banished to Siberia. He was at first sent to the Alexandrofski central prison, near Irkutsk, but ultimately he was transferred to the small town of Villuisk (Viloo'isk), in the sub-arctic province of Yakutsk (Yah-kootsk'), where he lived many years under the strictest police surveillance. When the modern revolutionary movement began, in 1870, it was the dream of all the ardent young Russian revolutionists to rescue Cher-

nishefski from Siberian exile and enable him to escape from the Empire to some place where he could continue his work unmolested. Several attempts were made to liberate him, but they all failed, and the project was finally abandoned as impracticable. In 1875 a young student in the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg named Hypolyte Muishkin conceived the idea of going to Siberia in the disguise of a captain of gendarmes and presenting himself boldly to the *ispravnik* in Villuisk with forged orders from the gendarmerie directing him (Muishkin) to take charge of the exile Chernishefski and carry him to St. Petersburg for incarceration in the castle of Schlüsselburg. Such transfers of dangerous political exiles from Siberia to the Russian fortresses were not at that time uncommon, and Muishkin felt confident that he should accomplish his purpose. He went as a private traveler to Irkutsk, resided there several months, succeeded in getting into the corps of gendarmes as a sub-



HYPOLYTE MUISHKIN.

ordinate officer, and in a short time made himself so useful that he was generally trusted and was given the freedom of the office. He provided himself with the necessary blanks, filled them up with an order accrediting him as a gendarme officer intrusted with the duty of taking the exile Chernishefski to St. Petersburg, forged the signatures, affixed the proper seals, provided himself with the uniform of a captain of gendarmes, and then resigned his position in the gendarmerie upon the pretext that he had received news that made it necessary for him to return at once to European Russia. He disappeared from Irkutsk, and as soon as he deemed it prudent to do so he set out for Villuisk with the uniform of a gendarme officer in his satchel, and a forged order in his

pocket directing the ispravnik of Villuisk to turn over the exile Chernishefski to him for conveyance to St. Petersburg. Muishkin was an accomplished conspirator, an eloquent talker, and a man of fine personal presence, and when he presented himself in the uniform of a gendarme officer to the ispravnik at Villuisk he was received at first with unquestioning deference and respect. He stated his business, said that it had been decided to imprison Chernishefski in the castle of Schlussemburg, and produced the order directing the ispravnik to turn over the distinguished exile to him for conveyance to St. Petersburg. The plot came very near succeeding, and probably would have succeeded if Muishkin had had money enough to bring with him two or three confederates in

the disguise of soldiers or gendarmes and in the capacity of escort. It is very unusual for a commissioned officer to travel in Siberia without at least one soldier or Cossack to look after his baggage, to see about getting post-horses promptly, and to act generally in the capacity of body-servant. The absence of such a man or men was especially noticeable and unusual in this case, for the reason that Muishkin was to take charge of an important and dangerous political offender. This absence of an escort was the first thing that excited the *ispravnik's* suspicion. It seemed to him very strange that a gendarme officer should be sent there after Chernishefski without a guard of two or three soldiers to help him take care of the dangerous prisoner, and the more he thought about it the more suspicious the whole affair appeared to him. After a night's reflection he decided not to turn over Chernishefski to this gendarme officer without the sanction of the governor of the province, who resided in Yakutsk, and at breakfast the next morning he told Muishkin that Governor Chernaiyef (*Cher-ny'yef*) was his—the *ispravnik's*—immediate superior, and that without an order from the governor he did not feel justified in surrendering an exile of so much importance as the political economist Chernishefski. He proposed, therefore, to send a courier to Yakutsk with Muishkin's papers, and to await the return of this courier before taking any action.

"Very well," replied Muishkin coolly. "I did not suppose that it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the governor before complying with the orders of the imperial police; but if such consent is indispensable, I will go to Governor Chernaiyef myself and get it."

When Muishkin set out for Yakutsk, the *ispravnik*, whose suspicions had meanwhile grown stronger, said to him, "It is not proper for an officer of your rank to travel about without any escort, and if you will permit me to do so I will send with you a couple of Cossacks." Muishkin could not object, and the Cossacks were sent—the *ispravnik* instructing them that they were on no account to lose sight of this gendarme officer, because there was something suspicious about him, and it was not certain that he really was what he pretended to be. As soon as Muishkin had gone the *ispravnik* wrote a letter to the governor, apprising him of his suspicions, and sent it by another Cossack, with directions to get ahead of Muishkin if possible and deliver it before the latter reached his destination. The Cossack overtook Muishkin on the road, and in the course of conversation among the soldiers the fact transpired that the third Cossack had a letter from the *ispravnik* to the

governor. Muishkin knew then that the game was lost, and at the first favorable opportunity he attempted to escape by dashing suddenly into the woods. The Cossacks, in pursuance of their instructions, endeavored to keep him in sight; but he drew his revolver, fired at them, wounded one of them, and finally made his escape. For nearly a week he wandered around in the great primeval forests that border the river Lena; but at last, half dead from cold, hunger, and exhaustion, he was captured. After some months of imprisonment in Irkutsk he was sent under strong guard to St. Petersburg and was there thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. For nearly three years he lay in a bomb-proof casemate of the Trubetskoi (*Troo-bet-skoy'*) bastion awaiting trial, and all that I know of this part of his life I learned from an exile in Siberia who occupied a cell in the fortress near him. This gentleman said that Muishkin was often delirious from fever, excitement, or the maddening effect of long solitary confinement, and that he frequently heard his cries when he was put into a strait-jacket or strapped to his bed by the fortress guard.

In October, 1878, Muishkin was finally tried with "the 193" before a special session of the Governing Senate. All of the political prisoners brought to the bar on the occasion of this famous trial insisted that the public should be admitted to hear the proceedings, and that they—the prisoners—should be allowed to have their own stenographer. The Government refused to accede to either of these demands, and, as a consequence, most of the politicals refused to make any defense or to take any part in the proceedings. At the end of the trial Muishkin, when asked if he had any last words to say, made a fiery speech denouncing the secrecy of the trial and declaring that they did not desire nor expect to escape punishment, but thought they had a right to ask that they be tried in open court and that their case be laid before the people through the press. As soon as Muishkin began to attack the Government he was ordered by the presiding judge to be silent, and when he refused, and insisted upon his right to be heard, the gendarmes were directed to remove him from the courtroom. The last words he uttered before he was choked into silence and dragged out were: "This court is worse than a house of ill-fame; there they sell only bodies, but here you prostitute honor, and justice, and law!" For his original offense, aggravated by this outrageous insult to the court, Muishkin was sentenced to ten years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights, and was shortly afterwards incarcerated in the central convict prison at Kharkoff (*Khar-koff*). I have not space for



MADAME KAVALSKAYA.

even the briefest description of the sufferings of the political convicts in that prison. The story has been written by one of them and published surreptitiously in Russia under the significant title, "Last Words over the Coffin of Alexander II." I hope sometime to translate and republish this document, and I need only say now that I have the names of six politicals who went insane in that prison during the short time that it was used as a place of confinement for such offenders. Muishkin was put into a small cell in the lower story that had formerly been occupied by the distinguished political Prince Tsitsianof (Tsit-see-an'off). His courage and energy soon led him to meditate plans of escape, and before the end of the first year he had made a dummy to lie in his place on the sleeping-platform, and with only his hands and a small piece of board had dug a tunnel out under the prison wall, disposing of the earth that he removed by packing it into a space between the floor of his cell and the ground. He had also made himself a suit of clothing to put on in place of the prison costume after he should make his escape. Prince Tsitsianof, who had occupied the cell before him, was a scientist, and during his term of imprisonment had been allowed to have some large maps. These maps had been left as old rubbish on the oven, and Muishkin had soaked the paper off from the muslin on which they were mounted and had made out of the cloth a shirt and a pair of trousers. His preparations for escape were virtually complete, and he

was only waiting for a favorable opportunity, when one of the prison officials came to his cell at an unusual hour to speak to him. Muishkin happened to be down in his tunnel, while the dummy was lying in his place on the bed as if he were asleep. The official soon discovered that the lay figure was not the prisoner, an alarm was raised, the mouth of the tunnel was found, and Muishkin was dragged out like a rat from its hole. He was then put into another cell, from which escape was impossible. At the expiration of two or three months, fearing that he was about to become insane, he determined to do something for which he would be shot. He asked and obtained permission to attend service in the prison church one Sunday, and while there contrived to get near the governor of the prison; and as the latter turned around, after kissing the cross in the hands of the priest, Muishkin struck him in the face. For this offense he would, under ordinary circumstances, have been shot; but just at that time the attention of the Minister of the Interior was attracted to the Kharkoff central prison by the large number of deaths and cases of insanity among the politicals, and Professor Dobroslavin (Do-bro-slah'vin), a sanitary expert from St. Petersburg, was sent to the prison to make an investigation. He reported that it was not fit for human habitation, said that the cases of death and insanity among the political convicts were not surprising, and recommended that all the prisoners of that class



MADAME BOGOMOLETS.

be removed. In the face of this report it was presumed that Muishkin was insane, or at least in an abnormal mental condition, at the time when he struck the governor of the prison, and he was not even tried for the offense. Shortly afterwards he was sent, with all his fellow-prisoners, to the mines of Kara. While they were in the city of Irkutsk on their way to the mines, one of the party, a man named Leo Dmokhofski (Dmo-khoff'skee), died. All the convicts in the party were permitted to attend the funeral in the prison church, and at the conclusion of the brief services Muishkin felt impelled to say a few words over the body of his comrade. He referred to the high moral character of the dead man and his lovable personality, quoted a verse from the Russian liberal poet Nekrassof (Ne-krass'off), and said, "Out of the ashes of this heroic man, and of other men like him, will grow the tree of liberty for Russia." At this point he was stopped by the chief of police and at once taken back to his cell. For making what was regarded as a revolutionary speech within the sacred precincts of a church and in the presence of the "images of the Holy Saints of the Lord" he was condemned to fifteen years more of penal servitude. In talking to me about Muishkin, some of his comrades described him as "a born orator who never made but two speeches in his life; one of them cost him ten years of penal servitude, and the other fifteen." Muishkin himself said, after reaching the mines of Kara, that there was only one thing in his life which he regretted, and that was his speech over the dead body of his comrade Dmokhofski in Irkutsk. The world could not hear it, it did no good, it was merely the gratification of a personal impulse, and it added so many years to his term of penal servitude that, even if he should live out that term, he would be too old, when finally released, to work any more for the cause of Russian freedom.

Muishkin was one of the first of the eight prisoners who escaped from the Kara political prison in April, 1882, and he was recaptured, as I have said, in this seaport town of Vladivostok, to which American vessels come every summer. In 1883 he was sent back to St. Petersburg with a party of other "dangerous" politicals and incarcerated in the castle of Schlussemburg. He was shot there in 1885 for striking the prison surgeon.

In January, 1882, about three months before the escape of the eight convicts from the political prison at Kara, two married women, Madame Kavalskaya (Kah-vahl'ska-ya) and Madame Bogomolets (Bo-go-mo'lets), escaped from prison while passing through Irkutsk on their way to the mines. They were recaptured before they could get out of the city, and

when they were brought back to their cells they were subjected to the customary personal search. These searches are always made by men, even when the prisoners are women, but in most cases they are conducted with decency and with the forms of respect. On this occasion, however, Colonel Soliviof (Sol-o-vee-off'),



SHCHEDRIN.

an adjutant of the Governor-General, and a man of disreputable personal character, who happened to be in the prison when Madame Kavalskaya and Madame Bogomolets were brought back, conducted the search himself, and in the course of it not only insulted the women but caused them to be stripped naked in his presence. He then had the audacity to go to a kamara in which were confined a number of male political convicts and boast of his exploit, remarking contemptuously, "Your political women are not much to look at." Among the convicts in the cell was a school-teacher named Shchedrin (Shched-rin') who, exasperated beyond endurance by the recital and the insulting taunt, sprung towards Soliviof, and, calling him a "despicable coward and liar," struck him in the face. For this insult to an officer, and for an attempt that he had made to escape, Shchedrin, upon his arrival at Kara, was chained to a wheelbarrow. In July, 1882, he, with the other "dangerous" political convicts named on page 736, was sent to St. Petersburg to be incarcerated in the castle of Schlussemburg. He was not released from the wheelbarrow, even when put into a vehicle; but as the roads were rough, and as he was



A RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT AN OROZHANNI ENCAMPMENT.

constantly being bruised by the jolting of the barrow against him, it was finally found necessary to unchain him and lash the wheelbarrow on behind. Lieutenant-Colonel Vinokurof (Vin-o-koor'off), inspector of exile transportation for Western Siberia, told me that he saw Shchedrin, with the wheelbarrow still lashed to his vehicle, passing through the province of Tobolsk.

After the hunger-strike in the Kara political prison in the summer of 1882 the life of the

¹ I have not been able to obtain a complete list of the prisoners who died, committed suicide, or went insane in the Kara political prison between 1879 and 1886, but I know of the following cases:

Deaths (all except one from prison consumption): Ishutinof, Krivoshein, Zhukof, Popeko, Madame Lissofskaya, Tikhonof, Rogatchëf, Dr. Veimar, Miss Arm-

prisoners became a little more tolerable. They were again allowed to have books, money, and some warm clothing of their own, and they were permitted to walk two hours a day in the court-yard. The sanitary conditions of their life, however, continued to be very bad, little attention was paid to the sick, and the death rate was abnormally high.¹

Between the resignation of Colonel Kononovich in 1881 and the appointment of Captain Nikolin in 1885 there were seven changes

feldt, and Madame Kutitonskaya. *Suicides*: Semyonofski (shot himself), Rodin (poisoned himself), Uspenski (hanged himself). *Insane*: Matveivich, Zubkofski, Pozen, and Madame Kavalskaya (the last named recovered). At the time of our visit to the mines eight out of the eleven women in the women's political prison were sick.

of commandment¹ and the prison was managed in a hit-or-miss sort of way, according to the caprice of the man who was at the head of it. At one time the prisoners were allowed books, daily walks, money, and communication with their relatives, while at another time

occupied only by law. The best of the commandants, according to the testimony of the prisoners, was Burlei. Khalturin was brutally cruel, Shubin was a man of little character, and Manaiyef was not only a drunkard, but a thief who destroyed hundreds of the prisoners' let-



PEASANTS THRESHING OUT GRAIN ON THE ICE.

all these privileges were taken away from them. The partitions that were erected in the *kameras* to reduce the size of the cells in 1882 were removed in 1884. The free command, which was abolished in 1881, was reëstablished in 1885. With every new officer there was a change in the regulations, and official whim or impulse took the place that should be oc-

¹ Kononovich, Potulof, Khalturin, Burlei, Shubin, Manaiyef, Burlei (a second time), and Nikolin.

ters and embezzled nineteen hundred rubles of money sent to them by their relatives and friends in European Russia. All of these officers were from the gendarmerie in Irkutsk. On the 16th of January, 1884, the political prison was put under the exclusive control of the imperial police, and early in 1885 Captain Nikolin was sent from St. Petersburg to take command of it.

Every word that Colonel Kononovich said to Assistant Minister of the Interior Durnova



RETURNING FROM KARA ON THE ICE OF THE SHILKA RIVER.

in 1881 with regard to the management of the political prison was shown by the subsequent course of events to be true. The Government forced an honest and humane man to resign and sent, one after another, half a dozen cruel or incapable men to take his place, and it reaped, in tragedies and scandals, the harvest that might have been expected. It is still pursuing, as I shall show in a subsequent paper, the same course, and it may look for the same results. It is sowing the wind, and sometime, in the not distant future, it will reap the whirlwind.

On the 12th of November, Mr. Frost and I, with glad hearts, turned our faces at last homeward. As we drove, with Major Potulof, out of the dreary settlement known as the Lower Diggings, two political convicts in long gray overcoats, who were walking towards the prison at a distance of one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the road, saw and

recognized us, and as we passed they stopped, removed their caps, and made towards us what the Russians call a "waist bow"—a bow so low that the body is bent at right angles from the waist. It was their last mute farewell to the travelers who had shown them sympathy and pity, and it is the last remembrance I have of the mines of Kara.

We spent that night in the house of the overseer of the Ust Kara prison at the mouth of the river, and on the following morning remounted our horses for another ride across the mountains to Stretinsk (Stray'tinsk). Major Potulof opened a bottle of white Crimean wine after we had climbed into our saddles, and, pouring out a glassful for each of us and for himself, said, "Here 's to the beginning of a journey to America!" We drank the stirrup-cup with bright anticipations of a return to home and friends, thanked Major Potulof for his kindness and hospitality, promised to

apprise him by telegraph of our safe arrival at Stretinsk, and rode away into the mountains.

The country lying along the Shilka in the vicinity of Kara is inhabited, away from the river, only by a tribe of half-wild nomads, known to the Russians as "Orozhánni." They acknowledge allegiance to the Russian Government, pay taxes, and are nominally Christians; but they rarely come into the Russian settlements, unless brought there by a desire to exchange their furs or reindeer for knives, kettles, or tobacco. The Russian priest at Kara visits them from time to time to conduct religious services, and the picture of an Orozhánni encampment during one of these services, on page 746, is from a photograph made and given to me by a political exile in Nerchinsk.

For two days after leaving Kara we rode on horseback across the rugged, forest-clad mountains that skirt the river Shilka, suffering constantly from cold, hunger, and fatigue. On the third day we reached Boti (Bo-tee'), the village

from which we had taken our horses, and found most of the population engaged in threshing out grain with flails on the ice. The peasants manifested great pleasure at seeing us, and said we had been gone so long that they had almost given us up for lost. The excitement and anxiety of our life at Kara and the hardships of our ride across the mountains in a temperature below zero had so exhausted my strength that when we reached Boti my pulse was running at 120 and I could hardly sit in the saddle. I should not have been able to ride on horseback another day. Fortunately we found the river at Boti solidly frozen and were able to continue our journey in sledges on the ice. Late on the night of November 16, tired, half-starved, and deadly cold, we reached the town of Stretinsk and found food, shelter, and rest in the little cabin of the young peasant Zablikof (Zah'blee-koff), where we had left most of our baggage when we set out on horseback for the mines of Kara.

George Kennan.

ATTALIE BROUILLARD.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

IN EIGHTEEN FIFTY-FIVE.



HE strange true stories we have thus far told have all been matter of public or of private record. Pages of history and travel, law reports, documents of court, the testimony of eye-witnesses, old manuscripts and letters, have insured to them the full force and charm of their reality. But now we must have it clearly and mutually understood that here is one the verity of which is vouched for stoutly, but only by tradition. It is very much as if we had nearly finished a strong, solid stone house and would now ask permission of our underwriters to add to it at the rear a small frame lean-to.

It is a mere bit of lawyers' table-talk, a piece of after-dinner property. It originally belonged, they say, to Judge Collins of New Orleans, as I believe we have already mentioned; his by right of personal knowledge. I might have got it straight from him had I heard of it but a few years sooner. His small, iron-gray head, dark, keen eyes, and nervous face and form are in my mind's eye now, as I saw him one day on the bench interrupting a lawyer at the bar and telling him in ten words what the lawyer was trying to tell in two hundred and fifty.

That the judge's right to this story was that

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of discovery, not of invention, is well attested; and if he or any one else allowed fictitious embellishments to gather upon it by oft telling of it in merry hours, the story had certainly lost all such superfluities the day it came to me as completely as if some one had stolen its clothes while it was in swimming. The best I can say is that it came unutilized, and that I have done only what any humane person would have done—given it drapery enough to cover its nakedness.

To speak yet plainer, I do not, even now, put aside, abridge, or alter a single *fact*; only, at most, restore one or two to spaces that indicate just what has dropped out. If a dentist may lawfully supply the place of a lost tooth, or an old beau comb his hair skillfully over a bald spot, then am I guiltless. I make the tale not less, and only just a trifle more, true; not more, but only a trifle less, strange. And this is it:

In 1855 this Attalie Brouillard—so called, mark you, for present convenience only—lived in the French quarter of New Orleans; I think they say in Bienville street, but that is no matter; somewhere in the *vieux carré* of Bienville's original town. She was a worthy woman; youngish, honest, rather handsome, with a little money—just a little; of attractive dress, with good manners, too; alone in the world, and—a quadroon. She kept furnished rooms to

rent — as a matter of course; what would she do?

Hence she was not so utterly alone in the world as she might have been. She even did what Stevenson says is so good, but not so easy, to do, "to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation." For instance there was Camille Ducour. That was not his name; but as we have called the woman A. B., let the man be represented by C. D.

He, too, was a quadroon; an f. m. c.¹ His personal appearance has not been described to us, but he must have had one. Fancy a small figure, thin, let us say, narrow-chested, round-shouldered, his complexion a dull clay color spattered with large red freckles, his eyes small, gray, and close together, his hair not long or bushy, but dense, crinkled, and hesitating between a dull yellow and a hot red; his clothes his own and his linen last week's.

He is said to have been a shrewd fellow; had picked up much practical knowledge of the law, especially of notarial business, and drove a smart trade giving private advice on points of law to people of his caste. From many a trap had he saved his poor clients of an hour. Out of many a danger of their own making had he safely drawn them, all unseen by, though not unknown to, the legitimate guild of judges, lawyers, and notaries out of whose professional garbage barrel he enjoyed a sort of stray dog's privilege of feeding.

His meetings with Attalie Brouillard were almost always on the street and by accident. Yet such meetings were invariably turned into pleasant visits in the middle of the sidewalk, after the time-honored Southern fashion. Hopes, ailments, the hardness of the times, the health of each one's "folks," and the condition of their own souls could not be told all in a breath. He never failed, when he could detain her no longer, to bid her feel free to call on him whenever she found herself in dire need of a wise friend's counsel. There was always in his words the hint that, though he never had quite enough cash for one, he never failed of knowledge and wisdom enough for two. And the gentle Attalie believed both clauses of his avowal.

Attalie had another friend, a white man.

JOHN BULL.

THIS other friend was a big, burly Englishman, forty-something years old, but looking older; a big pink cabbage-rose of a man who had for many years been Attalie's principal lodger. He, too, was alone in the world.

And yet neither was he so utterly alone as he might have been. For he was a cotton

buyer. In 1855 there was no business like the cotton business. Everything else was subservient to that. The cotton buyer's part, in particular, was a "pretty business." The cotton *factor* was harassingly responsible to a whole swarm of planter patrons, of whose feelings he had to be all the more careful when they were in his debt. The cotton *broker* could be bullied by his buyer. But the *buyer* was answerable only to some big commercial house away off in Havre or Hamburg or Liverpool, that had to leave all but a few of the largest and most vital matters to his discretion. Commendations and criticisms alike had to come by mail across the Atlantic.

Now, if a cotton buyer of this sort happened to be a bachelor, with no taste for society, was any one likely to care what he substituted, out of business hours, for the conventional relations of domestic life? No one answers. Cotton buyers of that sort were apt to have very comfortable furnished rooms in the old French quarter. This one in Attalie's house had the two main rooms on the first floor above the street.

Honestly, for all our winking and tittering, we know nothing whatever against this person's private character except the sad fact that he was a man and a bachelor. At forty-odd, it is fair to suppose, one who knows the world well enough to be the trusted agent of others, thousands of miles across the ocean, has bid farewell to all mere innocence and has made choice between virtue and vice. But we have no proof whatever that Attalie's cotton buyer had not solemnly chosen virtue and stuck to his choice as an Englishman can.

All we know as to this, really, is that for many years here he had roomed, and that, moved by some sentiment, we know not certainly what, he had again and again assured Attalie that she should never want while he had anything, and that in his will, whenever he should make it, she would find herself his sole legatee. On neither side of the water, said he, had he any one to whom the law obliged him to leave his property nor, indeed, any large wealth; only a little money in bank — a very indefinite statement. In 1855 the will was still unwritten.

There is little room to doubt that this state of affairs did much interest Camille Ducour — at a distance. The Englishman may have known him by sight. The kind of acquaintance he might have had with the quadroon was not likely to vary much from an acquaintance with some unknown neighbor's cat on which he mildly hoped to bestow a pitcher of water if ever he caught him under his window.

Camille mentioned the Englishman approvingly to three other friends of Attalie, when, with what they thought was adroitness, they turned conversation upon her pecuniary wel-

¹ Free man of color.

fare. They were Jean d'Eau, a slumberous butcher; Richard Reau, an embarrassed baker; and one — Ecswyzee, an illiterate but prosperous candlestick-maker. These names may sound inexact, but *can you prove* that these were not their names and occupations? We shall proceed.

These three simple souls were bound to Attalie by the strong yet tender bonds of debit and credit. She was not distressingly but only interestingly "behind" on their well-greased books, where Camille's account, too, was longer on the left-hand side. When they alluded inquiringly to her bill, he mentioned the Englishman vaguely and assured them it was "good paper to hold," once or twice growing so extravagant as to add that his (Camille's) own was hardly better!

The tradesmen replied that they had n't a shadow of doubt. In fact, they said, their mention of the matter was mere jest, etc.

DU COUR'S MEDITATIONS.

THERE were a few points in this case upon which Camille wished he could bring to bear those purely intellectual—not magical—powers of divination which he modestly told his clients were the secret of all his sagacious advice. He wished he could determine conclusively and exactly what was the mutual relation of Attalie and her lodger. Out of the minutest corner of one eye he had watched her for years.

A quadroom woman's lot was a hard one; any true woman would say that, even while approving the laws and popular notions of necessity that made that lot what it was. The law, popular sentiment, public policy, always looked at Attalie's sort with their right eye shut. And according to all the demands of the other eye Camille knew that Attalie was honest, faithful. But was that all; or did she stand above and beyond the demands of law and popular sentiment? In a word, to whom was she honest, faithful; to the Englishman merely, or actually to herself? If to herself actually, then in case of his early death,—for Camille had got a notion of that, and had got it from Attalie, who had got it from the Englishman,—what then? Would she get his money, or any of it? No, not if Camille knew men—especially white men. For a quadroom woman to be true to herself and to her God was not the kind of thing that white men—if he knew them—rewarded. But if the case was not of that sort, and the relation was what he *hoped* it was, and according to his ideas of higher law it had a right to be, why, then, she might reasonably hope for a good fat slice—if there should turn out, after all, to be any fat to slice.

Thence arose the other question—had the Englishman any money? And if so, was it much, or was it so little as to make it hardly worth while for the Englishman to die early at all? You can't tell just by looking at a man or his clothes. In fact, is it not astonishing how quietly a man—of the quiet kind—can either save great shining stacks of money, or get rid of all he makes as fast as he makes it? Is n't it astonishing? Being a cotton buyer did not answer the question. He might be getting very large pay or very small; or even none. Some men had got rich without ever charging anything for their services. The cotton business those days was a perfectly lovely business—so many shady by-paths and circuitous labyrinths. Even in the law—why, sometimes even he, Camille Ducour, did not charge anything. But that was not often.

Only one thing was clear—there ought to be a written will. For Attalie Brouillard, f. w. c., could by no means be or become the Englishman's legal heir. The law mumbled something about "one-tenth," but for the rest answered in the negative and with a black frown. Her only chance—but we shall come to that.

All in a tremor one day a messenger, Attalie's black slave girl, came to Camille to say that her mistress was in trouble! in distress! in deeper distress than he could possibly imagine, and in instant need of that wise counsel which Camille Ducour had so frequently offered to give.

"I am busy," he said, in the creole-negro *patois*, "but—has anybody—has anything happened to—to anybody in Madame Brouillard's house?"

"Yes," the messenger feared that "*ce Michié qui poté soulié jaune*—that gentleman who wears yellow shoes—is ill. Madame Brouillard is hurrying to and fro and crying."

"Very loud?"

"No, silently; yet as though her heart were breaking."

"And the doctor?" asks Camille, as he and the messenger are hurrying side by side out of Exchange alley into Bienville street.

"— was there yesterday and the day before."

They reach the house. Attalie meets her counselor alone at the top of the stairs. "*Li bien malade*," she whispers, weeping; "he is very ill."

"— wants to make his will?" asks Camille. All their talk is in their bad French.

Attalie nods, answers inaudibly, and weeps afresh. Presently she manages to tell how the sick man had tried to write, and failed, and had fallen back exclaiming, "Attalie—Attalie—I want to leave it all to you—what little—" and did not finish, but presently gasped out, "Bring a notary."

"And the doctor?"

"— has not come to-day. Michié told the doctor if he came again he would kick him downstairs. Yes, and the doctor says whenever a patient of his says that he stops coming."

They reach the door of the sick man's bed-chamber. Attalie pushes it softly, looks into the darkened chamber and draws back, whispering, "He has dropped asleep."

Camille changes places with her and looks in. Then he moves a step across the threshold, leans forward peeringly, and then turns about, lifts his ill-kept forefinger, and murmurs while he fixes his little eyes on hers:

"If you make a noise, or in any way let any one know what has happened, it will cost you all he is worth. I will leave you alone with him just ten minutes." He makes as if to pass by her towards the stair, but she seizes him by the wrist.

"What do you mean?" she asks, with alarm.

"Hush! you speak too loud. He is dead."

The woman leaps by him, slamming him against the banisters, and disappears within the room. Camille hears her loud, long moan as she reaches the bedside. He takes three or four audible steps away from the door and towards the stairs, then turns, and darting with the swift silence of a cat surprises her on her knees by the bed, disheveled, unheeding, all moans and tears, and covering with passionate kisses the dead man's — hands only!

To impute moral sublimity to a white man and a quadroon woman at one and the same time and in one and the same affair was something beyond the powers of Camille's small soul. But he gave Attalie, on the instant, full credit, over credit it may be, and felt a momentary thrill of spiritual contagion that he had scarcely known before in all his days. He uttered not a sound; but for all that he said within himself, drawing his breath in through his clenched teeth, and tightening his fists till they trembled, "Oho-o! — Aha! — No wonder you postponed the writing of your will day by day, month by month, year in and year out! But you shall see, my fine Michié White man — dead as you are, you shall see — you 'll see if you shan't! — she shall have the money, little or much! Unless there are heirs she shall have every picayune of it!" Almost as quickly as it had flashed up, the faint flicker of moral feeling died out; yet the resolution remained. He was going to "beat" a dead white man.

PROXY.

CAMILLE glided to the woman's side and laid a gentle yet commanding touch upon her.

"Come, there is not a moment to lose."

"What do you want?" asked Attalie. She neither rose nor turned her head, nor even let go the dead man's hand.

"I must make haste to fulfill the oft-repeated request of my friend here."

"Your friend!" She still knelt, and held the hand, but turned her face, full of pained resentment, upon the speaker behind her. He was calm.

"Our friend; yes, this man here. You did not know that I was his secret confidential adviser? Well, that was all right; I told him to tell no one. But now I must carry out his instructions. Madame Brouillard, this man wished to leave you every cent he had in the world."

Attalie slowly laid her lips on the big cold hand lying in her two hot ones and let the silent tears wet all three. Camille spoke on to her averted form:

"He may never have told you so till to-day, but he has often told me. 'I tell you, Camille,' he used to say, 'because I can trust you: I can't trust a white man in a matter like this.' He told you? Yes; then you know that I speak the truth. But one thing you did not know; that this intention of his was the result of my earnest advice.—Stop! Madame Brouillard — if you please — we have no time for amazement or questions now; and less than none for expressions of gratitude. Listen to me. You know he was always afraid he would die some day suddenly? Yes, of course; everybody knew that. One night — our meetings were invariably at night — he said to me, 'Camille, my dear friend, if I should go all of a sudden some day before I write that will, *you know what to do.*' Those were his exact words: 'Camille, my dear friend, *you know what to do.*'" All this was said to the back of Attalie's head and neck; but now the speaker touched her with one finger: "Madame, are your lodgers all down town?"

She nodded.

"Good. And you have but the one servant. Go tell her that our dear friend has been in great suffering but is now much better, quite free from pain, in fact, and wants to attend to some business. Send her to Exchange alley, to the office of Eugene Favre. He is a notary public" — He murmured some further description. "Understand?"

Attalie, still kneeling, kept her eyes on his in silence, but she understood; he saw that.

"She must tell him," he continued, "to come at once. But before she goes there she must stop on the way and tell three persons to come and witness a notarial act. Now whom shall they be? For they must be white male residents of the parish, and they must not be

insane, deaf, dumb, blind, nor disqualified by crime. I will tell you: let them be Jean d'Eau—at the French market. He will still be there; it is his turn to scrub the market to-day. Get him, Richard Reau, and old man Escwyzee. And on no account must the doctor be allowed to come. Do that, Madame Brouillard, as quickly as you can. I will wait here."

But the kneeling figure hesitated, with intense distress in her upturned face: "What are you going to do, Michié Ducour?"

"We are going to make you sole legatee."

"I do not want it! How are you going to do it? How?"

"In a way which he knows about and approves."

Attalie hid her shapely forehead again on the dead hand. "I cannot leave him. Do what you please, only let me stay here. Oh! let me stay here."

"I see," said Camille, with cold severity, "like all women, you count the foolish sentiments of the living of more value than the reasonable wish of the dead." He waited a moment for these words to take effect upon her motionless form, and then, seeing that—again like a woman—she was waiting and wishing for compulsion, he lifted her by one arm. "Come. Go. And make haste to get back again; we are losing priceless time."

She went. But just outside the door she seemed to halt. Camille put out his freckled face and turtle neck. "Well?"

"O Michié Ducour!" the trembling woman whispered, "those three witnesses will never do. I am in debt to every one of them!"

"Madame Brouillard, the one you owe the most to will be the best witness. Well? What next?"

"O my dear friend! what is this going to cost?—in money, I mean. I am so afraid of lawyers' accounts! I have nothing, and if it turns out that he has very, very little—It is true that I sent for you, but—I did not think you—what must you charge?"

"Nothing!" whispered Camille. "Madame Brouillard, whether he leaves you little or much, this must be for me a labor of love to him who was secretly my friend, or I will not touch it. He certainly had something, however, or he would not have tried to write a will. But, my dear madame, if you do not right here, now, stop looking scared, as if you were about to steal something instead of saving something from being stolen, it will cost us a great deal. Go. Make haste! That's right!—Ts-s-s! Hold on! Which is your own bedroom, upstairs?—Never mind why I ask; tell me. Yes; all right! Now, go!—Ts-s-s! Bring my hat up as you return."

She went downstairs. Camille tiptoed quick-

ly back into the death chamber, whipped off his shoes, ran to a small writing-table, then to the bureau, then to the armoire, trying their drawers. Locked they were, every one. He ran to the bed and searched swiftly under pillows and mattresses—no keys. Never mind. He wrapped a single sheet about the dead man's form, stepped lightly to the door, looked out, listened, heard nothing, and tripped back again.

And then with all his poor strength he lifted the bulk, still limp, in his arms, and with only two or three halts in the toilsome journey, to dash the streaming sweat from his brows and to better his hold so that the heels should not drag on the steps, carried it up to Attalie's small room and laid it, decently composed, on her bed.

Then he glided downstairs again and had just slipped into his shoes when Attalie came up hastily from below. She was pale and seemed both awe-struck and suspicious. As she met him outside the door grief and dismay were struggling in her eyes with mistrust, and as he coolly handed her the key of her room indignation joined the strife. She reddened and flashed:

"My God! you have not, yourself, already?"

"I could not wait, Madame Brouillard. We must run up now, and do for him whatever cannot be put off; and then you must let me come back, leaving my hat and shoes and coat up there, and—you understand?"

Yes; the whole thing was heartless and horrible, but—she understood. They went up.

THE NUNCUPATIVE WILL.

IN their sad task upstairs Attalie held command. Camille went and came on short errands to and from the door of her room, and was let in only once or twice when, for lifting or some such thing, four hands were indispensable. Soon both he and she came down to the door of the vacated room again together. He was in his shirt sleeves and without his shoes; but he had resumed command.

"And now, Madame Brouillard, to do this thing in the very best way I ought to say to you at once that our dear friend—did he ever tell you what he was worth?" The speaker leaned against the door-post and seemed to concern himself languidly with his black-rimmed finger-nails, while in fact he was watching Attalie from head to foot with all his senses and wits. She looked grief-stricken and thoroughly wretched.

"No," she said, very quietly, then suddenly burst into noiseless fresh tears, sank into a chair, buried her face in her wet handkerchief, and cried, "Ah! no, no, no! that was none of

my business. He was going to leave it all to me. I never asked if it was little or much."

While she spoke Camille was reckoning with all his might and speed: "She has at least some notion as to whether he is rich or poor. She seemed a few minutes ago to fear he is poor, but I must try her again. Let me see: if he is poor and I say he is rich she will hope I know better than she, and will be silent. But if he is rich and she knows it, and I say he is poor, she will suspect fraud and will out with the actual fact on the spot." By this time she had ceased, and he spoke out:

"Well, Madame Brouillard, the plain fact is he was—as you may say—poor."

She looked up quickly from her soaking handkerchief, dropped her hands into her lap, and gazing at Camille through her tears said, "Alas! I feared it. That is what I feared. But ah! since it makes no difference to him now, 't makes little to me. I feared it. That accounts for his leaving it to me, poor *milatraise*."

"But would you have imagined, madame, that all he had was barely three thousand dollars?"

"Ah! three thousand—ah! Michié Ducour," she said between a sob and a moan, "that is not so little. Three thousand! In Paris, where my brother lives, that would be fifteen thousand francs. Ah! Michié Ducour, I never guessed half that much. Michié Ducour, I tell you—he was too good to be rich." Her eyes stood full.

Camille started busily from his leaning posture and they began again to be active. But, as I have said, their relations were reversed once more. He gave directions from within the room, and she did short errands to and from the door.

The witnesses came: first Jean d'Eau, then Richard Reau, and almost at the same moment the aged Ecswyzee. The black maid led them up from below, and Attalie, tearless now, but meek and red-eyed, and speaking low through the slightly opened door from within the Englishman's bed-chamber, thanked them, explained that a will was to be made, and was just asking them to find seats in the adjoining front room, when the notary, aged, bent, dark-goggled, and as insensible as a machine, arrived. Attalie's offers to explain were murmured away by his wrinkled hand, and the four men followed her into the bed-chamber. The black maid-of-all-work also entered.

The room was heavily darkened. There was a rich aroma of fine brandy on its air. The Englishman's little desk had been drawn up near the bedside. Two candles were on it, unlighted, in small, old silver candlesticks. Attalie, grief-worn, distressed, visibly agitated, moved close to the bedside. Her sad figure suited the place with poetic fitness. The notary

stood by the chair at the desk. The three witnesses edged along the wall where the curtained windows glimmered, took seats there, and held their hats in their hands. All looked at one object.

It was a man reclining on the bed under a light covering, deep in pillows, his head and shoulders much bundled up in wrappings. He moaned faintly and showed every sign of utmost weakness. His eyes opened only now and then, but when they did so they shone intelligently, though with a restless intensity, apparently from both pain and anxiety.

He gasped a faint word. Attalie hung over him for an instant, and then turning quickly to her maid, who was lighting the candles for the notary and placing them so they should not shine into the eyes of the man in bed, said:

"His feet—another hot-water bottle."

The maid went to get it. While she was gone the notary asked the butcher, then the baker, and then the candlestick-maker if they could speak and understand English, and where they resided. Their answers were satisfactory. Then he sat down, bent low to the desk, and wrote on a blank form the preamble of a nuncupative will. By the time he had finished, the maid had got back and the hot bottle had been properly placed. The notary turned his goggles upon the reclining figure and asked in English, with a strong creole accent:

"What is your name?"

The words of the man in the bed were an inaudible gasp. But Attalie bent her ear quickly, caught them, and turning repeated:

"More brandy."

The black girl brought a decanter from the floor behind the bureau, and a wine-glass from the washstand. Attalie poured, the patient drank, and the maid replaced glass and decanter. The eyes of the butcher and the baker followed the sparkling vessel till it disappeared, and the maker of candlesticks made a dry swallow and faintly licked his lips. The notary remarked that there must be no intervention of speakers between himself and the person making the will, nor any turning aside to other matters; but that merely stopping a moment to satisfy thirst without leaving the room was not a vitiation turning aside and would not be, even if done by others besides the party making the will. But here the patient moaned and said audibly, "Let us go on." And they went on. The notary asked the patient's name, the place and date of his birth, etc., and the patient's answers were in every case whatever the Englishman's would have been. Presently the point was reached where the patient should express his wishes unprompted by suggestion or inquiry. He said faintly, "I will and bequeath"—

The servant girl, seeing her mistress bury her face in her handkerchief, did the same. The patient gasped audibly and said again, but more faintly:

"I will and bequeath—some more brandy."

The decanter was brought. He drank again. He let Attalie hand it back to the maid and the maid get nearly to the bureau when he said in a low tone of distinct reproof:

"Pass it 'round." The four visitors drank.

Then the patient resumed with stronger voice. "I will and bequeath to my friend Camille Ducour"—

Attalie started from her chair with a half-uttered cry of amazement and protest, but dropped back again at the notary's gesture for silence, and the patient spoke straight on without hesitation—"to my friend Camille Ducour, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars in cash."

Attalie and her handmaiden looked at each other with a dumb show of lamentation; but her butcher and her baker turned slowly upon her candlestick-maker, and he upon them, a look of quiet but profound approval. The notary wrote, and the patient spoke again:

"I will everything else which I may leave at my death, both real and personal property, to Madame Attalie Brouillard."

"Ah!" exclaimed Attalie, in the manner of one largely, but not entirely, propitiated. The maid suited her silent movement to the utterance, and the three witnesses exchanged slow looks of grave satisfaction. Mistress and maid, since the will seemed to them so manifestly and entirely finished, began to whisper together, although the patient and the notary were still perfecting some concluding formalities. But presently the notary began to read aloud the instrument he had prepared, keeping his face buried in the paper and running his nose and purblind eyes about it nervously, like a newborn thing hunting the warm fountain of life. All gave close heed. We need not give the document in its full length, nor his creole accent in its entire breadth. This is only something like it:

"Dthee State of Louisiana," etc. "Be h-it known dthat on dthees h-eighth day of dthee month of May, One thousan' h-eight hawndred and fifty-five, dthat I, Emile Favre, a not-arie pewblich een and for dthe State of Louisiana, parrish of Orleans, duly commission-ed and qualeefi-ed, was sue-mon-ed to dthe domee-ceel of Mr. [the Englishman's name], Number [so-and-so] Bienville street; . . . dthat I found sayed Mr. [Englishman] lying in heez bade in dthee rear room of dthee second floor h-of dthee sayed house . . . at about two o'clock in dthee h-afternoon, and beingue inform-ed by dthee sayed Mr. [Englishman] dthat he *dis-i-red* too make heez weel, I,

sayed not-arie, sue-mon-ed into sayed bed-chamber of dthe sayed Mr. [Englishman] dthe following nam-ed witnesses of lawfool h-age and residents of dthe sayed cittie, parish, and State, to wit: Mr. Jean d'Eau, Mr. Richard Reau, and Mr. V. Deblieux Ecswyzee. That there *up-on* sayed Mr. [Englishman] being seek in bodie but of soun' mine, which was *happarent* to me not-arie and dthe sayed witnesses by heez lang-uage and h-actions then and there in dthe presence of sayed witnesses *dictated* to me not-arie dthe following as heez laz weel and testament, weech was written by me sayed not-arie as *dictated* by the sayed Mr. [Englishman], to wit:

"My name ees [John Bull]. I was born in," etc. "My father and mother are dade. I have no chil'ren. I have never had annie brawther or seester. I have never been married. Thees is my laz weel. I have never made a weel befo'. I weel and *bickweath* to my fran' Camille Ducour dthe sawm of fifteen hawndred dollars in cash. I weel h-everything else weech I may leave at my daith, both real and personal property, to Madame Attalie Brouillard, leevingue at Number," etc. "I appoint my sayed fran' Camille Ducour as my testamentary executor, weeth-out bon', and grant heem dthe seizin' of my h-estate, h-and I dir-ect heem to pay h-all my juz debts.

"Thees weel and testament as thus *dictated* too me by sayed *testator* and weech was wreeten by me not-arie by my h-own han' jus' as *dictated*, was thane by me not-arie rade to sayed Mr. [Englishman] in an audible voice and in the presence of dthe aforesayed three witnesses, and dthe sayed Mr. [Englishman] *diclar-ed* that he well awnder-stood me not-arie and persever-ed een *diclar-ing* the same too be his laz weel; all of weech was don' at one time and place weethout *inter'upcion* and weethout turningue aside to other acts.

"Thus done and passed," etc.

The notary rose, a wet pen in one hand and the will—with his portfolio under it for a tablet—in the other. Attalie hurried to the bedside and stood ready to assist. The patient took the pen with a trembling hand. The writing was laid before him, and Attalie with a knee on the bed thrust her arm under the pillows behind him to make a firmer support.

The patient seemed to summon all his power to poise and steady the pen, but his hand shook, his fingers loosened, and it fell upon the document, making two or three blots there and another on the bed-covering, whither it rolled. He groped faintly for it, moaned, and then relaxed.

"He cannot sign!" whispered Attalie, piteously.

"Yes," gasped the patient.

The notary once more handed him the pen, but the same thing happened again.

The butcher cleared his throat in a way to draw attention. Attalie looked towards him and he drawled, half rising from his chair:

"I t'ink—a li'l' more cognac"—

"Yass," murmured the baker. The candlestick-maker did not speak, but unconsciously wet his lips with his tongue and wiped them with the back of his forefinger. But every eye turned to the patient, who said:

"I cannot write—my hand—shakes so."

The notary asked a formal question or two, to which the patient answered "yes" and "no." The official sat again at the desk, wrote a proper statement of the case, and then read it aloud. The patient gave assent, and the three witnesses stepped forward and signed. Then the notary signed.

As the four men approached the door to depart the baker said, lingeringly, to Attalie, smiling diffidently as he spoke:

"Dat settin' still make a man mighty dry, yass."

"Yass, da's true," said Attalie.

"Yass," he added, "same time he dawn't better drink much *water* dat hot weader, no." The butcher turned and smiled concurrence; but Attalie, though she again said "yass," only added good-day, and the maid led them and the notary downstairs and let them out.

MEN CAN BE BETTER THAN THEIR LAWS.

AN hour later, when the black maid returned from an errand, she found her mistress at the head of the stairs near the Englishman's door, talking in suppressed tones to Camille Ducour, who, hat in hand, seemed to have just dropped in and to be just going out again. He went, and Attalie said to her maid that he was "so good" and was going to come and sit up all night with the sick man.

The next morning the maid—and the neighborhood—were startled to hear that the cotton buyer had died in the night. The physician called and gave a certificate of death without going up to the death chamber.

The funeral procession was short. There was first the carriage with the priest and acolytes; then the hearse; then a carriage in which sat the cotton buyer's clerk,—he had had but one,—his broker, and two men of that singular sort that go to everybody's funeral; then a carriage occupied by Attalie's other lodgers, and then, in a carriage bringing up the rear, of course, were Camille Ducour and Madame Brouillard. She alone wept, and, for all we have seen, we yet need not doubt her tears were genuine. Such was the cortège. Oh! also, in his private vehicle, driven by himself,

was a very comfortable and genteel-looking man, whom neither Camille nor Attalie knew, but whom every other attendant at the funeral seemed to regard with deference. While the tomb was being sealed Camille sidled up to the broker and made bold to ask who the stranger was. Attalie did not see the movement, and Camille did not tell her what the broker said.

Late in the next afternoon but one Camille again received word from Attalie to call and see her in all haste. He found her in the Englishman's front room. Five white men were sitting there with her. They not only looked amused, but plainly could have looked more so but for the restraints of rank and station. Attalie was quite as visibly frightened. Camille's knees weakened and a sickness came over him as he glanced around the group. For in the midst sat the stranger who had been at the funeral, while on his right sat two, and on his left two, men, the terror of whose presence we shall understand in a moment.

"Mr. Ducour," said the one who had been at the funeral, "as friends of Mr. [Englishman] we desire to express our satisfaction at the terms of his last will and testament. We have had a long talk with Madame Brouillard; but for myself, I already knew his wish that she should have whatever he might leave. But a wish is one thing; a will, even a nuncupative will by public act, is another and an infinitely better and more effective thing. But we wish also to express our determination to see that you are not hindered in the execution of any of the terms of this will, whose genuineness we, of course, do not for a moment question." He looked about upon his companions. Three of them shook their heads gravely; but the fourth, in his over-zeal, attempted to say "No," and burst into a laugh; whereupon they all broadly smiled, while Camille looked ghastly. The speaker resumed:

"I am the custodian of all Mr. [Englishman's] accounts and assets. This gentleman is a judge, this one is a lawyer,—I believe you know them all by sight,—this one is a banker, and this one—a—in fact, a detective. We wish you to feel at all times free to call upon any or all of us for advice, and to bear in mind that our eyes are ever on you with a positively solicitous interest. You are a busy man, Mr. Ducour, living largely by your wits, and we must not detain you longer. We are glad that you are yourself to receive fifteen hundred dollars. We doubt not you have determined to settle the affairs of the estate without other remuneration, and we not merely approve but distinctly recommend that decision. The task will involve an outlay of your time and labor for which fifteen hundred dollars will be a gen-

erous, a handsome, but not an excessive remuneration. You will be glad to know there will still be something left for Madame Brouillard. And now, Mr. Ducour,"—he arose and approached the pallid scamp, smiling benevolently,—"*remember* us as your friends, who will *watch* you"—he smote him on the shoulder with all the weight of his open palm—"with no *ordinary* interest. Be assured you

shall get your fifteen hundred, and Attalie shall have the rest, which—as Attalie tells me she has well known for years—will be about thirty thousand dollars. Gentlemen, our dinner at the lake will be waiting. Good-day, Mr. Ducour. Good-day, Madame Brouillard. Have no fear. Mr. Ducour is going to render you full justice,—without unnecessary delay,—in solid cash." And he did.

G. W. Cable.



HEN Mynheer van Steen in Sippken spoke of the great De Keyser of Rotterdam he seemed to melt together in abject humility. There were two

things about which he grew almost poetic: a young herring of the first precious batch, young, unsophisticated, tender, for which his Majesty of Holland gives a gratuity of five hundred guilders, and—Mynheer de Keyser.

Such a herring nestling beside a pickled onion brought tears to his eyes, and he would say, as he gulped down the tenderest part, "If Mynheer de Keyser were only here!" It was understood if the illustrious man ever did come to Sippken the festivities would be worthy of the distinguished visitor and of Mynheer van Steen, who was great not only in the grocery business and as a tobacco grower, but he was besides Burgomeister of Sippken. It was Mynheer de Keyser who bought his tobacco and sold him his groceries, and in his day Nicodemus de Keyser had turned his guilders to so good an account that Van Steen grew quite faint in the contemplation of that rather un-

steady signature, representing, as it did, fabulous wealth.

Mevrouw van Steen had faded out of the world after bringing Jufrow Mettje into existence, the only change for Mynheer being that in future he played his nightly games of cards with his sister, Aunt Jetta. They played for a penny a game, and when he had bad cards he lost his temper, but Aunt Jetta was always placid. Never was the purple bow stirred that rested lightly on the parting of her brown front.

Early in life Aunt Jetta had resigned herself to playing cards with her brother and listening to glowing accounts of how Mynheer de Keyser would be received should he ever come to Sippken.

"How I long to see him!" Mynheer cried with enthusiasm. For forty years he had lived and trusted the great man simply by mail. "A man so rich must be good and wise," he exclaimed; and he meant it, did Mynheer van Steen. The good, the true, and the beautiful were all represented to him by his ideal of Mynheer de Keyser.

One day Mynheer received a joyful shock. It made the sheet of letter-paper in his hand rattle, for the illustrious De Keyser, after certain orders relative to tobacco, added, without false

sentiment, postage being dear, that having heard much of the charms of Jufrow Mettje van Steen and being lonely in his big house on the Boompjes Graacht, he would do himself the honor of offering her his hand in marriage.

Mynheer sank back in his leathern arm-chair in ecstasy; then he rang a hand-bell, and Aunt Jetta appeared.

"Mynheer de Keyser—"

"Dear me, dead?" Aunt Jetta suggested placidly.

"Dead!" Here he laughed. "Well, hardly. Prepare yourself for joyful news. Jetta, Mynheer de Keyser desires to marry again."

"Marry again?" Aunt Jetta repeated, and flushed.

"Marry, yes, marry. Be joyful—he wishes to marry our Mettje."

Aunt Jetta folded her hands and was distinctly icy in her joy.

"Call Mettje!" And Mynheer strode along the polished floor until his felt slippers flapped up and down in agitation.

"How sweet it sounds!—Mevrouw de Keyser. Some day—yes, some day I may hope to say to him, 'Nicodemus.' There, call Mettje. Imagine her joy."

"Joy! Humph! Think of his age. Joy? Seventeen and seventy! Well, hardly."

So short did Mynheer stop in his career that for a second his coat-tails lay outspread in the air.

"Jetta, a De Keyser has no age. He is always beautiful, good, and young. As long as he lasts he is always a princely match. If he had only one leg—in fact, no legs—he would still be more than desirable. Mynheer has, God be praised! all his faculties, and therefore—Jetta, don't stand staring; call Mettje."

Mettje looked in at the door and gave a doubtful glance at the family group.

"If, child, you had a wish granted to you, what should it be?" Mynheer asked solemnly, and beat time with his forefinger on Mynheer de Keyser's letter.

Mettje leaned her slim back against the door and considered.

"There are two things."

"But, my dearest child, it can be but one thing."

"Very well, then"—with a sign of resignation: "as much apple-sauce as I can possibly eat."

"My innocent child! I knew you would not venture. There, prepare yourself for exceeding joy. A part of this letter relates to you. I will read it: how simple, yet how impressive!

'The last invoice of tobacco was hardly up to—' No, that is n't it. 'Five hundred pounds of better quality.' I am so agitated, I really can't find it. In short, Mettje, he does you the honor to offer you his hand in marriage."

"What?" Jufrow van Steen cried and laughed until her brown eyes glistened with tears. "Marry me? I marry Mynheer de Keyser? Why then I shall have to call him—ha! ha! —Nicodemus."

"True," her father assented respectfully. To him there could be nothing ludicrous about a De Keyser.

"How old is Mynheer?" she asked with sudden gravity.

"Well—in the prime of life, child: seventy or thereabouts."

"He might live ten or fifteen years longer, eh, papa?"

"Twenty," her papa assented briskly.

"Ah, dear me! that is just the trouble."

"What—what?"

Trouble! You—you don't dare to say, suggest—where is your joy? where is your gratitude?"

"As for joy, papa, no matter about that"; and Mistress Mettje shrugged her pretty shoulders. "You can say to him, please, that Jufrow van Steen is deeply grateful, and having no choice whatever in the matter she accepts his offer with—with temperate rapture."

Mynheer's suitable and respectful reply was forwarded to Rotterdam by "Trekschuit" (canal-boat) at the rate of about six miles a day, which is as fast as the wings of love can in Holland carry a declaration of passion.



"AUNT JETTA FOLDED HER HANDS AND WAS DISTINCTLY ICY IN HER JOY."

II.

A HUNDRED years ago it was a matter of some expense to send a letter; therefore Mynheer van Steen sensibly prefaced his answer with certain business commissions, after which he expressed his joy at the honor Mynheer conferred on the Van Steen family by desiring to marry Mistress Mettje.

It was young Laurens de Keyser who carelessly broke open the five ponderous seals that hid so much information; then he whistled so long and so loud that the nine other clerks paused in the scratching of their several goose-quills to look up in marked disapproval. The truth was that the only son of De Keyser was a black sheep, criminally indifferent to the whole East India trade. Instead of writing at his desk he preferred to stroll along the canals, his hands in his breeches pockets, his cocked hat on the back of his head, gathering information from every vagabond in Rotterdam. Slowly and stately Mynheer de Keyser's great merchantmen sailed down the Boompjes Graacht and anchored at his very front door, and the sight of strange creatures all nimbleness, earrings, and grins, and the pungent smell of the sea, suggesting unknown lands, filled Laurens de Keyser's mind with wild longings for—he hardly knew what.

"Let me see the world, father, sow my wild oats, come back and be a worthy progenitor of the De Keyzers," Laurens urged. This being an innovation on family traditions, young Laurens staid where he was, and became a thorn in Mynheer's flesh.

Instead of writing in the ponderous ledgers, he drew fantastic pictures of young females on the precious office paper—young females not without interest to the other clerks, but at sight of whom Mynheer de Keyser and his head bookkeeper shuddered. If it be added that Laurens owned a guitar and sang songs which made the respectable echoes of the old house moan and quake to have to perpetuate anything so lively, it will be acknowledged that as a De Keyser he was a failure.

He smiled as he folded up Mynheer's letter and murmured, "A nice young person you must be, Mistress Mettje." Then full of visions of compromise he knocked at his father's door.

"What do you want, Laurens? More money, more time for idleness, eh?"

The great De Keyser sat in a cubby-hole surrounded by dusty shelves laden with fly-

blown bottles of ancient samples of everything under heaven. Mynheer sat at a shabby desk beside a window that had an unwashed view of brick area, and one other chair constituted the furniture of this apartment.



"THE GREAT DE KEYSER SAT IN A CUBBY-HOLE."

"By no means, father. Here is a letter from Mynheer van Steen."

"About what?"

"Herrings, currants, brown sugar, and"—here Laurens looked encouragingly at his father—"well, yes, and love."

"Love? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Now, father, let us take it easily and comfortably." And to begin Laurens sat himself astride the chair, folded his arms on the back, and smiled.

"It seems, my dear father, while I am pinning for freedom you are seeking bondage—every one to his taste! It is not every son who would gracefully, nay joyously, receive a new mother, but I will do so if—"

"If what?"

"If you will let me go away from here. Give me a little freedom. I have never seen



METTJE.

the world. I know nothing, I hear nothing. In a general way, I suppose, God made the world for a De Keyser to trade in, and he made people for a De Keyser to trade with. But, father," he added confidently, "I am so deadly tired of being a De Keyser; I should like a change."

"And this is the son I have brought into the world!" was all Mynheer could utter.

Laurens nodded and sighed. "I wish sometimes you had brought some one else into the world."

"And you dare to suggest a bargain with me? Your freedom for mine, indeed! I wish you to understand that if I choose to marry again you have nothing whatever to say about it."

"But, father, if I go away you will have plain sailing, and if I stay she might draw comparisons—and, after all, father, you have been younger."

"Younger! That I have lived to see this day!"

"I am very glad of it, I am sure, but supposing that Mevrouw should fall in love with me?"

Mynheer turned livid with rage. "Go to the devil! Leave my house! I can get on without you; see if you can get on without me!"

"Do you really mean it, father?" And Laurens rose to his feet.

"Go to the devil!"

"Ultimately perhaps, but I mean to stop at one or two places on the way. Good-by, father"; and young Laurens stepped briskly over the threshold and departed from out of the presence of Mynheer.

III.

THERE had been times of great public commotion in Sippken. The Spaniards in their day had clattered over the highway, and Duke Alva had passed a night in the old town house in the market-place; but even these circumstances were not so remarkable as to see a young and able-bodied man sitting on a milking-stool in the meadow sketching one of Mynheer van Steen's cows. That any one should do anything but milk a cow was so absurd that the cow was apparently struck by it, for she paused in the chewing of her cud to contemplate the artist. In this she was joined by a small urchin sent to recover the milking-stool, followed by the dairy-maid, a buxom wench in clogs, and on her head a tight, white cap with gold ornaments dangling against her temples.

"Quick, Peter, fetch the Jufrow," she whispered in open-mouthed wonder.

The message reached Mistress Mettje thus: "Quick, Jufrow! something is happening to Brigitta the cow in the meadow."

Mynheer was just taking his afternoon nap when Mettje roused him:

"Father, come down to the meadow; something has happened to our Brigitta." And before he could ask a question she was gone.

Mynheer yawned grievously, took down a rusty old sword, put on his cocked hat, and passed majestically through the kitchen garden to the meadow where danger threatened Brigitta the cow.

"What are you doing to my cow, young man?" he asked, heroically. For the first time the villain looked up at sight of Mynheer and his drawn sword.

"Making a picture of her—if you don't mind."

"Picture of a cow? Bless my soul, what nonsense! What 'll you do with it, eh?"

"Look at it, Mynheer."

"Look at the picture of a cow! What for? You can't cook it or milk it."

"Perhaps I might sell it."

"Sell it! Who'd buy a picture of a cow when he can buy a real one? Listen, Mettje, sell a picture of a cow!" And here he laughed loud and long, while the artist turned hastily about and discovered three hitherto unperceived critics—a small urchin, a fat servant, and the very sweetest young maid in the world, who gazed at him in the most charming surprise. He had a glimpse of brown eyes and chestnut hair, all gold in the ripples, a silver-gray gown dashed with blush-roses, a narrow black velvet about the white throat, and a full sleeve that showed the fairest round arm.

To be laughed at in her presence was not to be borne. He sprang to his feet, kicked over the milking-stool, clutched his sketch, and with a hasty "Pardon my trespassing, Mynheer" turned away just as Mynheer added, with renewed enjoyment:

"Mettje, paint a cow; sell a painted cow! O Nicodemus de Keyser, what would you say to this?"

The artist of the cow turned to catch a last glimpse of young Mettje. He saw the dimple fade out of her cheek, and she sighed.

"Mettje! Sippken! Mynheer de Keyser, to be sure," he thought, filled with wonder and resentment. "Are you Mynheer van Steen?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Truly. I am Hendrick van Steen, Burgo-meister of Sippken, young man. But I don't think you have done Brigitta any lasting harm; so do not be alarmed."

"Then you must know old De Keyser of Rotterdam."

"I know the great Mynheer de Keyser," he replied solemnly, resenting the familiarity of this painter of cows. "May I ask who you are, sir?"

"Well, I—I am his son's very—yes, his very dearest friend."

"A very unworthy young man he is, I have heard—Mettje, don't pull at my coat. Still, he is a De Keyser. Assuch he will be related to us some day through my daughter Mettje here, the promised wife of Mynheer de Keyser."

The artist of the cow bowed low and Mettje blushed and dropped a shy courtesy, while the dairy-maid admired this slim and limber young Mynheer.

"And what may your name be, young man?"

"My name, Mynheer? Oh, yes, I—I quite forgot. It is Zachary Jansen of Rotterdam, at your service."

It appeared that Zachary Jansen had a letter of introduction to Mynheer from Laurens De Keyser, and he brought it to him the very next day. "He is my best and dearest friend, and any kindness you may show to him you show to me," the letter read.

Sippken was a sleepy, prosperous Dutch town eddying about a grass-grown marketplace where stood the town pump. The canal that flowed through Sippken to Rotterdam was bordered on each side by a neat row of linden trees and the tidiest of houses, each with a different gable and all having green front doors and brass knockers. An occasional canal-boat, pulled by a heavy, plodding horse, touched the stillness with a suggestion of life. A sybarite could yearn for no greater comfort than to sail on a *trekschuit* with its cozy cabin, lace cur-



"SELL A PICTURE OF A COW!"

tains to the windows, plants on the sills, easy chairs on deck, and a faint line of smoke curling out of a chimney to promise culinary possibilities.

"Haste hastens life," Mynheer liked to say; nevertheless as a rich Dutch merchant he set up a canal-boat of his own with a big, philosophic horse to trundle it down the stream, and so resigned himself to travel at the rate of a mile an hour and hoped it might not be tempting Divine Providence. However, Mynheer had never dallied with the Fates farther than

six miles beyond Sippken. On that occasion, well wrapped up, with a glass of hot grog at his elbow, a bottle of gin on the table, a pipe in his mouth, and a box of hot charcoal under his feet, so had he traveled down the canal all alone to Arndt. Having seen that the rest of the world was a good deal like Sippken he returned and never again succumbed to wild yearnings for change; but it was owing to his heroic energy that he was unanimously chosen Burgomeister of Sippken in the face of no less a rival than Nicholas de Groot.

IV.

ZACHARY JANSEN was invited to visit Mynheer van Steen, and old Jaspar went over to



JASPAR.

the "Blue Elephant" to fetch his belongings. He returned with a varied collection, among them even a guitar tied with blue ribbons, which caused considerable consternation to the maid who did the chamberwork: even Mettje was perplexed until Aunt Jetta explained. Out of the ashes of remembrance she produced a faint glow.

"I once knew a young Mynheer who played on just such a thing under my window," she sighed.

"What for?" Mettje asked in surprise.

"To tell me, my dear child, that—ah—that he loved me."

"Does playing on that always mean that a young Mynheer is in love?" Mettje spoke with evident anxiety.

"Yes, nearly always."

"Why did he play outside of the window? He might have taken cold."

"He never did recover." And Aunt Jetta sighed heavily.

"Of what, poor aunt?"

"You see, child, your grandfather was deaf, a man of violent passion, sudden purpose, and he lived only for his tulips. One night he thought he heard something move among them—"

"Dear Aunt Jetta!"

"He turned the watering-pot on them—on him. He was drenched—he died."

"From the shock, dear Aunt Jetta, that night?"

"Not quite." Aunt Jetta heaved a sigh. "It was thirty years after, but I always felt sure it was the cause of his death." And she dusted the guitar and felt a gentle interest in young Zachary.

"I wonder if any one has played before Billa's window?" Mettje mused.

Billa de Groot was her dearest friend and the most enterprising young person in Sippken. She had been to Rotterdam, from which she brought fashions that made Sippken groan. One day a coffin-shaped box came by canal-boat and was borne into the De Groot house. Immediately after awful sounds broke the stillness, so that worthy burghers in passing paused and shook their heads. It was said that these sounds had a great deal to do with defeating Nicholas de Groot's heart desire to be Burgomeister of Sippken.

Mynheer de Groot had little to say in his own house, and that saved him a great deal of exertion. He liked to smoke his long clay pipe, sit at the window and watch the canal-boats pass, and he rejoiced to think that he was not in one. Mynheer was not so grateful for what he had in life as for what he avoided. Sometimes when he had the energy he wished some one would kindly marry Jufrow Billa and take her and her piano away; and just when it did seem to him as if no one would relieve him of Billa, the maid one afternoon ushered Mynheer van Steen into the sitting-room.

"What?" Mynheer de Groot murmured.

"Yes," said Mynheer van Steen. Then there was a long pause during which Billa's father took a short nap, from which he was aroused by these extraordinary words: "Will you bestow on me the hand of Jufrow Billa? I shall be very lonely if ever Mettje gets married."

"Do you mean it?" Mynheer de Groot asked tremulously. Mynheer van Steen to marry Billa—and the piano. "My dear friend, my dearest friend, take her, and God bless you"; and he spoke hurriedly for the first time in his life. Then it occurred to them to notify Jufrow Billa of her good fortune.

The piano was still sounding overhead. The two old gentlemen shuddered at the harmonies, and Mynheer gazed at the bold suitor with a wan smile.

"Don't be alarmed. I have no fear. We will change all that. The late *Mevrouw van Steen* obeyed me like a — a lamb."

Mynheer de Groot vanished, the piano stopped with a crash, but in hardly more than a moment he reappeared, quivering, undone; even his lower lip trembled.

"What ails you? Where is your daughter?"

"My dear, dear friend." Here he dropped into the nearest chair and groaned.

"What — speak out."

"It — it — cannot be."

"What are you talking about?"

"Billa — dear God in heaven, that I should have to say it! Billa — will — not."

What, he, Hendrik van Steen jilted — tossed aside by a fool of a girl?

Mynheer spoke never a word more, but he seized his cocked hat and cane, slammed the door behind him and vowed vengeance, and the first thing he did was to be elected *Burgomeister* of *Sippken* in opposition to *Nicholas de Groot*.

V.

MYNHEER ZACHARY was a great acquisition, and he made himself infinitely agreeable. As he had great tact and unlimited spare time, he talked with Mynheer about investments, herrings, and *De Keyser*; with Aunt *Jetta* about poetry and cooking (for she loved both); and he helped *Jufrow Mettje* to water the plants and cut the fruit in the kitchen garden.

Dare to say there is no sentiment in a kitchen garden! Did not *Mettje* sit on the bench under a peach tree and stare at a fat yellow pumpkin and feel that her heart was breaking?

Strange to say, every afternoon before this, while the *Burgomeister* took his afternoon nap and Aunt *Jetta's* front reposed on a bust without features, *Mettje* with her garden basket on her arm met Zachary in the kitchen garden and he helped her to gather — the vegetables. No sentiment, indeed! Why, a field of vegetables is as full of poetry as the desolate moors. O *Teltower* turnips and tender carrots, *Brussels* sprouts, poetry of cabbage, melons in golden ripeness, and great black grapes with a purple blush! Pumpkins heavy but precious, yellow pears mellowing in the sun, and peaches as rosy as *Mettje's* cheeks. No sentiment, indeed! There was even shadow to bring the sunlight into relief, for *Mettje's* heart was heavy for Zachary. Well, Zachary did not come.

Mynheer van Steen, who abhorred music, was awakened the very next afternoon by the

tinkle of a guitar. At first he thought it was an aggressive fly, but at last he traced the obnoxious sound to Mynheer Zachary's chamber overhead, and when that sinner strolled in for his afternoon cup of tea Mynheer remarked that he should advise his young friend to cultivate the acquaintance of *Billa de Groot*, as she made just the same damnable noise.

Then the awful secret was divulged, and *Mettje* heard it.

"*Jufrow de Groot*, my old friend from Rotterdam? I have seen her very often since I came here. She played to me yesterday afternoon."

Here *Mettje's* hand shook so as she passed the tea-cup to Zachary that it played a tune of its own on the saucer. So while she had waited in vain in the kitchen garden he was leaning over that dreadful box on spindle legs and gazing into *Billa's* eyes!

Here *Mettje* hid behind the tea-kettle and was very wretched. Just then Zachary asked for more tea, and as he held out his cup he tried very artfully to touch her slim fingers with his own. I do not say that he had never before succeeded, only this time *Mettje* drew herself up with great dignity. But when she returned the cup he looked so reproachfully, so beseechingly at her, that she wished she had taken firmer hold of the saucer even at the risk of meeting the hurried touch of his hand, for it fell with a crash and inundated the tea-caddy, the cookies, the dish of rock-candy, and the sacred tea-cloth, and just then the maid came in with a letter which she placed at Mynheer's side on the window-sill. Then like a crack of doom sounded his voice:

"*Mettje*, my child, rejoice. Mynheer de Keyser is coming next week. In the meantime he sends you the expression of his profound esteem."

With one accord *Mettje's* eyes met Zachary's. She forgot her anger and pain, everything but that this was the end, and the roses faded out of her cheeks and her lips trembled.

"Aha, young man, you will meet Mynheer under particularly pleasing circumstances. He shall help you at my recommendation." And all day long Mynheer went about the house murmuring, "*Nicodemus, Nicodemus de Keyser, my son-in-law.*" He put his nose into every pot and pan, and was discovered shining the little mirror in the guest room with the tail of his dressing-gown. In short, his one thought was to make everything worthy of the illustrious advent of *Nicodemus de Keyser*.

In the midst of the expectant joy young Zachary's face wore a look of profound gloom, so that at last the *Burgomeister* remonstrated.

"What ails you, young man? Be happy; Mynheer de Keyser is coming."

Here Zachary groaned, and leaned against the table and played a tattoo on the shining mahogany. "The truth is, I must go away."

"Oh, is that all?"

"All!"

"Well, you could not expect to stay forever: the best of friends must part." At this juncture Mynheer burst into a gruff "Haw! haw!" while Zachary stared at him in surprise.

"Young man, do you think that I am a fool? Don't you suppose I know that something ails you? Shall I guess?"

"Guess!"

"Think I am blind, eh? Well, not of late

sentiment. I know the young person, and I have reason to believe that her father is dying to get rid of her. He loves her, of course, but still she is too lively for him. Here is your chance."

"But, Mynheer, I have neither money nor position."

"Bah! He has enough for all. Listen. What is done cannot be undone."

"I know, but I do not see the connection."

"She is his only child; he will forgive her even if she marries you against his will. He must relent — I will intercede." And Mynheer slapped his honest breast.



"I AM NICODEMUS DE KEYSER."

years! Young man, you are — ha! ha! — in love."

"In love, Mynheer?"

"Such things have happened before — it's no crime." And here he wagged his old head.

"You are right"; and Zachary appeared resigned. "I am in love."

"So while she played 'Bang, bang, bang' and you 'Twang, twang, twang,' Cupid flew between, eh? Why to Heaven, you fool, don't you speak to her — marry her?"

Zachary seated himself in the nearest chair and contemplated his worthy friend.

"Marry her? That's not so easy."

"Does n't she know?"

Zachary shook his head.

"Of course she knows; I thought so. Then, in Heaven's name, of what are you afraid?"

"Well, of — her father."

"Of her father? A nice lover you! Don't be a milksop! There, we'll speak without

Zachary leaned back and gazed at him with sparkling eyes.

"So you advise me to — to —"

"I advise nothing. All I say is, the inevitable cannot be undone, and he will relent."

"But the going — that is not so easy."

"Listen, Zachary. I will give you a proof of my friendship. You shall have my *trekschuit*, Jaspar, and the horse whenever you wish. Jaspar shall ask no questions; he rarely speaks, and he never thinks."

"My more than father! Who would have thought to find so much sentiment in so serious a man?"

"Sentiment? I believe you. Wait until you see the *trekschuit* and the little cupboards for rum and gin, and a charcoal stove. Nothing wanting — all my own inventions. True sentiment remembers that man must eat and drink. God bless you, my boy. The boat shall be ready whenever you are."

This being a true history, I must confess that no sooner was Zachary in the corridor than he seemed to shake to pieces with suppressed laughter, while on the other side of the door Mynheer sank back in his arm-chair and roared until the tears rolled down his fat cheeks.

"And so the piano was too much for you, Nicholas de Groot? Now we shall see how you like that other damnable instrument; and this time, Mynheer, it is—ha! ha!—forever."

The next day Zachary confided to his benevolent friend that he was ready.

"Ah, you sly dog, when do you want the *trekschuit*? You see I am a man of my word."

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Five o'clock!" Mynheer cried in dismay.

"Why, old Jasper never got up at five o'clock in his life. He could n't and he would n't."

"Shall my life's happiness wreck on old Jasper?" Zachary demanded with some resentment.

"Why at five? Make it nine."

"We shall get no start. If we go at five no one but you will know, and when they miss us about ten o'clock, why, don't you see there is n't a horse in Sippken fast enough to overtake us?"

"That is true. I will do more. I will bribe Jasper: he shall have a new snuff-box. But one thing I cannot do: I cannot see you off."

"God forbid!" Zachary cried in alarm. "That would n't do at all."

"Well, then, God be with you! We've all been young in our day. Aha, you sly rogue, you!"

VI.

THE eventful day dawned like any other day except that Mettje had a headache, so Aunt Jetta said. Mynheer shook his head in disapproval and ate his breakfast in silence. He ate five meals in marked displeasure, and after a hearty supper he and Aunt Jetta sat down for their nightly game of cards.

"I am glad, Jetta, when Mynheer de Keyser takes the child off my hands," he cried irritably.

"Did it ever occur to you that Mynheer is a little old for Mettje?"

"Old? Jetta, do you want to make me angry?" And down he flung his cards.

"Yes, old," Aunt Jetta repeated stoutly.

"There, take up your cards and play."

"I tell you a De Keyser is never old."

"Very well, then; he has been younger. She will never love him."

"Love—love? Did I ever love Mevrouw? Never! But did n't we live in peace and comfort?"

"You did."

"Will you hold your tongue, Jetta?"

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"There, yes, I'll stop. Take up your cards and play."

Mynheer obeyed, though boiling with rage; but as he had good cards the wrath in his face gave way to a look of pleasing excitement, in the midst of which some one knocked with the knocker against the front door.

"Some one to see Mynheer," the maid announced briefly.

"This is no time to come. Can't see any one." And Mynheer did not even look up from his cards.

"Shall I tell him to wait, Mynheer?"

"Tell him to go to the devil. No, tell him to wait. I am busy just now."

"He looks accustomed to waiting," the handmaid volunteered, and departed. Mynheer played on. Half an hour passed, the luck began to turn, and Mynheer lost his temper. The door opened once more. "If you please, Mynheer, he is still waiting. He would be glad if—"

"Get out! Tell him pretty soon. Impudent beggar. Beggars, is n't he?"

"Probably, Mynheer. He is shabby enough."

"Tell him to come to-morrow," Mynheer commanded petulantly, and continued to play until there came another knock at the door.

"Come in, and be hanged!" he roared, and dashed his cards on the table until everything shook.

On the threshold appeared a little old man in shabby clothes, faded and snuff-strewn. He held a cocked hat under his arm, and he looked inquiringly at Mynheer.

"How dare you disturb me? What do you want? Did n't I tell you to come to-morrow? Am I to have no peace in life—am I always to be pestered? What—what—who—who?" Mynheer gasped, deprived of breath.

The little ancient man came a step nearer.

"I am anxious to speak to you. I have something of importance to say and to find out—"

"The old story!" Mynheer cried, in unexpressed scorn. "What is your name?"

"Pardon my forgetfulness. I forgot—as people always know me. I am Nicodemus de Keyser of Rotterdam."

Mynheer van Steen was prostrated. Even Aunt Jetta stared at the stranger quite aghast.

"I came sooner than you expected for certain reasons."

"Heavenly powers!" moaned Mynheer van Steen. Here he revived, leaped to his feet, flung his arms about the struggling visitor, and kissed him on the top of his wig.

"Nicodemus de Keyser, the great, the rich De Keyser, so to receive a De Keyser!" Whereupon he thrust him into his own arm-chair, placed a cricket under his feet, then with a flash of inspiration he cried:

"Call Mettje. She is longing to see Mynheer. Hurry, Jetta!"

"Hendrik, do not forget that she is ill," Aunt Jetta remonstrated, and folded her hands on her knees; but the great De Keyser interposed shortly, "First disagreeables, then pleasures. Sit down, Mynheer; you make me nervous. I have reasons for coming without notice and not giving my name. You may know that I have a son."

Mynheer bowed with respectful commiseration.

"He has run away. We parted in anger. He was traced to Sippken. Has he been here? I must see him—speak to him."

"No, he has not been here; only a very pleasing young friend of his who brought me a warm letter of introduction from your son. To be recommended by a De Keyser is sufficient; this humble abode has been his home for three weeks. Perhaps you may know him—Zachary Jansen of Rotterdam."

"Never heard of him. Where is he now?"

"Ha! ha! a sly young dog. I have reason to believe that he has gone on a pleasure excursion, in what I guess to be rather pleasant company. You understand, Mynheer; but boys will be boys—ha, ha!"

"Describe this reprobate to me, you old fool!" Mynheer de Keyser roared.

Mynheer van Steen quaked. A terrible illumination broke upon him, and it was Aunt Jetta who placed a neat silhouette before Mynheer de Keyser.

"That is Zachary: he had it cut for me at the 'kirmess' last week," she explained.

"As I thought—my son."

Mynheer van Steen grew faint with rage as he thought how he had helped Jufrow de Groot to a De Keyser, no matter how unworthy.

"And is it this young man who is taking a country excursion with—oh!" the indignant father cried, and strode up and down the room.

"Call Mettje! She must come, Jetta; I tell you she must come," Mynheer cried. He would lighten the blow by producing a counter attraction. "Yes, you shall see Mettje! Forget this wretched young man. I will fetch her."

"Hendrik, consider she is ill." And Aunt Jetta barred the way.

"Let me pass!"

"Then in God's name!" And the old lady sunk into the nearest chair and grasped the arms for support.

"Something awful is going to happen. O Mynheer de Keyser! consider, be merciful. She was too young for you."

"What are you all talking about! Are you all mad?" But before she could explain

Mynheer burst into the room, an open letter in one hand and a dripping candle in the other.

"Mynheer de Keyser," was all he could say as he fell into a chair and dropped the candle on the floor. "Read."

"My dear father," Mynheer de Keyser read, "forgive me—I love him—I cannot live without him—when this reaches you I—I shall be the happiest girl in Holland, for I shall be the wife of Laurens de Keyser."

"Mynheer van Steen, how is this? You knew that my son had eloped with your daughter?"

"Oh no, no!" Mynheer groaned. "It is a horrible mistake. I thought—I had reason to think he loved Jufrow de Groot. It was she I suspected—and she has been missing all day"; and he held his head in his hands and rocked to and fro.

Just then Jaspas looked cheerfully in at the door. "I've come back, Mynheer. Mynheer Zachary sends his love and his best thanks. He said it was the happiest day of his life; so did the Jufrow."

"Jufrow—what Jufrow?"

"Why, Jufrow Mettje, of course."

"Blockhead! And you let your master's daughter run away in a boat with this villain and you did n't try to bring her back, even if—if you had to knock him down?"

"This was too much for old Jaspas."

"Did n't you tell me to take no notice?" he demanded in righteous resentment. "Did you not say to me, 'Whatever you see or hear, Jaspas, don't be surprised. Don't ask questions, don't notice the young folks. It is all right.' And I will say it was pretty hard not to be surprised when I saw Mynheer Zachary lift Jufrow Mettje into the boat. She was all rosy red and ready to cry, but young Mynheer kissed her and I heard him say: 'It's all your dear father's doing. If it had n't been for him we never should have got away. So you see it is God's will, Mettje.' So she wiped her eyes and was very happy."

"It's all a lie!" Mynheer shouted, but Jaspas's composure was not to be ruffled.

"And, if you please, here's a letter from Mynheer Zachary," he added, and departed.

The letter was addressed to Mynheer de Keyser when he should arrive in Sippken.

"Later, Mynheer, you will explain to me your connection with this wretched affair," he said sternly, and then he opened the letter.

My dear father [Laurens wrote], you were very unwise not to take my advice. Had you granted me my wish, Mettje, instead of being my dear wife, as she will be when this reaches you, would have been my revered mother. If you knew my enchanting Mettje you would understand that I prefer her

in her present character. You must know I strayed to Sippken out of sheer idleness, and I was besides curious to see the young person who was willing to be my step-mother. The first thing I did was to fall in love with her. It is not my fault: it is Mettje's, and even you will forgive when you see her. After all, she remains in the family, and that is a great thing. Above everything thank Mynheer van Steen for the happiness he has conferred upon us. Without his aid Mettje and I would still be pining in Sippken, and instead we are sitting side by side in the snuggest cabin in the world, and Mettje's head is on my shoulder. O father, if you could only see the roses in Mettje's cheeks! Tell Mynheer that the cupboards were all he described—he was too thoughtful! The gin was particularly good—good as the advice and help of Jufrow de Groot, which, next to his own, helped to support Mettje and me in this trial. Had I not already chosen Mettje, I might have followed his excellent counsel and taken Jufrow de Groot, but even Mettje thought we'd best not change our plans. It is the loveliest morning that ever dawned—made just for Mettje and me. As soon as I have sealed this letter I shall send it back by Jasper and the boat. Father, don't say that I did not warn you! I said she might fall in love with me—and I have just asked her. She looked up at me with her brown eyes and then she hid her sunny head on my breast and said—Father, pray forgive the blots, for I dropped the pen to—no matter! You were once young yourself and courted Mevrouw, my dear mother, and you know how it is. Forgive me, and some day open your heart again. You have had your romance, probably; forgive me mine. If you only knew what I have to live for now you would believe me when I say that from this day I shall be another man.

LAURENS DE KEYSER.

Mynheer de Keyser slowly folded the letter and gazed in profound scorn at the Burgomeister. The pause that followed was simply appalling, but Aunt Jetta broke it.

"Mynheer de Keyser," she began quite calmly, "believe me you have escaped a great misfortune. What did you, an old man, want of a young wife? She would have ruined the last of your life. Be grateful that your son saw her before it was too late for you both. You cannot be heart-broken, for you have never seen my niece. To be sure, your son has run away with a pretty girl, but under other circumstances this marriage would have been satisfactory to you. Therefore take my advice,

forgive and forget. Return to Rotterdam and receive those children with open arms, and rejoice that your son has chosen the wife of his heart. As for you, brother,"—and Aunt Jetta turned sharply upon him where he sat crushed and subdued,—“you seem the victim of a mistake. I will not try to guess why you wished the charming Billa to run away with a young man of whom you know nothing. As it was Mettje, however, who went instead, I will tell you that I also helped her to escape from a fate an older person would have welcomed.” Here Aunt Jetta courtesied and Mynheer de Keyser bowed low. “Consider that, as Laurens says, she remains in the family; and so if Mynheer will graciously forgive, you certainly should, for,” Aunt Jetta concluded dryly, “it was all your fault.”

“If Mynheer de Keyser will forgive,” the Burgomeister faltered.

“After all,” said the great De Keyser, “it might have been worse, for I shall not have to worry in future about getting him married. Your sister,” he concluded, in an admiring undertone, “is a very sensible person.”

Indeed, in the course of a week he found her so much to his taste that when he returned to Rotterdam it was in company with a new Mevrouw de Keyser. To be sure, not the one he went in search of; but, as he said with great satisfaction to Laurens, when that young man returned from his wedding journey with Mevrouw Mettje, it was all right, for they had remained in the family. Thereupon he pinched Mettje's cheeks until the child glowed like a peach, and he pinched his own Mevrouw de Keyser's until she glowed like a winter apple. In the course of time Mynheer Laurens became a famous merchant, and he ended as Burgomeister of Rotterdam. From being slim he grew portly, and when he was in good humor he liked to talk of his travels. The best journey he had ever taken was, he always declared, on a *trekschuit*. “Eh, Mevrouw Mettje?” he would cry, and to her last day Mevrouw always hung her head and blushed.

“What is your opinion, Mettje? Were you ever sorry?”

“No, Mynheer—if you were not.”

Anna Eichberg King.



THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

IV.



HERE was one individual in Hillsborough who did not give the cold shoulder to Judge Bascom on his return, and that was the negro Jesse, who had been bought by Major Jimmy Bass some years before the war from Merriwether Bascom, a cousin of the Judge.

Jesse made no outward demonstration of welcome; he was more practical than that. He merely went to his old master with whom he had been living since he became free, and told him that he was going to find employment elsewhere.

"Why, what in the nation!" exclaimed Major Bass. "Why, what's the matter, Jess?"

The very idea was preposterous. In the Bass household the negro was almost indispensable. He was in the nature of a piece of furniture that holds its own against all fashions and fills a place that nothing else can fill.

"Dey ain't nothin' 't all de matter, Marse Maje. I des took it in my min', like, dat I 'd go off some'r's roun' town en set up fer myse'f," said Jesse, scratching his head in a dubious way. He felt very uncomfortable.

"Has anybody hurt your feelin's, Jess?"

"No, suh! Lord, no suh, dat dey ain't!" exclaimed Jesse, with the emphasis of astonishment. "Nobody ain't pester me."

"Ain't your Miss Sarah been rushin' you roun' too lively fer to suit your notions?"

"No, suh."

"Ain't she been a-quarrelin' after you about your work?"

"No, Marse Maje; she ain't say a word."

"Well, then, Jess, what in the name of common sense are you gwine off fer?" The major wanted to argue the matter.

"I got it in my min', Marse Maje, but I dunno ez I kin git it out straight." Jesse leaned his cane against the house, and placed his hat on the steps, as if preparing for a lengthy and elaborate explanation. "Now den, hit look dis way ter me, des like I 'm gwine ter tell you. I ain't nothin' but a nigger, I know dat mighty well, en nobody don't hafter tell me. I 'm a nigger, en you a white man. You're a-settin' up dar in de peazzer, en I 'm a-stan'in' down yer

on de groun'. I been wid you a long time; you treat me well, you gimme plenty vittles, en you pay me up when you got de money, en I hustle roun' en do de bes' I kin in de house en in de gyarden. Dat de way it been gwine on; bofe un us feel like it all sati'factual. Bimeby it come over me dat maybe I kin do mo' work dan what I been a-doin' en git mo' money. Hit work roun' in my min' dat I better be layin' up somepin' n'er fer de ole 'oman en de chillun."

"Well!" exclaimed Major Bass with a snort. It was all he could say.

"En den ag'in," Jesse went on, "one er de ole fambly done come back 'long wid his daughter. Marse Briscoe Bascom en Miss Mildred dey done come back, en dey ain't got nobody fer ter he'p um out no way; en my ole 'oman she say dat ef I got any fambly feelin' I better go dar whar Marse Briscoe is."

For some time Major Jimmy Bass sat silent. He was shocked and stunned. Finally Jesse picked up his hat and cane and started to go. As he brushed his hat with his coat-sleeve his old master saw that he was rigged out in his Sunday clothes. As he moved away the major called him:

"Oh, Jess!"

"Suh?"

"I allers knowed you was a durned fool, Jess, but I never did know before that you was the durned fool in the universal world."

Jesse made no reply, and the major went into the house. When he told his wife about Jesse's departure, that active-minded and sharp-tongued lady was very angry.

"Indeed, and I 'm glad of it," she exclaimed as she poured out the major's coffee; "I 'm truly glad of it. For twenty-five years that nigger has been laying around here doing nothing, and we a-paying him. But for pity's sake I 'd 'a' drove him off the lot long ago. You may n't believe it, but that nigger is ready and willing to eat his own weight in vittles every week the Lord sends. I ain't sorry he's gone, but I 'm sorry I did n't have a chance to give him a piece of my mind. Now, don't you go to blabbing it around, like you do everything else, that Jesse has gone and left us to go with old Briscoe Bascom."

Major Bass said he would n't, and he did n't, and that is the reason he expressed surprise

when Joe-Bob Grissom informed him that Jesse was waiting on the old Judge and his daughter. Major Jimmy was talkative and fond of gossip, but he had too much respect for his wife's judgment and discretion to refuse to toe the mark, even when it was an imaginary one.

The Bascom family had no claim whatever on Jesse, but he had often heard his mother and other negroes boasting that they had once belonged to the Bascoms, and his fondness for the family was the result of both tradition and instinct. He had that undefined and undefinable respect for people of quality that is one of the virtues, or possibly one of the failings, of human nature. The nearest approach to people of quality, so far as his experience went, was to be found in the Bascom family, and he had never forgotten that he had belonged to an important branch of it. He held it as a sort of distinction. Feeling thus, it is no wonder that he was ready to leave a comfortable home at Major Jimmy Bass's for the privilege of attaching himself and his fortunes to those of the Judge and his daughter. Jesse made up his mind to take this step as soon as the Bascoms returned to Hillsborough, and he made no delay in carrying out his intentions.

Early one morning, not long after Judge Bascom and his daughter had settled themselves in the modest little house which they had selected because the rent was low, Mildred heard some one cutting wood in the yard. Opening her window blinds a little, she saw that the ax was wielded by a stalwart negro a little past middle age. Her father was walking up and down the sidewalk on the outside with his hands behind him, and seemed to be talking to himself.

A little while afterwards Mildred went into the kitchen. She found a fire burning in the stove, and everything in noticeably good order, but the girl she had employed to help her about the house was nowhere to be seen. Whereupon the young lady called her—

"Elvira!"

At this the negro dropped his ax and went to the kitchen.

"Howdy, Mistiss?"

"Have you seen Elvira?" Mildred asked.

"Yes 'm, she wuz hangin' roun' yer when I come roun' dis mornin'. I went in dar, ma'm, en I see how de kitchen wuz all messed up, en den I sent her off. She de mos' no 'countest nigger gal what I ever laid my two eyes on. I 'm name' Jesse, ma'm, en I use' ter b'long ter de Bascom fambly when I wuz a boy. Is you ready fer breakfus, Mistiss?"

"Has my father—has Judge Bascom employed you?" Mildred asked. Jesse laughed as though enjoying a good joke.

"No 'm, dat he ain't! I des come my own se'f, kaze I know'd in reason you wuz gwine ter be in needance er somebody. Lord, no 'm, none er de Bascoms don't hafter hire me, ma'm."

"And who told you to send Elvira away?" Mildred inquired, half vexed and half amused.

"Nobody ain't tell me, ma'm," Jesse replied.

"When I come she wuz des settin' in dar by de stove noddin', en de whole kitchen look like it been tored up by a harrycane. I des shuck her up, I did, en tell her dat if dat de way she gwine do, she better go 'long back en stay wid her mammy."

"Well, you are very meddlesome," said Mildred. "I don't understand you at all. Who is going to cook breakfast?"

"Mistiss, I done tell you dat breakfus is all ready en a-waitin'," exclaimed Jesse in an injured tone. "I made dat gal set de table, en dey ain't nothin' ter do but put de vittles on it."

It turned out to be a very good breakfast, too, such as it was. Jesse thought while he was preparing it that it was a very small allowance for two hearty persons. But the secret of its scantiness cropped out while the Judge and his daughter were eating.

"These biscuits are very well cooked. But there are too many of them. My daughter, we must pinch and save; it will only be for a little while. We must have the old Place back; we must rake and scrape, and save money and buy it back. And this coffee is very good, too," he went on; "it has quite the old flavor. I thought the girl was too young, but she 's a good cook—a very good cook indeed."

Jesse, who had taken his stand behind the Judge's chair, arrayed in a snow-white apron, moved his body uneasily from one foot to the other. Mildred, glad to change the conversation, told her father about Jesse.

"Ah, yes," said Judge Bascom, in his kindly, patronizing way; "I saw him in the yard. And he used to belong to the Bascoms? Well, well, it must have been a long time ago. This is Jesse behind me? Stand out there, Jesse, and let me look at you. Ah, yes, a likely negro; a very likely negro indeed. And what Bascom did you belong to, Jesse? Merriwether Bascom! Why, to be sure; why, certainly!" the Judge continued with as much animation as his feebleness would admit of. "Why, of course, Merriwether Bascom. Well, well, I remember him distinctly. A rough-and-tumble sort of man he was, fighting, gambling, horse-racing, always on the wing. A good man at bottom, but wild. And so you belonged to Merriwether Bascom? Well, boy, once a Bascom always a Bascom. We 'll have the old Place back, Jesse, we 'll have it back: but we must pinch ourselves; we must save."

Thus the old Judge rambled on in his talk. But no matter what the subject, no matter how far his memory and his experiences carried him away from the present, he was sure to return to the old Place at last. He must have it back. Every thought, every idea, was subordinate to this. He brooded over it and talked of it waking, and he dreamed of it sleeping. It was the one thought that dominated every other. Money must be saved, the old Place must be bought, and to that end everything must tend. The more his daughter economized the more he urged her to economize. His earnestness and enthusiasm impressed and influenced the young girl in a larger measure than she would have been willing to acknowledge, and unconsciously she found herself looking forward to the day when her father and herself would be able to call the Bascom Place their own. In the Judge the thought was the delusion of old age, in the maiden it was the dream of youth; and pardonable, perhaps, in both.

Their hopes and desires running thus in one channel, they loved to wander on an evening in the neighborhood of the old Place—it was just in the outskirts of the town—and long for the time when they should take possession of their home. On these occasions Mildred, by way of interesting her father, would suggest changes to be made.

"The barn is painted red," she would say. "I think olive green would be prettier."

"No," the Judge would reply; "we will have the barn removed. It was not there in my time. It is an innovation. We will have it moved a mile away from the house. We will make many changes. There are hundreds of acres in the meadow yonder that ought to be in cotton. In my time we tried to kill grass, but this man is doing his best to propagate it. Look at that field of Bermuda there. Two years of hard work will be required to get the grass out."

Once while the Judge and his daughter were passing by the old Place they met Prince, the mastiff, in the road. The great dog looked at the young lady with kindly eyes, and expressed his approval by wagging his tail. Then he approached and allowed her to fondle his lion-like head, and walked by her side, responding to her talk in a dumb but eloquent way. Prince evidently thought that the young lady and her father were going in the avenue gate and to the house, for when they got nearly opposite, the dog trotted on ahead, looking back occasionally, as if by that means to extend them an invitation and to assure them that they were welcome. At the gate he stopped and turned around, and seeing that the fair lady and the old gentleman were going by, he dropped his bulky body on the ground in a disconsolate

way and watched them as they passed down the street.

The next afternoon Prince made it a point to watch for the young lady; and when she and her father appeared in sight he ran to meet them and cut up such unusual capers, barking and running around, that his master went down the avenue to see what the trouble was. Mr. Underwood took off his hat as Judge Bascom and his daughter drew near.

"This is Judge Bascom, I presume," he said. "My name is Underwood. I am glad to meet you."

"This is my daughter, Mr. Underwood," said the Judge, bowing with great dignity.

"My dog has paid you a great compliment, Miss Bascom," said Francis Underwood. "He makes few friends, and I have never before seen him sacrifice his dignity to his enthusiasm."

"I feel highly flattered by his attentions," said Mildred, laughing. "I have read somewhere, or heard it said, that the instincts of a little child and a dog are unerring."

"I imagine," said the Judge, in his dignified way, "that instinct has little to do with the matter. I prefer to believe"—He paused a moment, looked at Underwood, and laid his hand on the young man's stalwart shoulder. "Did you know, sir," he went on, "that this place, all these lands, once belonged to me?" His dignity had vanished, his whole attitude changed. The pathos in his voice, which was suggested rather than expressed, swept away whatever astonishment Francis Underwood might have felt. The young man looked at the Judge's daughter and their eyes met. In that one glance, transitory though it was, he found his cue; in her lustrous eyes, proud yet appealing, he read a history of trouble and sacrifice.

"Yes," Underwood replied, in a matter-of-fact way. "I knew the place once belonged to you, and I have been somewhat proud of the fact. We still call it the Bascom Place, you know."

"I should think so!" exclaimed the Judge, bridling up a little; "I should think so! Pray what else could it be called?"

"Well, it might have been called Grasslands, you know, or The Poplars, but somehow the old name seemed to suit it best. I like to think of it as the Bascom Place."

"You are right, sir," said the Judge with emphasis; "you are right, sir. It is the Bascom Place. All the powers of earth cannot strip us of our name."

Again Underwood looked at the young girl, and again he read in her shining but apprehensive eyes the answer he should make.

"I have been compelled to add some con-

veniences—I will not call them improvements—and I have made some repairs, but I have tried to preserve the main and familiar features of the Place."

"But the barn there; that is not where it should be. It should be a mile away—on the creek."

"That would improve appearances, no doubt; but if you were compelled to get out at four or five o'clock in the morning and see to the milking of twelve or fifteen cows, I dare say you would wish the barn even nearer than it is."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," responded the Judge; "yes, no doubt. But it was not there in my time—not in my time."

"I have some very fine cows," Underwood went on. "Won't you go in and look at them? I think they would interest Miss Bascom, and my sister would be glad to meet her. Won't you go in, sir, and look at the old house?"

The Judge turned his pale and wrinkled face towards his old home:

"No," he said, "not now. I thank you very much. I—somehow—no, sir, I cannot go now."

His hand shook as he raised it to his face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

"Let us go home, daughter," he said after a while. "We have walked far enough." He bowed to young Underwood, and Mildred bade him good-bye with a troubled smile.

Prince went with them a little way down the street. He walked by the side of the lady, and her pretty hand rested lightly on the dog's massive head. It was a beautiful picture, Underwood thought, as he stood watching them pass out of sight.

"You are a lucky dog," he said to Prince when the latter came back, "but you don't appreciate your privileges. If you did you would have gone home with that lovely woman." Prince wagged his tail, but it is doubtful if he fully understood the remark.

v.

ONE Sunday morning as Major Jimmy Bass was shaving himself, he heard a knock at the back door. The major had his coat and waistcoat off and his suspenders were hanging around his hips. He was applying the lather for the last time, and the knocking was so sudden and so unexpected that he rubbed the shaving-brush in one of his eyes. He began to make some remarks which, however appropriate they may have been to the occasion, could not be reported here with propriety. But in the midst of his indignant monologue he remembered that the knocking might have proceeded from some of Mrs. Bass's lady friends who frequently

made a descent on the premises in that direction for the purpose of borrowing a cupful of sugar or coffee in a social way. These considerations acted as powerful brakes on the conversation that Major Bass was carrying on with some imaginary foe. Holding a towel to his smarting eye, he peeped from his room door and looked down the hall. The back door was open, but he could see no one.

"Who was that knocking?" he cried. "I'll go one eye on you anyways."

"T ain't nobody but me, Marse Maje," came the response from the door.

"Is that you, Jess?" exclaimed the major. "Well, pleg-take your hide to the pleg-taken nation! A little more an' you 'd 'a' made me cut my th'roat from year to year; an' as it is, I 've jest about got enough soap in my eye fer to do a day's washin'."

"Is you shavin' yourse'f, Marse Maje?" asked Jesse, diplomatically.

"That I am," replied the major with emphasis. "I allers was independent of white folks, an' sence you pulled up your stakes an' took up wi' the quality I 'm about independent of the niggers. An' it 's mighty quare to me," the major went on, "that you 'd leave your high an' mighty people long enough fer to come a-bangin' an' makin' me put out my eyes. Why, ef I 'd 'a' had my razor out, I 'll be boun' you 'd made me cut my th'roat, an' much good may it 'a' done you."

"Name er goodness, Marse Maje," protested Jesse, "what make you go on dat a-way? Ef I 'd 'a' knowed you wuz busy in dar I 'd 'a' set out yer in de sun en waited twel you got thoo."

"Yes," said the major in a sarcastic but somewhat mollified tone, "you 'd 'a' sot out there an' got to noddin', an' then bimeby your Miss Sarah would 'a' come along an' ketched you there, an' I 'll be boun' she 'd 'a' lammed you wi' a chunk of wood; bekaze she don't 'low no loafin' in the back yard sence you been gone. I don't know what you come fer," the major continued, still wiping the lather out of his eye, "an' nuther do I keer; but sence you are here you kin come in an' finish shavin' me, fer to pay fer the damage you 've done."

Jesse was apparently overjoyed to find that he could be of some service. He bustled around in the liveliest manner, and was soon mowing the major's fat face with the light but firm touch for which he was noted. As he shaved he talked.

"Marse Maje," he said, "does you know what I come fer dis mornin'?"

"I 've been tryin' to think," replied the major; "but I could n't tell you ef I was a-gwine to be hung fer it. You are up to some devilment, I know mighty well, but I wisht I may die ef I 've got any idee what it is."

"Now, Marse Maje, what make you talk dat a-way?"

"Oh, I know you, Jess, an' I 've been a-knowin' you a mighty long time. Your Miss Sarah may n't know you, Jess, but I know you from the groun' all the way up."

Jesse laughed. He was well aware that the major's wife was the knowing one of that family. He had waited until that excellent lady had issued from the house on her way to church, and it was not until she was out of sight that he thought it safe to call on the major. Even now, after he had found the major alone, the negro was somewhat doubtful as to the propriety of explaining the nature of his business; but the old man was inquisitive.

"Oh, yes, Jess!" the major went on, after pausing long enough to have the corner of his mouth shaved — "oh, yes! I know you, an' I know you 've got somethin' on your min' right now. Spit it out."

"Well, I 'll tell you de trufe, Marse Maje," said Jesse, after hesitating for some time; "I tell you de Lord's trufe, I come yer atter somepin' ter eat."

Major Bass caught the negro by the arm, pushed the razor carefully out of the way, and sat bolt upright in the chair.

"Do you mean to stan' up there, you triffin' rascal," the major exclaimed, "an' tell me, right before my face an' eyes, that you 've come a-sneakin' back here atter vittles? Why n't you stay where the vittles was?" Major Bass was really indignant.

"Wait, Marse Maje; des gimme time," said Jesse, nervously strapping the razor on the palm of his hand. "Des gimme time, Marse Maje. You fly up so, suh, dat you git me all mixed up wid myse'f. I come atter vittles, dat the Lord's trufe; but I ain't come atter 'em fer myse'f. Nigger like me don't stay hongry long roun' whar folks know 'em like dey does me."

"Well, who in the name of reason sent you then?" asked the major.

"Nobody ain't sont me, suh," said Jesse.

"Well, who do you want 'em fer?" insisted the major.

"Marse Judge Bascom en Miss Mildred," replied Jesse, solemnly.

Major Jimmy Bass fell back in his chair in a state of collapse, overcome by his astonishment.

"Well!" he exclaimed as soon as he could catch his breath. "Ef this don't beat the Jews an' the Gentiles, the Scribes an' the Pharisees, then I ain't a-settin' here. Did they tell you to come to this house fer vittles?"

"No, suh; dat dey ain't—dat dey ain't! Ef Miss Mildred wuz ter know I went anywhar on dis kin' er errun' she 'd mighty nigh have a fit."

"Well, well, WELL!" snorted the major.

"I des come my own se'f," Jesse went on. He would have begun shaving again, but the major waved him away. "Look like I 'bleege' ter come. You 'd 'a' come yo'se'f, Marse Maje, druther dan see dem folks pe'sh deyse'f ter deff. Dey got money, but Marse Judge Bascom got de idee dat dey hafter save it all fer ter buy back de ole Place. Dey pinch deyse'f day in en day out, en yistiddy when Miss Mildred say she gwine buy somepin' fer Sunday, Marse Judge Bascom he say no; he 'low dat dey mus' save en pinch en buy back de ole home. I done year him say dat twel it make me plum sick. An' dar dey is naturally starvin' deyse'f."

"Miss Mildred," continued Jesse, "got de idee dat her pa know what he talkin' 'bout; but 'twix' you en me, Marse Maje, dat ole man done about lose his min'. He ain't so mighty much older dan what you is, but he mighty feeble in his limbs, en he mighty flighty in his head. He talk funny, now, en he don't talk 'bout nothin' skacely but buyin' back de ole Place."

"Jesse," said Major Bass in the smooth, insinuating tone that the negro knew so well, and that he had learned to fear, "ain't I allers treated you right? Ain't I allers done the clean thing by you?"

"Yes, Marse Maje, you is," said the negro with emphasis.

"Well, then, Jess, what in the name of Moses do you want to come roun' me wi' such a tale as this? Don't you know I know you clean through? Why n't you come right out an' say you want the vittles fer yourself? What is the use of whippin' the devil 'roun' the stump?"

"Marse Maje," said Jesse, solemnly, "I 'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe." By this time he had begun to shave the major again.

"Well," said Major Bass, after a pause, during which he seemed to be thinking, "suppos'n' I was to let myself be took in by your tale, an' suppos'n' I was to give you some vittles, what have you got to put 'em in?"

"I got a basket out dar, Marse Maje," said Jesse, cheerfully. "I brung it a purpose."

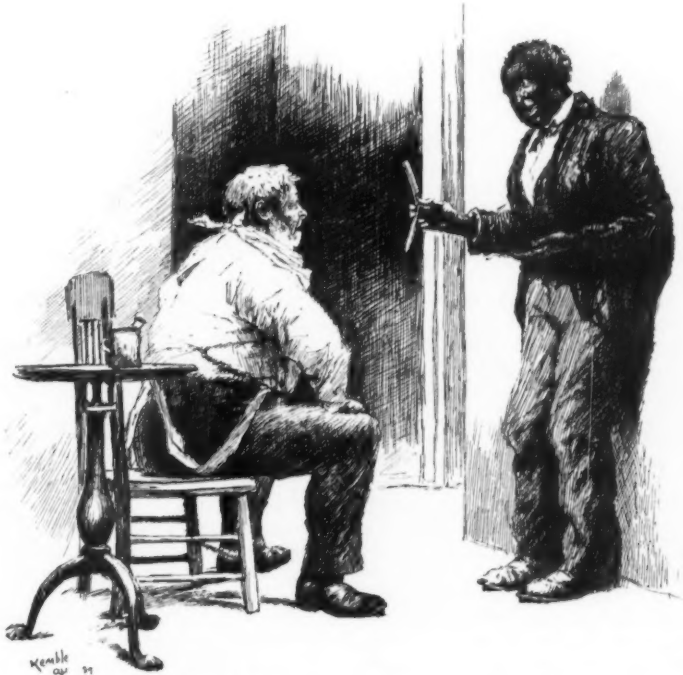
"Why, tooby shore, tooby shore!" exclaimed the major, sarcastically. "Ef you was as fore-handed as you is fore-thoughted you would n't be a-runnin' roun' beggin' vittles from han' to mouth. But sence you are here you 'd better make haste; bekaze ef your Miss Sarah comes back from church and ketches you here, she 'll kick up a purty rippit."

The major was correct. As he and Jesse went into the pantry Mrs. Bass entered the front door. Flinging her bonnet and mantilla on a bed, she went to the back porch for a

drink of water. The major heard her coming through the hallway, and, by a swift gesture of his hand, cautioned Jesse to be quiet.

"I'll vow if the place ain't left to take care of itself," Mrs. Bass was saying. "Doors all open, chickens in the dining-room, cat licking the churn-dasher, and I'll bet my existence that not a drop of fresh water has been put in the house bucket since I left this morning.

vestigate. The sight she saw in the pantry struck her speechless. In one corner stood the major, holding up one foot as if he was afraid of breaking something, and vainly trying to smile. In another corner stood Jesse, so badly frightened that very little could be seen of his face except the whites of his eyes. The tableau was a comical one. Mrs. Bass did not long remain speechless.



"WELL, WHO IN THE NAME OF REASON SENT YOU THEN?"

Everything gone to rack and ruin. I can't say my prayers in peace at home, and if I go to church one Sunday in a month there ain't no satisfaction in the sermon, because I know everything's at loose ends on this whole blessed place. And if you'd go up the street right now, you'd find Mr. Bass a-setting up there at the tavern with the other loafers, a-giggling and a-snicker and a-dribbling at the mouth like one possessed."

The major, in the pantry, winced visibly at this picture drawn true to life, and as he attempted to change his position he knocked a tin vessel from one of the shelves. He caught at it, and it fell to the floor with a loud crash.

"The Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bass. "Is Satan and all his imps in the pantry, a-tearing down and a-smashing up things?" Not being a timid woman, she hastened to in-

"Mr. Bass!" she exclaimed, "what under the shining sun are you doing colloquing with niggers in my pantry? If you want to colloque with niggers, why, in the name of common sense, don't you take 'em out to the barn? What are you doing in there, anyhow? For mercy's sake! have you gone stark-natural crazy? And if you ain't, what brand-new caper are you trying to cut up?"

"Don't talk so loud, Sarah," said the major, wiping the cold perspiration from his face. "All the neighbors'll hear you."

"And why should n't they hear me?" exclaimed Mrs. Bass. "What could be worse than for me to come home from church in the broad daylight and find you penned up in my pantry, arm-in-arm with a nigger? What business have you got with niggers that you have to take 'em into my pantry to colloque with

'em? I'd a heap rather you 'd a' taken 'em in the parlor—a heap rather."

Then Mrs. Bass's eyes fell on the basket Jesse had in his hand, and this added to her indignation.

"I believe in my soul," she went on, "that you are stealing the meat and bread out of your own mouth to feed that nigger. If you ain't, what is the basket for?"

"Tut, tut, Sarah, don't you go on so; you 'll make yourself the laughin'-stock of the town," said the major in a conciliatory tone.

"And what 'll you be?" continued Mrs. Bass, relentlessly; "what 'll you be—a honeyin' up with buck niggers in my pantry in the broad open daytime? Maybe you 'll have the manners to introduce me to your pardner. Who is he anyhow?" Then Mrs. Bass turned her attention to the negro.

"Come out of my pantry, you nasty, trifling rascal! Who are you?"

"T'ain't nobody but me, Miss Sa'ah," said Jesse as he issued forth.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You are the nigger that was too biggity to stay with 'em that raised you up and took care of you, and now you come back and try to steal their bread and meat! Well! I know the end of the world ain't so mighty far off."

Mrs. Bass sank into a chair, exhausted by her indignation. Then the major took the floor, so to say, and showed that if he could be frightened by his wife, he could also, at the proper time, show that he had a will of his own. He explained the situation at some length, and with an emphasis that carried conviction with it. He made no mention of Jesse in his highly colored narrative, but left his wife to infer that while she was at church praying for peace of mind and not having her prayers answered to any great extent, he was at home engaged in works of practical charity. Nothing could have been finer than the major's air of injured innocence, unless it was Jesse's attitude of helpless and abandoned humiliation. The result of it was that Mrs. Bass filled the basket with the best she had in the house, and Jesse went home happy.

VI.

As for the Bascoms, they seemed to be getting along comfortably in spite of the harrowing story that Jesse had told to Major Jimmy Bass and to others. As a matter of fact, the shrewd negro had purposely exaggerated the condition of affairs in the Bascom household. He had an idea that the fare they lived on was too common and cheap for the representatives of such a grand family, forgetting, or not knowing, the privations they had passed through. The

Judge insisted on the most rigid economy, and Mildred was at one with him in this. She was familiar with the necessity for it, but she could see that her father was anxious to push it to unmeasurable lengths. It never occurred to her, however, that her father's morbid anxiety to repossess the Bascom Place was rapidly taking the shape of mania. This desire on the part of Judge Bascom was a part of his daughter's life. She had heard it expressed in various ways ever since she could remember, and it was a part, not merely of her experience, but of her growth and development. She had heard the matter discussed so many times that it seemed to her nothing but natural that her father should one day realize the dream of his later years and reoccupy the old Place as proprietor.

Judge Bascom had no other thought than this. As he grew older and feebler, the desire became more ardent and overpowering. While his daughter was teaching her school, with which she had made quite a success, the Judge would be planning improvements to be added to his old home when he should own it again. Not a day passed—unless, indeed, the weather was stormy—that he did not walk in the neighborhood of the old Place. Sometimes he would go with his daughter, sometimes he would go alone, but it was observed by those who came to be interested in his comings and goings that he invariably refused to accept the invitation of Mr. Underwood to enter the house or to inspect the improvements that had been made. He persisted in remaining on the outside of the domain, content to wait for the day when he could enter as proprietor. He was willing to accept the position of spectator, but he was not willing to be a guest.

The culmination came one fine day in the fall, and it was so sudden and so peculiar that it took Hillsborough completely by surprise, and gave the people food for gossip for a long time afterwards. The season was hesitating as to whether summer should return or winter should be introduced. There was a hint of winter in the crisp morning breezes, but the world seemed to float summerwards in the glimmering haze that wrapped the hills in the afternoons. On one of these fine mornings Judge Bascom rose and dressed himself. His daughter heard him humming a tune as he walked about the room, and she observed also, with inward satisfaction, that his movements were brisker than usual. Listening a little attentively, she heard him talking to himself, and presently she heard him laugh. This was such an unusual occurrence that she was moved to knock at his door. He responded with a cheery "Come in!" Mildred found him shaved and dressed, and she saw that there was a great



"JESSE WAS CALLED IN TO BRUSH THE JUDGE'S HAT AND COAT."

change in his appearance. His cheeks, usually so wan and white, were flushed a little and his eyes were bright. He smiled as Mildred entered, and exclaimed in a tone that she had not heard for years:

"Good-morning, my daughter! And how do you find yourself this morning?"

It was the old manner she used to admire so when she was a slip of a girl—a manner that was a charming combination of dignity and affection.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, "you must be feeling better. You have positively grown younger in a night."

The Judge laughed until his eyes sparkled. "Yes, my dear, I am feeling very well indeed. I never felt better. I am happy, quite happy. Everything has been made clear to me. I am going to-day to transact some business that has been troubling me a long time. I shall arrange it all to-day—yes, to-day."

The change that had come over her father was such a relief to Mildred that she asked him no questions. Now, as always, she trusted to his judgment and his experience. Jesse, however, was more critical. He watched the Judge furtively and shook his head.

"Mistiss," he said to Mildred when he found an opportunity, "did you shave master?"

"Why, what a ridiculous question!" she exclaimed. "How could I shave him? It makes me shiver merely to touch the razors."

"Well, Mistiss," Jesse insisted, "ef I ain't shave him, en you ain't shave him, den who

de name er goodness is done gone en done it?"

"He shaved himself of course," Mildred said. "He is very much better this morning. I noticed it the moment I saw him. I should think you could see it yourself."

"I seed somepin' nuther wuz de matter," said Jesse. "Somepin' bleege' ter be de matter when I put him ter bed las' night des like he wuz a baby, ma'm, en now yer he is gwine roun' des ez spry ez de nex' one. Yessum, somepin' bleege' ter be de matter. Yistiddy his han's wuz shakin' same like he got de polzy, ma'm, en now yer he is shavin' hisse'f; dat what rack my min'."

"Well, I hope you are glad he is so well, Jesse," said Mildred in an injured tone.

"Oh, yessum," said Jesse, scratching his head. "Lor', yessum. Dey ain't nobody no gladder dan what I is; but it come on me so sudden, ma'm, dat it sorter skeer me."

"Well, it does n't frighten me," said Mildred. "It makes me very happy."

"Yessum," replied Jesse, deferentially. He made no further comment; but after Mildred had gone to attend to her school duties he made it his business to keep an eye on the Judge, and the closer the negro watched, the more forcibly was he struck by the great change that a night had made in the old man.

"I hear talk 'bout folks bein' conjured inter sickness," Jesse said to himself, "but I ain't never hear talk 'bout dey bein' conjured so dey git well."

Certainly a great change had come over Judge Bascom. He stood firmly on his feet once more. He held his head erect, as in the old days, and when he talked to Jesse his tone was patronizing and commanding, instead of querulous and complaining. He seemed to be very fastidious about his appearance. After Mildred had gone to her school, Jesse was called in to brush the Judge's hat and coat and to polish his shoes. The Judge watched this process with great interest, and talked to the negro in his blandest manner. This was not so surprising to Jesse as the fact that the Judge persisted in calling him Wesley; Wesley was the Judge's old body-servant who had been dead for twenty years. It was Wesley this and Wesley that so long as Jesse was in the room, and once the Judge asked how long before the carriage would be ready. The negro parried this question, but he remembered it. He was sorely puzzled an hour afterwards, however, when Judge Bascom called him and said:

"Wesley, tell Jordan he need not bring the carriage around for me. I will walk. Jordan can bring your mistress when she is ready."

"Well," exclaimed Jesse, when the Judge

disappeared in the house, "dis bangs me! What de name er goodness put de ole man Jerd'n in his min', which he died endurance er de war? It's all away beyant me. Miss Mildred oughter be yer wid her pa right now, yit, ef I go atter her, dey ain't no tellin' what he gwine do."

Jess cut an armful of wood, and then made a pretense of washing dishes, going from the kitchen to the dining-room several times. More than once he stopped to listen, but he could hear nothing. After a while he made bold to peep into the sitting-room. There was nobody there. He went into the Judge's bedroom; it was empty. Then he called—"Marster! oh, Marster!" but there was no reply. Jesse was in a quandary. He was not alarmed, but he was uneasy.

"Ef I run en tell Miss Mildred dat Marster done gone som'ers," he said to himself, "she'll des laugh en say I ain't got no sense; en I don't speck I is, but it make my flesh crawl fer ter hear folks callin' on dead niggers ter do dis en do dat."

Meanwhile the Judge had sallied forth from the house, and was proceeding in the direction of the Bascom Place. His step was firm and elastic, his bearing dignified. The acquaintances whom he met on his way stopped and looked after him when they had returned his Chesterfieldian salutation. He walked rapidly, and there was an air of decision in his movements that had long been lacking. At the great gate opening into the avenue of the Bascom Place the Judge was met by Prince the mastiff, who gave him a hospitable welcome, and gravely preceded him to the house. Miss Sophie, Mr. Underwood's maiden sister, who was sitting in the piazza, engaged on some kind of feminine embroidery, saw the Judge coming, too late to beat a retreat, so she merely whipped behind one of the large pillars, gave her dress a little shake at the sides and behind, ran her hands over her hair, and appeared before the caller cool, calm, and collected.

"Good-morning, madam," said the Judge in his grand way, taking off his hat.

"Good-morning, sir," said Miss Sophie. "Have this chair?"

"No, no," said the Judge, smiling blandly, and waving his hand. "I prefer my own chair—the large rocker with the cushion, you know. It is more comfortable."

Somewhat puzzled, Miss Sophie fetched a rocker. It had no cushion, but the Judge seemed not to miss it.

"Why, where are the servants?" he asked, his brows contracting a little. "I could have brought the chair."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Sophie, "if I

were to sit down and expect the negroes to wait on me, I'd have a good many disappointments during the day."

"Yes," said the Judge, "that is very true; very true. Where is Wesley?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Miss Sophie replied. "Is he a white man or a negro?"

"Wesley?" exclaimed the Judge. "Why, he's a nigger; he's my body-servant."

"Is n't this Judge Bascom?" Miss Sophie inquired, regarding him curiously.

"Yes, certainly, madam," responded the Judge.

"Well, I've seen a negro named Jesse following you and your daughter about," said Miss Sophie. "Perhaps you are speaking of Jesse."

"No, no," said the Judge. "I mean Wesley—or, maybe you are only a visitor here. Your face is familiar, but I have forgotten your name."

"I am Francis Underwood's sister," said Miss Sophie, with some degree of pride.

"Ah, yes!" the Judge sighed—"Francis Underwood. He is the gentleman who has had charge of the place these several years. A very clever man, I have no doubt. He has done very well, very well indeed; better than most men would have done. Do you know where he will go next year?"

"Now, I could n't tell you, really," Miss Sophie replied, looking at the Judge through her gold-rimmed eyeglasses. "He did intend to go North this fall, but he's always too busy to carry out his intentions."

"Yes," said Judge Bascom; "I have no doubt he is a very busy man. He has managed everything very cleverly here, and I shall wish him well wherever he goes."

Miss Sophie was very glad when she heard her brother's step in the hall; not that she was nervous or easily frightened, but there was something in Judge Bascom's actions, something in the tone of his voice, some suggestion in his words, that gave her uneasiness, and she breathed a sigh of relief when her stalwart brother made his appearance.

Francis Underwood greeted his guest cordially—more cordially, Miss Sophie thought, than circumstances warranted; but the beautiful face of Mildred Bascom was not stamped on Miss Sophie's mind as it was on her brother's.

"I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience," said the Judge, after they had talked for some time on commonplace topics—"very sorry. I have put the matter off until at last I felt it to be a solemn duty I owed my family to come here. Believe me, sir," he continued, turning to the young man with some emotion—"believe me, sir, it grieves me to trouble

you in the matter, but I could no longer postpone coming here. I think I understand and appreciate your attachment—"

"Why, my dear sir," cried Francis Underwood in his heartiest manner, "it is no trouble at all. No one could be more welcome here. I have often wondered why you have never called before. Don't talk about trouble and inconvenience."

"I think I understand and appreciate your attachment for the Place," the Judge went on as though he had not been interrupted, "and it embarrasses me, I assure you, to be compelled to trouble you now."

"Well," said Francis Underwood, with a hospitable laugh, "if it is no trouble to you, it certainly is none to me. As my neighbors around here say, when I call on them, 'Just make yourself at home.'"

Judge Bascom rose from his chair trembling. He seemed suddenly to be laboring under the most intense excitement.

"My home?" he almost shrieked—"make myself at home! In God's name, man, what can you mean? *It is my home!* It has always been my home! Everything here is mine—every foot of land, every tree, every brick and stone and piece of timber in this house. It is *all mine*, and I will have it! I have come here to assert my rights!"

He panted with passion and excitement as he looked from Francis Underwood to Miss Sophie. He paused, as if daring them to dispute his claims. Miss Sophie, who had a temper of her own, would have given the Judge a piece of her mind, but she saw her brother regarding the old man with a puzzled, pitying expression. Then the truth flashed on her, and for an instant she felt like crying. Francis Underwood approached the Judge and led him gently back to his chair.

"Now that you are at home, Judge Bascom," he said, "you need not worry yourself."

"I tell you it is *mine!*" the Judge went on, beating the arm of his chair with his clenched fist; "it is mine. It has always been mine, and it will always be mine."

Francis Underwood stood before the old man, active, alert, smiling. His sister said afterwards that she was surprised at the prompt gentleness with which her brother disposed of what promised to be a very disagreeable scene.

"Judge Bascom," said the young man, swinging himself around on his boot heels, "as your guest here, allow me to suggest that you ought to show me over the place. I have been told you have some very fine cows here."

Immediately Judge Bascom was himself again. His old air of dignity returned, and he became in a moment the affable host.

"As my guests here," he said, smiling with

pleasure, "you and the lady are very welcome. We keep open house at the Bascom Place, and we are glad to have our friends with us. What we have is yours. I suppose," he went on, still smiling, "some of our neighbors have been joking about our cows. We have a good many of them, but they don't amount to much. They have been driven to the pasture by this time, and that is on the creek a mile and a half from here. I wonder where Wesley is! I think he is growing more worthless every year. He ought to be here with my daughter. The carriage was sent for her some time ago."

"I will see if he is in the yard," said Underwood, and his sister followed him through the hall.

"Mercy!" Miss Sophie exclaimed when they were out of hearing; "does the old Judge purpose to swarm and settle down on us?" She had an economical turn of mind. "What in the world is the matter with him?"

"I pity him from the bottom of my heart," said Francis Underwood, "but I am sorer for his daughter. Everything seems to be blotted out of his mind except the notion that he is the owner of this Place. We must humor him, sister, and we must be tender with the daughter. You know how to do that much better than I do."

Miss Sophie frowned a little. The situation was a new and trying one, but she had been confronted with emergencies before, and her experience and her strong common sense stood her in good stead now. With a woman's promptness she decided on a line of action at once sympathetic and effectual. The buggy was ordered out and young Underwood went for a physician.

Then, when he had returned, Miss Sophie said he must go for the daughter, and she cautioned, with some severity of manner, as to what he should say and how he should deport himself. But at this Francis Underwood rebelled. Ordinarily he was a very agreeable and accommodating young fellow, but when his sister informed him that he must fetch Mildred Bascom to her father, he pulled off his hat and scratched his blonde head in perplexity.

"What could I say, sister?" he protested. "How could I explain the situation? No; it is a woman's work, and you must go. It would be a pretty come-off for me to go after this poor girl and in a fit of awkwardness frighten her to death. It is bad enough as it is. There is no hurry. You shall have the carriage. It would never do for me to go; no one but a woman knows how to be sympathetic in a matter of this kind."

"I never knew before that you were so bashful," said Miss Sophie, regarding him keenly. "It is a recent development."

"It is not bashfulness, sister," said Underwood, coloring a little. "It is consideration. How could I explain matters to this poor girl? How could I prevail on her to come here without giving her an inkling of the situation, and thus frighten her, perhaps unnecessarily?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Sophie, who, as an experienced spinster, was not always ready to make concessions of this kind. "At any rate I'll go for Miss Bascom, and I think I can manage it without alarming her; but the matter troubles me. I hope the poor old Judge will not be a dangerous guest."

"There is not the slightest fear of that," said

Francis Underwood. "He is too feeble for that. When I placed my hand on his shoulder just now he was all of a tremble. He is no stronger than a little child, and no more dangerous. Besides, the doctor is with him."

"Well," said Miss Sophie with a sigh, "I'll go. Women are compelled to do most of the odd jobs that men are afraid to take up; but I shiver to think of it. I shall surely break down when I see that poor child."

"No," said her brother, "you will not. I know you too well for that. We must humor this old man, and that will be for me to do; his daughter must be left to you."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Joel Chandler Harris.

SAINT-MÉMIN'S PORTRAIT OF MARSHALL.¹



THE fine engraving of Chief-Justice Marshall's portrait which embellishes the present number of this magazine is made from a crayon by Saint-Mémin taken in March, 1808, when the Chief-Justice was at the zenith of his powers, in the fifty-third year of his age. It is probably the most exact presentation of his face and bust that was ever made. Saint-Mémin was peculiarly gifted in the art of making accurate likenesses. He was a native of Dijon, the capital of ancient Burgundy, and was the last male descendant of a distinguished and honorable family named Févret, the ordinary surname of Saint-Mémin being undoubtedly taken from some family estate, as was the custom in France. His full name was Charles Balthazar Julien Févret de Saint-Mémin. He was born March

12, 1770, his father being a counselor of the Parliament of Dijon, and his mother a beautiful and wealthy creole of San Domingo. He had a natural genius for design and the finer mechanic arts; and though bred at a military school in Paris and destined for the army, he could not resist the temptation to cultivate his favorite pursuits. His regiment (of the Guards) being re-formed on the breaking out of the Revolution, he with the other officers was discharged from service, and soon after the family was obliged to seek safety by retiring to Switzerland. Saint-Mémin, however, joined the army of the princes, which was hovering on the Rhine, and while there still employed himself in making sketches of its beautiful scenery. After the disbandment of this army, he and his father conceived the project of going to San Domingo in order to look after Madame Saint-Mémin's property, and to avoid the accusation of being emigrants from the territory

¹ The other portraits of Chief-Justice Marshall which have come to my knowledge are the following:

1. A silhouette by Saint-Mémin in possession of Mrs. M. L. Smith, residing near the Alexandria Seminary.

2. An elaborate half-length portrait was taken by Rembrandt Peale in 1825, and was presented to Chief-Justice Chase by the New York Bar Association, and by him bequeathed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and is now in the robing-room of the court at the Capitol. Although a fine painting, this portrait has not been recognized as a good likeness by those who knew the Chief-Justice.

3. A full-length portrait was taken by Hubard, a French artist, at Richmond, 1830, and is considered by the Marshall family as an excellent likeness. It is now in Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

4. A full-length miniature in a sitting posture by the same artist is at Markham, Va., in possession of the family of the late Edward C. Marshall, and a replica at Leedstown, Va., belongs to the family of James K. Marshall.

5. A portrait taken by Henry Inman at Washington in 1831, from which many copies have been taken and engravings made—among others, the bank-note engraving made by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The original is in possession of the Philadelphia Law Association.

6. A very fine portrait by Jarvis, formerly owned by Hon. I. E. Morse of New Orleans, now by Mr. Justice Gray of the United States Supreme Court.

7. A full-length portrait by Harding, owned by the Boston Athenæum, a replica of which is in the Harvard Law School.

8. A large painting, representing the Chief-Justice at full length, seated, was made some years since by a Mr. Washington, not from life, but as an eclectic portrait from several others, and is now in the court-house at Warrenton, Va. A copy of it made ten or twelve years since by Mr. Brooke of Washington was purchased by Congress, and is now in the robing-room of the Supreme Court. Of course it cannot have much value as a portrait, whatever may be its merits as a painting.

of France. They went by way of Holland, England, Canada, and the United States, and arrived at New York in 1793. There they found many fugitives from San Domingo, whose reports rendered aid from that quarter very doubtful — although the father finally sailed for the island, but took the fever immediately upon landing and died. Young Saint-Mémin was thus thrown upon his own resources, and for a while boarded with a fellow-countryman who had sought an asylum in America. Struck with the beauty of New York and its harbor and the surrounding scenery, he made a most accurate sketch of it, which was greatly admired, and he was advised to have it engraved and offered to the public. He obtained an introduction to the public library, where by the aid of the encyclopedia he mastered the principles of engraving and made a highly finished copper-plate of his sketch. So successful was this his first effort in that line that he was advised to devote himself to the art of making and engraving portraits. Chrétien, in 1786, had invented an instrument which he denominated the "physionotrace," by which the profile outline of a face could be taken with mathematical precision, both as to figure and dimensions. Saint-Mémin constructed such an instrument for himself and employed it with great success, filling in the outline with crayon, generally black on a pink ground. His portraits were greatly admired for their faithfulness, and became very much in vogue. He executed no less than 818 from 1793 to 1810, visiting for the purpose most of the Atlantic cities from New York to Charleston. For the moderate sum of thirty-three dollars he furnished to each sitter a full-sized portrait of the bust, a copper-plate of the same engraved in miniature (reduced from the portrait by another instrument called a "pantograph"), and twelve proofs.

These miniatures were of medallion size, circular in form and about two inches in diameter, with the face nearly the size of a quarter-dollar. He kept two or three proofs for his own portfolio, and after his return to France in 1814 he made up two complete sets, which after his death (which occurred in 1852) were sent to this country for sale. One of them is in the possession of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington; the other was purchased by Mr. Elias Dexter of New York, who photographed the engravings and published them with an introduction containing a memoir of Saint-Mémin and a short biographical sketch of the persons whose portraits are contained in the collection. The memoir is merely a translation of an address before the Academy of Dijon made by M. Guignard after Saint-Mémin's decease. During the latter portion of

his life, from 1817 to 1852, he was Director of the Museum of Dijon, one of the most valuable depositories of works of art in France.

The original portrait of Chief-Justice Marshall of which the accompanying engraving is a copy is owned by Mr. Thomas Marshall Smith of Baltimore, whose mother was a daughter of the Chief-Justice's eldest son, and the portrait has always remained in the family. It is regarded by them as the very best likeness ever taken of their honored ancestor. Mr. Smith has recently allowed a full-sized photograph of it to be taken by Rice of Washington for the Supreme Court, reserving the copyright. The engraving in *THE CENTURY* is made from this excellent photograph, and, with the exception of the dozen miniatures struck off by Saint-Mémin, is the only engraving ever made from the portrait.

John Marshall is one of those purely American characters of whom we may well be proud. Born on the 24th of September, 1755, in Fauquier County, Va., a region then comparatively new, he enjoyed few of the educational facilities which existed in the older portions of the State. This was made up, however, in great degree, by one of the happiest and most intellectual of homes. His father, Colonel Thomas Marshall, was an intimate friend and old schoolmate of Washington, and was associated with him in the surveys of the Fairfax estates, which embraced a large portion of northern and north-western Virginia. His mother was Mary Keith, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of the parish, and educated in the choicest English literature of that day. The home was a constant and regularly organized school. The best English poets and historians were made as familiar as household words, and the mathematical and other sciences were not neglected. Mr. Justice Story, who probably had it from the Chief-Justice himself, relates that at the age of twelve John, who was the eldest of the children, had transcribed the whole of Pope's "Essay on Man" and some of his "Moral Essays," and had committed to memory many of the most interesting passages of that poet. When he had become sufficiently advanced a private tutor was procured to initiate him into the mysteries of classical lore. Rev. James Thompson, an Episcopal clergyman from Scotland, was employed for this duty. At fourteen John was sent to Westmoreland County to attend the school of Rev. Mr. Campbell, where his father and Washington had been students and where he staid for a year. He then returned home and continued his classical studies under Mr. Thompson. His outdoor recreations were hunting and fishing, of which he was exceedingly fond. At eighteen he began the study of law by reading Blackstone's Com-

mentaries, then a new book. But soon the Revolution broke out and Thomas Marshall and his son John joined the troops raised by Virginia, the former as colonel of a regiment, the latter as lieutenant in a different regiment, and both served in the field the greater portion of the war, John being promoted to a captaincy in 1777. He was at the battles of Trenton, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, and nearly all the important engagements of the army of Washington's immediate command. Though so young, being only twenty when the war began, he became exceedingly popular with his brother officers, as well as with his men, and his sound common sense and good judgment led to his often being selected to decide disputes between them and also to act as judge-advocate. He was thus brought into personal contact with General Washington and Colonel Hamilton, who afterwards became his warmest friends. At this time he is described as being the picture of health, six feet high, straight, slender, of dark complexion, with a round face and piercing black eye, and a countenance beaming with intelligence and good nature. He had an upright but not high forehead, terminated in a horizontal line by a mass of raven-black hair, and his temples were fully developed, indicating strong memory and great power of combination.

Being sent home at the close of 1779 to aid in raising new recruits, he had an opportunity, of which he availed himself, to attend the law lectures of George Wythe (afterwards Chancellor) and those of Professor (afterwards Bishop) Madison on natural philosophy. This was all the collegiate education he ever enjoyed. When the courts were opened, after the capture of Cornwallis, he began the practice of law, and in January, 1783, married Mary Willis Ambler, with whom he lived in devoted affection for nearly fifty years. He now took up his permanent residence in Richmond, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life. It was not long before he became a leader of the Virginia bar. His wonderful strength of logic and clearness of statement made him almost irresistible in argument, and his industry and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties secured him a very large practice. He was frequently sent to the legislature, which, as he lived at the capital, he could attend without material prejudice to his business; and he was as eminent in debate on important political questions as he was at the bar. In the latter sphere his services were sought in all the important causes of the day, many of which involved public questions growing out of the war and its attendant consequences. Among other clients he was employed by the celebrated Beaumarchais to sue the State of Virginia for

supplies furnished during the war, and obtained a large judgment against the State under a law at that time existing which allowed such suits. He was one of the leading counsel in the great case of the debts due to British subjects which had been paid to the State during the war under a statute authorizing such payments to be made. In the department of public law he became especially proficient, and probably had no superior in the country.

In his political views Marshall was firm and decided. He was always in favor of a Federal Government clothed with adequate power to maintain itself and the national dignity and credit, and when the new Constitution was proposed he was one of its most ardent supporters. Being elected to the State convention which met in 1788 to consider its adoption, his calm and powerful arguments interposed a successful resistance to the fiery eloquence of Patrick Henry, who was opposed to the Constitution. His services in finally securing its ratification were second only to those of Madison himself. After the Federal Government was organized he was ever the powerful champion of Washington's administration, both in the legislature and in popular assemblies. He sustained the financial and other measures of the first Congress, by which the Government was made a reality and set in motion. He defended Jay's treaty, and compelled its opponents to abandon the charge of unconstitutionality. In 1797 General Marshall, as he was then called, was sent by President Adams, with Gerry and Pinckney, to France, and in the diplomatic contest with the corrupt and insolent Directory of that day he defended the dignity of his country in one of the ablest of state papers. On his return, in 1798, he was received with the enthusiastic approbation of all parties. His progress from New York to Richmond was an ovation.

Marshall hoped now to be permitted to devote himself to his profession. But this could not be. He had become too important a personage to be allowed to retire from public life. At the earnest personal entreaty of Washington, who was deeply interested in the success of the Federal or Constitutional party, Marshall consented to run for Congress, and was elected, though his district (Richmond) was anti-Federal in its sympathies. In the session of 1799-1800 he made that memorable speech in which he so ably sustained the action of the Executive in delivering up to the British Government, under the treaty of 1794, Nash (*alias* Robbins), who was charged with piracy and murder committed on a British vessel. It was confessed by the Republican leaders that this speech could not be answered. It is still referred to as a conclusive exposition of the

public law on the subject of international obligations in regard to the extradition of criminals.

On the disruption of Mr. Adams's Cabinet, in May, 1800, General Marshall was nominated, first as Secretary of War, and then as Secretary of State. He served in the latter office during the remainder of Adams's administration, and his state papers are characterized by all his wonted clearness and power of argument. In November, 1800, Chief-Justice Ellsworth, then in Europe, resigned, and Marshall, though still holding the office of Secretary of State, was appointed in his place. It was to him an unsolicited and unexpected honor. The President first offered the place to Mr. Jay, its former occupant, but then near the close of his term as governor of New York. Mr. Jay declined the offer, desiring to retire from public life. The President meeting Marshall, who had suggested some name for the office, announced his determination to appoint a plain Virginia lawyer named John Marshall. The latter was so surprised and confused by this announcement that for a moment he could not utter a word.

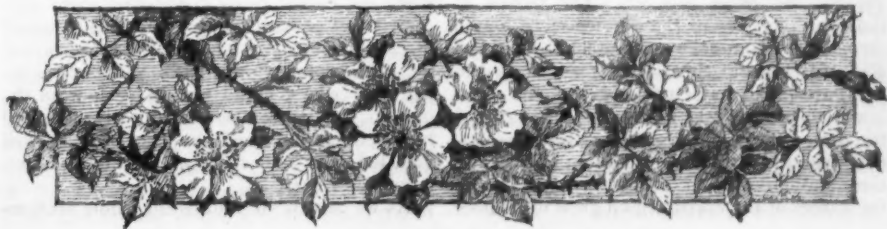
The great office to which Marshall was now elevated was held until his death, which occurred on the sixth day of July, 1835, in the eightieth year of his age. He believed himself to be better fitted for the judicial function than for any other vocation. It was the great object of his ambition. He told his son that when President Adams told him that he had decided to nominate him as Chief-Justice it was the happiest moment of his life. He felt his power. He was conscious of the spirit that was in him. And yet he was one of the most modest of men. A consciousness of power is not inconsistent with true modesty. "Let me repeat it," says Lavater, "he only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on, like Samson, and *'tells neither father nor mother of it.'*" Quiet, simple, and unassuming, Marshall was inherently great; and though conscious of his power, he did not regard it as exceptional, but as all in the ordinary course.

It is needless to say that Marshall's reputation as a great constitutional judge is peerless. The character of his mind and his previous

training were such as to enable him to handle the momentous questions to which the conflicting views upon the Constitution gave rise with the soundest logic, the greatest breadth of view, and the most far-seeing statesmanship. He came to the bench with a reputation already established — the reputation not only of a great lawyer, but of an eminent statesman and publicist; and under his lead the Supreme Court lost none of the prestige which it had enjoyed under Jay and Ellsworth. This was a matter of consequence at a period when so much depended upon the public confidence in the decisions of this tribunal upon the questions of constitutional construction which agitated the public mind. The result answered the requirements of the situation. It may truly be said that the Constitution received its final and permanent form from the judgments rendered by the Supreme Court during the period in which Marshall was at its head.

With a few modifications, superinduced by the somewhat differing views on two or three points of his great successor, and aside from the new questions growing out of the late civil war and the recent constitutional amendments, the decisions made since Marshall's time have been little more than the application of the principles established by him and his venerated associates. It must be confessed that the business of the Supreme Court at that period allowed more time for elaborate argument and judicial deliberation than at present. It has increased since Marshall's time more than sevenfold. Against forty-two cases reported in January term, 1835, more than three hundred were reported in October term, 1887. Another advantage enjoyed by the old court was the selectness and distinguished ability of its bar. Dexter, Webster, Pinckney, Ogden, Wood, Binney, Sergeant, Ingersoll, Taney, Livingston, and many others of almost equal fame are frequently named as counsel. The system of railroads and the consequent ease of communication with all parts of the country now enable the local counsel to argue their own cases, and have had the effect of lessening the elevated and eclectic character of the arguments made before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Joseph P. Bradley.



TELEGRAPHING IN BATTLE.



BEFORE 1861 the value of the military telegraph had not been demonstrated. Crude experiments had been made, with poorly equipped lines, in the Crimea, in India, and by France, Spain, and Italy in different campaigns, while the Germans possessed a distinct military telegraph organization as yet untested; but it was on the very route where Morse's first message, "What hath God wrought!" announced the benefits of his invention to the

arts of peace that the telegraph was to begin its first practical use in war. The outbreak of the mob in Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, culminated in the destruction of railroads, bridges, and telegraphs, and for a time Washington was isolated from the North. In this emergency the Administration called upon Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad to aid the military operations of General Butler in re-opening communication. Taking with him Andrew Carnegie and four of his best telegraphers, Mr. Scott attacked the problem with amazing energy. Rails were relaid, bridges rebuilt, wires restrung, as if by magic; and as the nation poured its defenders towards Washington, the genius of Scott, aided by the sagacity of these assistants, guided the long trains of volunteers safely to their destination. Reaching Washington after the accomplishment of this mission, the telegraph corps was enlarged to connect important stations, as the navy yard and the arsenal, with the War Department, and to run lines to Arlington, Chain Bridge, and other outposts. The names of the four pioneers of the service were David Strouse, D. Homer Bates, Samuel Brown, and Richard O'Brien. Strouse soon succumbed to the hardships of the new service, and went home to die: he sleeps by the Juniata. Of the three others, Bates served at the War Department and Brown and O'Brien at the front throughout the war. Thus informally began the career of the corps, which grew to number

more than 1000 experts, which constructed 15,000 miles of line in the field, transmitted millions of important dispatches, regulated the movements of distant armies, as those of Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, and, in short, made it possible to move vast forces as a unit over a wide territory. It will be remembered that in 1861 telegraphy was not twenty years old, and that the art of rapid operating by sound was still younger. Most of those who responded to the call for operators to serve in the field were in their teens, but they were enthusiastic, already trained to the faithful performance of duty, and ready to face danger when necessary. At Great Falls, an outpost on the Maryland side of the Potomac, the pickets were one day withdrawn, and simultaneously the Confederates began to shell the telegraph office. As steps, porch, and roof were successively shot away, the operator, Ed. Conway, reported progress to the War Department, adding that his office would "now close for repairs," and withdrew with his instrument as the enemy crossed the river.

With McDowell's advance to Bull Run, in 1861, lines were extended to Alexandria, Fairfax Station, and Fairfax Court House. Aided by a line of couriers, the progress of the first battle of Bull Run was reported to the War Department by operators at the front, who were among the last to leave the field.

They soon became veterans. A gorgeous uniform which had marked the gilt-edged, brass-button period of the telegraph service, and which had not sufficiently distinguished the operators from major-generals, was discarded, and the corps settled down to the exigencies of its novel situation, sharing the dangers and privations of the troops, keeping up communication night and day, and faithfully guarding the important military secrets intrusted for transmission.

It might be supposed that Southern sympathizers would have endeavored to interrupt Government communication by telegraph when it could so easily be done by cutting wires and cables, or by connecting them with each other or with the ground. As a matter of fact, lines in Washington were interrupted by cross connections made with fine copper wire which could not be seen from the ground; but these were so quickly detected by electrical tests and the lines were so well guarded that such attempts became too dangerous and ceased.

As we advanced southward whole sections

of wire would sometimes be torn down at night by bushwhackers and carried into the woods, and the work of repair often proved extremely hazardous. A favorite point for such exploits on the part of the Confederates was the line between Fort Monroe and Newport News. They being camped at Yorktown, and our videttes, after the Big Bethel affair, only extending to Hampton, they could strike the exposed line anywhere from there to Newport News. This they usually did at night. On one occasion, early in 1862, the chief operator at Fort Monroe went out to repair such a break, accompanied by an escort of infantry. Being well mounted he left the troops out of sight, found the wire torn down near Newport News, repaired it, and returned rapidly towards Hampton. As he passed the New Market road he received simultaneously a bullet through his coat and an order to halt from a party of cavalry charging down upon him from the direction of Yorktown. Disregarding both bullet and order, he spurred his horse forward and succeeded in reaching his escort, who poured a volley into his pursuers which caused them to wheel and retreat as rapidly as they had come.

It was on this line that the operator at Newport News reported from his point of view the phases of the fight between the *Merrimac* and our wooden ships, while shells from the former and her consorts burst around him at short range. Amid the reverberations of the heavy broadsides from our ships, which shook the massive ramparts of Fort Monroe, the writer read to the assembled officers, from the click of the instrument, this terse description: "The *Merrimac* steers straight for the *Cumberland*." "The *Cumberland* gives her a broadside." "The *Merrimac* keels over." "She seems to be sinking." A pause. "No; she comes on again." "She has struck the *Cumberland* and poured a broadside into her." "God! the *Cumberland* is sinking." Another pause and then: "The *Cumberland* has fired her last broadside." Next day the historic combat of the iron-clads occurred, and though largely within view from our ramparts, it was similarly bulletined by the same steady hand from Newport News.

Telegraphic operations began in West Virginia almost contemporaneously with those about Washington, and materially aided General McClellan in his campaign in that quarter. Operations in other States will be noted further on. By the close of the first year of the war over a thousand miles of line had been built with the armies in the different departments; the telegraph having proved itself invaluable in the strategic movement of troops in the field, and equally essential to the efficiency of

the commissariat and the prompt transportation of quartermasters' supplies.

A new era was now begun by the appointment of Colonel Anson Stager as general superintendent of all military telegraphs, with Thomas T. Eckert, afterwards Assistant Secretary of War, in immediate charge of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and later with other competent telegraphers in charge of the departments of West Virginia, Ohio, the Cumberland, Missouri, Tennessee, the South, and the Gulf. In these several departments material was accumulated, operators employed, and construction corps organized to build and operate lines in the field with efficiency and dispatch, so that every army, whether moving or fighting, should act in harmony with the rest.

Preparatory to McClellan's peninsular campaign a line was carried from Washington via Wilmington along the eastern shore of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia to Cape Charles and Cherrystone Inlet, whence communication was completed to Fort Monroe, first by dispatch-boats and afterwards by cable. The first attempt to lay this cable resulted in the wreck of the vessel containing it on Cape Henry, where the whole party narrowly escaped capture. A second attempt proved successful and placed McClellan in direct communication with the War Department, by a line of about two hundred miles in length. On this single wire, during McClellan's campaign, throbbed and pulsed the hurried orders for supplies, entreaties for reinforcements, fateful lists of killed and wounded, news of victory and defeat—all the tidings of glory and of horror which pertain to war.

At Cherrystone, Eastville, Cape Charles, and northward the military telegraphers enjoyed a holiday, faring on luscious oysters, shooting wild ducks, lazily riding with a cavalry escort over the line, wherein was just sufficient danger from guerrillas to give zest to life; while across the bay at the front the boys were working their instruments under fire in the trenches around Yorktown, keeping McClellan in constant communication with his generals and with Fort Monroe and Washington.

The telegraph not only worked through sea and land, but sought to establish communication in cloud-land, carrying a light wire skyward by balloon near Washington, at Pohick Church, Va., and several times on the Peninsula. Before Yorktown the operator in the clouds telegraphed to headquarters the position of Confederate intrenchments and the effect of our fire, assisting to regulate the range of our guns.

One of the first of our army to enter York-

town was operator Lathrop, who hurried to the Confederate telegraph tent to try the Richmond wire, and was blown to pieces by an ingeniously placed torpedo of the enemy. After Yorktown the construction party always kept the main line up with the troops as they marched, and the branches to corps headquarters when they halted, stringing the wire on poles or trees as the needs of the march required. The Count of Paris attests that the generals were surprised and delighted to find the telegraph at hand at the end of each day's march, giving them communication with one another and with the base of operations. The instruments of slight resistance and currents of small electro-motive force employed on the well-insulated lines of to-day would not have recorded signals, nor have overcome the "escapes" of our field lines of that time. We used "relays" of great resistance, and nitric acid batteries of the strongest kind. The operators at the front, too, were experts. Seated under fire, on a stump or a cracker-box, while troops and artillery swept by, they would send or take thousands of words of military orders, at the rate of forty words per minute, without an error. From the battle of Williamsburg to that of Fair Oaks and in the Seven Days' fighting the telegraph assisted largely in handling the several corps of the Army of the Potomac. At Gaines's Mill, Porter obtained reinforcements at the critical juncture through the promptness of his operator, who tapped the wire as our line of battle receded, and transmitted the necessary dispatches under a heavy fire which killed several of his mounted messengers.

The inner history of this campaign can best be read in the pregnant telegrams of McClellan and the Administration, found in the Official Records. These dispatches, and all succeeding ones of importance throughout the war, were transmitted over the wires in cipher, the keys of which were held only by confidential telegraph operators and were not permitted to be revealed even to commanding generals. The principle of the cipher consisted in writing a message with an equal number of words in each line, then copying the words up and down the columns by various routes, throwing in an extra word at the end of each column, and substituting other words for important names and verbs. This code was frequently changed to insure secrecy, as when a cipher operator was captured. The reader who may be curious on this subject is referred to Plum's "History of the Military Telegraph," which contains a full exposé of both the Union and the Confederate cryptographs. The Confederate ciphers were always easily solved by our experts, sharing, as they did, the faults of all ciphers constructed on an alphabetical system, while it is

believed that no instance is known of the enemy having been able to decipher a telegram in one of our ciphers. When the Army of the Potomac was recalled from the James, our lines were taken down as far back as Williamsburg. South of the James we had communication with Norfolk by cable from Fort Monroe, through Hampton Roads and thence to Suffolk, on the Nansemond. At Norfolk, in 1862, the chief operator was offered by a committee twenty thousand dollars in gold, the freedom of the Confederacy, and passage to England by blockade runner if he would anticipate a telegram expected from Mr. Lincoln granting a reprieve to a citizen condemned for shooting a Union officer. The offer was made on the day preceding that fixed for the execution and was indignantly rejected.

During 1862 nearly four thousand miles of line was built over the wide territory occupied by our forces. Of this nearly half was taken down or abandoned as the necessities of the conflict dictated; over a million important telegrams were transmitted. As much more line was constructed in the field in 1863, and again 1500 miles was abandoned, while about 2,000,000 dispatches were transmitted; and from 1863 to the close more than 6000 miles of line was built and about 5,000,000 dispatches were forwarded. While the Army of the Potomac was engaged on the Peninsula the telegraphic situation nearer Washington consisted of three principal lines radiating thence to McDowell at Fredericksburg, to Manassas Junction, extended via the Manassas Gap road to Strasburg, and a line via Harper's Ferry to Winchester, following Banks to Strasburg.¹

In the retreat of Banks from Strasburg, Jackson captured both his telegraphers. One of them, while detained at Winchester to send important messages after our rear-guard had passed, finding himself surrounded, destroyed his dispatches, broke his instruments, and surrendered. Three other operators, while pushing forward a reconnaissance by locomotive on the Manassas Gap route, were captured by Jackson's men, who obstructed the track in their front and rear.

In Pope's Virginia campaign of three weeks his essential telegraph lines formed a triangle, its base extending from Washington along the Virginia side of the Potomac to Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg, its sides from the latter point to Culpeper Court House, and from Washington via the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to the same point, whence a single wire accompanied him to the battlefield of Cedar Mountain and beyond. In the retro-

¹ This was exclusive of the Fort Monroe line, the civil lines northward, and a network of short wires connecting fortifications and outposts.

grade movement as soon as he uncovered the apex of the telegraph triangle at Culpeper he lost the Fredericksburg wire, which became more inaccessible the farther he receded on the Orange and Alexandria route, while "Jeb" Stuart rode in and cut the line in his rear at Manassas Junction, capturing our operator, who was shot while attempting to escape. Thus was Pope entirely isolated, while Washington seemed as completely cut off from knowledge of his movements or of Jackson's as it was from the North on the 20th of April, 1861. Again the telegraphers plunged into the work of re-opening communication, this time at far greater hazard. Pushing out on the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap roads, by locomotive or by hand-car, they concealed themselves in woods and cliffs, observing the movements of the enemy's forces and of our own, and giving all the definite information which reached the Administration at that time. The field operators

with Pope, too, finding their usual occupation gone, became independent scouts, reconnoitering the country and tapping the wires wherever reached to obtain information of the enemy or to communicate news to the War Department. The earliest advices of the second battle of Bull Run, like those of the first, were given by the operators, two of them riding direct from the battlefield to the nearest line and telegraphing their own description of it to the President, who personally thanked them by telegraph. In such hazardous work a number were wounded or captured.

On one occasion an operator started out from Fairfax Station on a hand-car propelled by three contrabands to attempt to restore the line so that Pope's operators could communicate his whereabouts. Finding the line cut beyond Pohick Bridge, he spliced it and got signals from both directions. While so engaged a party of guerrillas emerged from the woods to the track and surrounded him. Bidding the negroes stand fast, he dictated a swift message over the line, which was being repeated back to him and copied as the Confederate leader leaned over his shoulder and read the significant words: "Buford has sent back a regiment of cavalry to meet the one from here and guard the line. If you are molested we will hang

every citizen on the route." The instrument ceased ticking as the operator firmly replied, ". . . —" (O. K.). A painful pause ensued. The Confederate might have suspected a ruse if at the moment a gleam of sabers had not shone in the direction of Fairfax Court House. Hastily starting for the woods, the leader ex-



TELEGRAPH CAMP, BRANDY STATION, ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROAD (ON THE LINE BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND CULPEPER).

claimed, "Come home, boys; these yere ain't our niggers"; and they disappeared, while the hand-car, as if driven by forty contraband power, sped rapidly rearward. Pope's wires were not well guarded at any time.

Later in the war, in attempting to re-open this line for Sheridan, via the Manassas Gap road to Front Royal, a railroad and telegraph party while proceeding by locomotive were ambushed and five of them killed.

In the Antietam campaign McClellan had a line to Hagerstown looped via Poolesville to Point of Rocks, whence a branch extended to Harper's Ferry. Stuart cut this loop as Lee advanced, and an attempt to restore it proving disastrous to the telegraph party, Harper's Ferry remained isolated until captured. Five military operators surrendered with the troops at that point, but they escaped and at Antietam joined their comrades, who had pushed the line to the battlefield of South Mountain and on through Boonesboro' and Keedysville.

The electric tongue which had aided him on the Peninsula and in Maryland now proclaimed McClellan's victory at Antietam and again became the messenger of his humiliation. The telegraph corps revered "Little Mac," both in person and in military genius. Perhaps

none knew better than some of its members the extent and scope of his plans or had more confidence in their success. The orders for his withdrawal from the James were reluctantly transmitted, and on his removal from the command of the Army of the Potomac, in November, his chief operator telegraphed, "We are all grieved at McClellan's removal. The whole army, from major-generals down to foot orderlies, feel it. Old soldiers of the regulars wept like boys when he left."

Burnside's lines in the Fredericksburg campaign were the same as Pope's had been in August, but were less extended and less exposed. Three of the operators were captured at their posts, one of whom escaped by his wits and the others joined the considerable dele-

phone, he would have succeeded. It will undoubtedly be used with Morse telegraphy in future wars;¹ but the antiquated system introduced, and expected to be worked by officers unfamiliar with electricity, resulted in disastrous failure. Had the telegraphic field not been thus divided, and had General Hooker ordered the necessary lines, he would probably have had better control of his forces, particularly of Sedgwick's corps.

A swift glance southward and westward, without regard to chronological order, may indicate the value of the telegraph in other fields than the Potomac.

Military lines were not required in North Carolina until 1863, when they connected Morehead City, New Berne, Bachelor's Creek,



A FIELD EXPEDIENT.

gation of the corps already in captivity, where they suffered the usual horrors of Libby, Belle Isle, and Andersonville, and whence they communicated by many ingenious devices with their friends. A brass button by the hands of an exchanged prisoner would contain a cipher dispatch on tissue paper. A ring carved from bone and marked with a few Morse characters told us of our captured comrades.

From the beginning of the war there had been some friction between the telegraph and the signal corps. Early in 1861 the chief signal officer assumed control of the telegraph in Butler's department, from which he was immediately relieved by the Secretary of War. In 1863 he was again in the field with thirty cumbersome "magneto" machines, intended to operate a dial telegraph. The system was operated by the signal officers in the Chancellorsville campaign, and, proving inefficient, it was turned over to the telegraphers, who discarded the machines and worked with Morse instruments the short lines laid by the signal corps. Had Major Myer then had the tele-

graph with having apprised him of the approach of Pickett's force against New Berne in February, 1864, and with enabling him promptly to concentrate his forces to meet the attack.

Three of his operators died of yellow fever. Plum says: "On the pay-rolls, which alone indicate that these men were in the service of their country, is written opposite their names, 'Discharged.' An eternal discharge, indeed."² Yet that epitaph comprises all of rank, reward, or pension ever tendered an operator of the military telegraph, or his family, by the United States.

In the same region, in March, 1865, the writer ran the line along with the troops in General Schofield's advance on Kinston and Goldsboro', lying in Gum Swamp—where the enemy struck us—two days and nights with the relay to his ear, transmitting dispatches. The signal corps cooperated handsomely, and ten picked cavalry-

¹ The hand 'phone is a sensitive instrument for Morse telegraphy.

² "History of the Military Telegraph."

men rode right and left under fire with the dispatches. A whole regiment of ours was captured almost beside us.

The morning after this affair General J. D. Cox called at our post and courteously said that he wished "personally to thank the chief operator for the service rendered at the front." He seemed astonished at finding only a boy of fifteen, muddy and haggard, lying on the ground and too exhausted to care even if the President called.

The military telegraph service in South Carolina was peculiar in the preponderance of submarine cables connecting the sea islands, and in the exposure of the operators on Morris Island and vicinity to the fire of the Confederate batteries during the long siege of Charleston. On one occasion two of our men were up alternate poles stringing a wire which had just been cut by a shell when another well-aimed shot struck the pole between them and brought poles, wire, and men in a tangle to the soft sand.



"INSULATED."

In September, 1863, a Union operator named Forster tapped the Charleston and Savannah line near Pocotaligo and sent information to

from which point three wires radiated to important posts. In March, 1864, three of our builders were killed by guerrillas on the Fort

Generals Gillmore and Terry which enabled them to foil a concerted attack by the enemy. Forster was captured on the third day and died in prison.

Not pausing to detail the movements of the telegraph with expeditions in Florida, we note in the Gulf Department seven military lines radiating from New Orleans under Butler and Banks, one of them reaching Baton Rouge, after its occupation, another accompanying the Red River expedition, and one connecting New Orleans and Port Hudson with field lines at the latter point during the siege. Experiments by the telegraphers in exploding powder by electricity, such as had been made at Fort Sumter and elsewhere, resulted in that department in the successful clearing of obstructions from Bayou Teche. At the close of the war about three thousand miles of military lines in the Department of Mississippi, including Texas, were turned over to commercial use.

In Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas military lines connected St. Louis with Fort Leavenworth and Fort Scott, and by February, 1864, with Fort Smith and Little Rock,

Smith line. By 1865 these lines aggregated seventeen hundred miles.

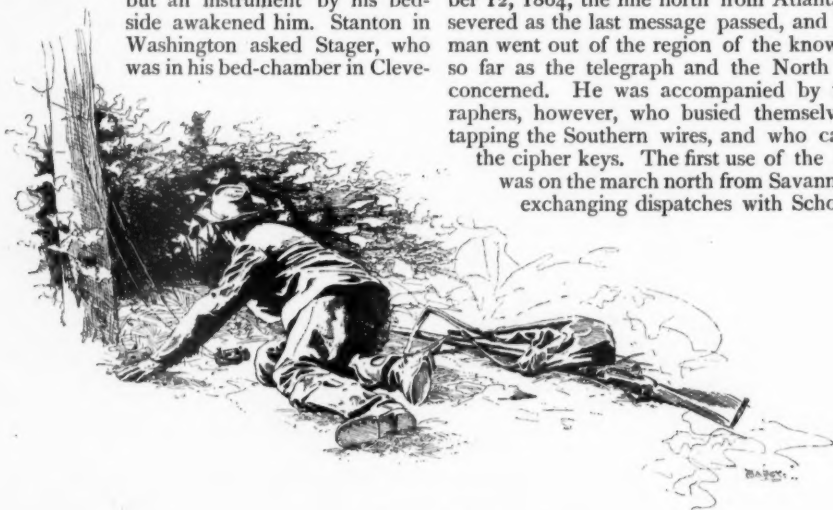
In Tennessee about a thousand miles of lines were constructed for Halleck's and Grant's operations. These, in 1862, connected St. Louis with Forts Henry and Donelson when captured, thence reaching to Nashville and on to Bowling Green, Kentucky. Nashville was connected with Decatur, Alabama, and other points. In the Shiloh campaign Buell carried a line from Nashville with him, meeting midway one from Grant, who was at Pittsburg Landing, so that Grant, Buell, and Halleck were in telegraphic communication on the eve of the unexpected battle of Shiloh. This must have been a source of reliance to Grant when the fight actually opened. During the siege of Vicksburg field lines connected Grant with all his forces, and the telegraph gave timely notice of Johnston's movements.

When Rosecrans was defeated at Chickamauga and retreated to Chattanooga, where Grant sent him timely aid; and in the concentration of Sherman and Hooker with Thomas, which culminated in the victory of Chattanooga, the telegraph was of incalculable service.

About this time Longstreet besieged Burnside at Knoxville and Grant sent Sherman swiftly to the rescue. Plum says: "After Grant had driven Bragg from Missionary Ridge he received dispatches from the advance office at Tazewell, notifying him that Burnside could not hold out longer than December 1. Secretary Stanton telegraphed for Colonel Stager to 'come to the key.' Stager had retired, but an instrument by his bedside awakened him. Stanton in Washington asked Stager, who was in his bed-chamber in Cleve-

land, Ohio, to forward news to Burnside by the most trusty means. The colonel instantly called up the chief operator in Louisville, Kentucky, and the latter the operators at four separate points nearest to Burnside. Thus it happened that in the dead of night four telegraphers, each with a cipher message notifying Burnside of the approach of Union troops, started on their perilous journey from four separate points." Some of them reached Burnside, and he held out until his army was saved. The episode has not been immortalized nor its heroes rewarded.

While Sherman was preparing his army to start from Chattanooga in the Atlanta campaign the military telegraph spread a network of additional wires in Tennessee for his use, some of them extending into Alabama and Georgia and accompanying him to Atlanta. In his "Memoirs" he says: "There was perfect concert of action between the armies in Virginia and Georgia in all 1864; hardly a day intervened when General Grant did not know the exact state of facts with me, more than fifteen hundred miles off, as the wires ran." The operations of Sherman's telegraph in the advance on Atlanta were similar to those with the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula. For instance, in front of Kenesaw, when about to hurl his whole force on Johnston's center, he says: "In order to oversee the whole and be in close communication with all parts of the army, I had a space cleared on top of a hill to the rear of Thomas's center, and had the telegraph wires laid to it." Sherman further says, speaking of the telegraph on the battlefield, "This is better far than the signal flags and torches." November 12, 1864, the line north from Atlanta was severed as the last message passed, and Sherman went out of the region of the knowable, so far as the telegraph and the North were concerned. He was accompanied by telegraphers, however, who busied themselves in tapping the Southern wires, and who carried the cipher keys. The first use of the latter was on the march north from Savannah in exchanging dispatches with Schofield,



TAPPING A WIRE.



LIGHT FIELD SERVICE.

who on the taking of Wilmington sent his dispatches in cipher by Lieutenant Cushing of the navy, who had already distinguished himself for reckless bravery. Cushing, going up the Cape Fear River in a steam launch, met Sherman's scouts near Fayetteville. Thus Sherman was informed of successful coöperation in North Carolina, and the cipher code permitted full explanation of plans of campaign between Grant, Schofield, and Sherman.

It also enabled us later, at Raleigh, to communicate over the Confederate wires with General James H. Wilson at Macon, Georgia, pending the negotiations for the surrender of Johnston.

Meantime the telegraph served Thomas in retreat and defense—covering his front during

the siege of Nashville with watchful sentinels, reporting his condition daily to Grant, and bringing constant messages from City Point and Washington.¹

Taking up the electric thread with the Army of the Potomac, in 1864, Badeau attests that when Grant crossed the Rapidan in the final campaign he moved synchronously by telegraph Sherman in Georgia, Crook in the Valley, and Butler on the Peninsula, and received responses from each before night, while all the remaining forces of the Union were placed on the alert by the same agency. In addition to

¹ For an account of the Western service the reader is referred to Plum's History, already quoted, to which the writer is much indebted for details of the Western departments.



UNITED STATES MILITARY TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTION CORPS.

the main line, via the Orange and Alexandria road, accompanying Grant, keeping him in direct communication with Washington, General Eckert had at this time perfected a field telegraph system somewhat on the mountain howitzer plan. Reels of insulated cable, strong enough to resist cannon-wheels, were carried on the backs of mules paying out the wire over the field, where it was raised on lances or on trees, while compact portable electric batteries were transported in ambulances constructed for the purpose. This system was found efficient on the battlefield and at Spotylvania Court House, where at one time operators and cable were within the enemy's lines, and in subsequent battles it was thoroughly tested. Throughout the remainder of the war General Grant received almost daily reports by telegraph from all the armies in the field, and issued his orders, in cipher, over our wires to all his lieutenants in pursuance of one comprehensive plan. With Butler's coöperative move up the Peninsula went the telegraph to Gloucester Point, West Point, and White House on the Pamunkey; and when this feat on the York was followed by the real attack on the other side of the Peninsula, the telegraph was pushed up the James as rapidly as possible; so that when Grant swung around Richmond he was met at White House and at City Point by these electric nerves. Before Grant's arrival wires were run from Bermuda Hundred to Point of Rocks, on the left bank of the Appomattox, under fire from the enemy's batteries on the right bank, to Butler's headquarters, midway between that point and Broadway Landing,

and to W. F. Smith's and Gillmore's corps. A line was run down the south bank of the James from City Point to Fort Powhatan, and another was pushed across from Jamestown Island to Yorktown, whence it completed connection by McClellan's old wire to Fort Monroe and Washington. These links were then united by a submarine cable from Jamestown Island to Fort Powhatan, some nineteen miles in the James River, and a short one across the Appomattox. The James River cable was necessitated by the incursions of guerrillas on both banks. Facilities for the manufacture of telegraph cable in this country being then deficient, a portion of the original Atlantic cable was used. It never worked well, and in September, William Mackintosh, with a construction party of ten men and an infantry escort of one hundred, made an attempt to replace the cable by a land line on the south bank, which resulted in the capture of all but two of the party, six six-mule teams, and twenty miles of wire. The party had camped at night on a tidal creek below City Point, expecting to start out in the morning, all but "Mack" and the colored cook preferring the right bank on account of its being higher ground. About day-break the contraband heard firing and roused Mack, who thought it was only his escort killing pigs for breakfast. The old cook started to make a fire and fry some bacon, but a bullet whistling near his head demoralized him and he took to the woods. Mack then saw the raiders on the opposite bank of the creek and heard them shouting to him to surrender. Fortunately the tide was in, and while they

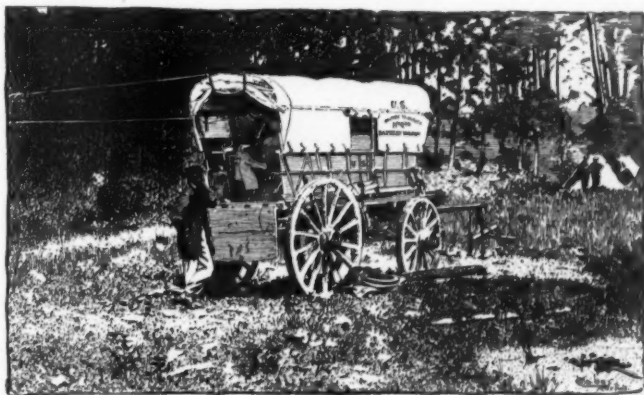
were crossing he secured his horse and set off amid a shower of bullets, closely pursued by the Confederates.¹ The chase was kept up for a mile by augmenting parties of cavalry who had forded the creek higher up, and was stopped only when the pursuers were confronted by a regiment of our men, who poured a volley into them and emptied a number of saddles. Mackintosh thus escaped a third term in Libby prison, he having been twice before captured and exchanged. A week after the capture of the telegraph party a "climber," barefoot and tattered, found his way back to our lines. When asked where his shoes were, he replied, "The ribils skharred me out of me boots."

In Butler's advance on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, 7th of May, a line was carried along with the column to within sight of that road, and worked until Beauregard struck us at Drewry's Bluff, on the 16th, when General Butler ordered his chief operator to "bring the line within the intrenchments." In these trenches, one night, Maynard Huyck was awakened from sleep, not by the familiar voice of his instrument, but by the shriek of a Whitworth bolt, a six-pound steel shell, which passed through the few clothes he had doffed, then ricocheted, and exploded beyond. Congratulating himself that he was not in his "duds" at the moment, the boy turned over and slept through the infernal turmoil of an awakening cannonade until aroused by the gentle tick of the telegraph relay. We used no "sounders" in those days at the front.

In illustration of the sensibility of hearing acquired by the military operators for this one sound, the writer may be pardoned another personal incident. At Norfolk, in April, 1863, he happened to be alone in charge of the telegraph when Longstreet with a large force laid siege to Suffolk. In the emergency he remained on duty, without sleep, for three days and nights, repeating orders between Fort Monroe and the front. Towards morning on the third night he fell asleep, but was roused by the

strenuous calls of the fort and asked why he had not given "O. K." for the messages just sent. He replied that none had been received. "We called you," said the operator at the fort; "you answered, and we sent you two messages, but you failed to acknowledge them." The dispatches were repeated and forwarded, when on taking up a volume of Scott's novels, with which he had previously endeavored to keep awake, the writer was astonished to find the missing telegrams scrawled across the printed page in his own writing, some sentences omitted, and some repeated. It was a curious instance of somnambulism.

During the siege of Petersburg every salient point on the front of the armies of the Potomac and James was covered with the wires radiating from Grant's headquarters at City Point. One circuit, crossing the Appomattox, took in the intrenchments on the Bermuda Hundred front, the Tenth Corps' headquarters. Later it crossed the James at Deep Bottom by cable, included the "Crow's Nest," Dutch Gap, headquarters Army of the James, Fort Harrison when captured, and eventually Weitzel's headquarters and Kautz's cavalry on our extreme right. The second circuit followed up the south bank of the Appomattox to our advanced works, and running to the left connected Smith, Hancock, Burnside, and Warren, Sheridan on his arrival, and other commands as they arrived or were shifted on this important field as the tide of



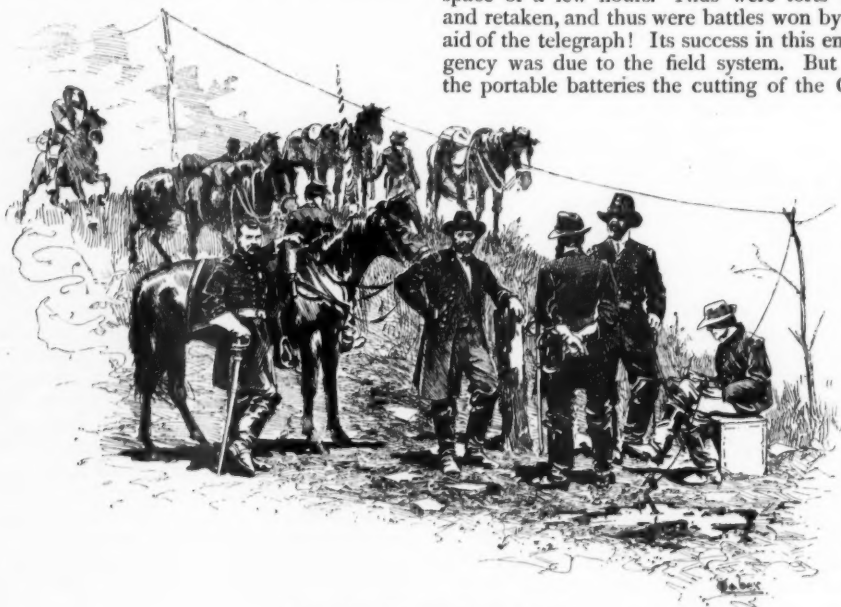
FIELD TELEGRAPH — BATTERY WAGON.

battle ebbed and flowed, pushing farther to the left as Grant, throughout the winter and spring, deployed his forces to envelop Lee's

¹ This proved to be Hampton's famous "cattle raid," than which there stands nothing bolder or more curious in the annals of such exploits. It originated in a telegraphic episode, General Hampton's operator, Gaston, having lain six weeks in the woods, with his instrument connected by fine wire to our line. All that he heard of importance was in cipher, except one message

mentioning that 2586 beeves, to feed our army, would be landed at Coggin's Point for pasture. Hampton got them all but one lane steer. Doubtless the hungry "Johnnies" blessed the operator who neglected to put that message in cipher. The other dispatches which Gaston copied were sent to Richmond, but were never deciphered.

right, until the line reached the Weldon railroad and beyond. Thus all our forces in front of Richmond and Petersburg—a semicircle of thirty miles of intrenchments—were manipulated in concert by the hand of General Grant.



GENERAL GRANT AND HIS OPERATOR.

The result of battles sometimes hung on the continuity of a slender wire, as when on March 25, 1865, the Confederates under Gordon attacked and carried Fort Stedman and cut the wire to City Point. The capture occurred about 5 A. M. According to General Humphreys, who has described this campaign, General Parke, then commanding the Ninth Corps, which received the attack, telegraphed at 5:30 A. M. to General Webb the loss of the fort. Webb immediately replied that Meade was at City Point, and he (Parke) in command. At 6:15 Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps, on Parke's left, received the news also by telegraph that the enemy had "broken our right, taken Stedman, and were moving on City Point." Parke ordered Warren up with the Fifth Corps, the Ninth assaulted, and the fort was recaptured by eight o'clock. Promptly the telegraph was repaired and flashed the news to Grant and Meade, who as quickly projected the Second and the Ninth Corps against the enemy, capturing his intrenched picket line, a position of immense subsequent advantage, inflicting a loss of 4000 men, and losing 2000 in the whole operation. Thus the cutting of the wire by Gordon removed Meade from control, placed

Parke in command, gave him three corps and empowered him to assault, while its repair restored Meade, regulated the assault, enabling Grant to use his whole force as a unit, and secured an advance by our forces, all within the space of a few hours. Thus were forts lost and retaken, and thus were battles won by the aid of the telegraph! Its success in this emergency was due to the field system. But for the portable batteries the cutting of the City

Point current would have rendered the rest of the circuit useless.

In the final pursuit and capture of Lee's army all authorities unite in attesting the efficiency of the telegraph corps. In the rush of fifty miles from Petersburg to Appomattox, Grant, Meade, and all the corps of both the Potomac and James armies, except Sheridan's, were kept connected. Our men found poles standing on the South-side road, which materially facilitated our advance with the army. Where the retreat of the Confederates had been too rapid to destroy wires these were spliced to ours and used, turning the enemy's telegraph against himself, an operation which we were able to make on an extended scale in the North Carolina campaign.

The President at this time was at City Point, and later in Petersburg and Richmond, and to him Grant telegraphed the phases of the conflict, beginning with Sheridan's victory at Five Forks and ending with Lee's surrender. Meantime, over the wire pushed forward north of the James sped the message, "Richmond is fallen."

Sherman had reached Goldsboro'; and Schofield, advancing by two routes from the coast,

overcoming all obstacles, had built railroads and telegraphs to meet and supply him, and now he was advancing to Raleigh. Johnston surrendered, and at last over the military line which has been traced began to flow a tide of commercial dispatches, transmitted by the military telegraphers, Schofield's operators at Raleigh taking the business from Columbia and the south, rushing it over the Raleigh and Gaston wire, sixty messages an hour to Petersburg, whence northward flew the silent harbingers of peace. It was the first link to bind the North and the South together again.

It may surprise the reader to learn that, beyond the commendation of Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and all the higher officers, the military telegraphers—except a few heads of departments, who were commissioned and promoted from captains up to brigadier-generals—have never received any recognition for their great services. Though suffering captivity, wounds, and all of the hardships of the troops, the members of the corps cannot tell their children that they were soldiers, nor hail their brother veterans of the Grand Army of

the Republic as comrades. They were merely "civilians" who faithfully performed dangerous and harassing military duty with boyish enthusiasm, and some of whom have survived to learn that republics are ungrateful, or at least forgetful. Uncle Sam, who has been more generous to his veterans than any potentate of history, has forgotten them. Their widows and orphans receive no pensions.

Once a year the survivors of the corps from all parts of the Union meet to renew old acquaintance, cemented by the electric spark over leagues of wire. Many of them never met in the field, but they knew each other well by telegraph, and can still recognize the touch of a comrade's hand on the "key" a thousand miles away.

The experience of this country, which demonstrated the value of a military telegraph, induced the immediate organization of such corps, but on a more strictly military basis, in all European armies.¹

¹ See Lieutenant Von Treuenfeldt's "Kriegs-Telegraphie," and "Die Kriegstelegraphie" of Captain Bucholtz.

J. Emmet O'Brien.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ballot Reform Progress.

THE record of ballot reform legislation for the current year is one of most encouraging progress. At the beginning of the year only one State, Massachusetts, had such a law on its statute books. At its close, the legislatures of nine States had passed comprehensive measures closely resembling that of Massachusetts, seven of which were approved and became laws and two of which were defeated by executive vetoes. The States which have these, all of which are to go into effect in the near future, are, given in the order of enactment: Massachusetts, Indiana, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Minnesota, and Missouri. The two States which lost theirs through vetoes are New York and Connecticut. New York has been deprived in this way twice in succession, both times by the same governor. In Connecticut a so-called secret ballot law was hurriedly passed on the last day of the session, and was approved by the governor. It is in no sense an application of the Australian system, and there is considerable doubt as to whether it will accomplish much real reform in practice. It is, however, a step in advance.

When the agitation for ballot reform was started by the discussions of the Commonwealth Club of New York City in the spring of 1887, there was no law embodying the principles of the Australian system to be found in any part of the United States. A bill proposing a partial application of that system was discussed that winter in the Michigan legislature, and finally

passed one house, but it failed in the other house. Later in the spring of 1887 the Wisconsin legislature passed a law, applying only to the city of Milwaukee, in which some of the Australian principles, notably those providing for an absolutely secret ballot, were embodied. The committee appointed by the Commonwealth Club to draft a bill for presentation to the New York legislature spent a great deal of time during the autumn and early winter of 1887 in devising a simple and comprehensive scheme for applying the Australian system to American election methods. They completed their work in time to have their bill presented to the New York legislature soon after its assembling in January, 1888. This bill has served as the model for all subsequent measures, and while the eight laws now in existence differ from it in details, its underlying principles are to be found without modification in all of them. It was used in 1888 as the basis for the Massachusetts law, which, with the exception of a very excellent law passed by the Kentucky legislature and applying exclusively to the city of Louisville, was the only advance made by the reform during that year. The New York legislature passed the Commonwealth Club bill, but Governor Hill vetoed it.

The discussions aroused in New York and Massachusetts on the pending measures called the attention of the whole country to the subject. A valuable demonstration of the practicability of the reform was furnished by elections in Milwaukee and Louisville, for in both instances the new system worked with such smoothness and success as to command the praise of its most

strenuous opponents. This helped forward the movement, but a far more vigorous impulse was given to it by the revelations which were made after the presidential election concerning the unprecedented use of money for the purchase of votes by both political parties. These awoke the public conscience in all parts of the country, and caused a general demand for some ballot system which would secure a secret and untrammelled vote. When the State legislatures came together in January last, there was scarcely one of them which did not have before it in some form a measure for a change in existing ballot systems. The Australian method was the favorite everywhere, partly because it had stood the test of experience in Australia for 30 years, in England for 18 years, and in Canada for 16 years, and partly because discussion of it had made the public to some extent familiar with its principles.

The result of the legislative year's work was the seven laws which we have enumerated. In Maine, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and several other States similar laws were considered but were not passed. The seed sown by the discussions of them is certain, however, to bear fruit in the near future. The leading principles of the eight laws which we now have are the same in all. They are:

1. An exclusively official ballot, printed and distributed at the public expense. The names of all candidates for all offices are to be placed upon these ballots, and none others are to be received or counted.

2. Absolute secrecy in voting. Every voter is required to take his ballots and retire alone with them to a compartment where, free from observation or espionage of any kind, he must mark them to indicate the candidates for whom he wishes to vote. There is slight variation in the methods prescribed by the different laws for this marking. In Indiana the voter is to make the mark with an official stamp, furnished for the purpose; in Missouri he must erase from the ballot all names except those for which he wishes to vote; and in Massachusetts, Montana, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Tennessee, and Minnesota he must indicate his choice by an X opposite the name of each candidate for whom he wishes to vote. In three of the laws, those of Indiana, Missouri, and Tennessee, the names of candidates are grouped under party titles, but in the others they follow the order in which the nominations are received by the officer in charge of the printing, with the politics indicated after each name.

3. Ample provision for independent nominations. All the laws contain careful provision whereby a specified number of voters can, by agreeing upon an independent candidate, and by making his nomination in writing to the official printer of the ballots, have his name placed upon the ballots on equal terms with those of the regular candidates.

It is easy to see at a glance what a momentous gain for honest elections has been secured by the engrafting of these three principles upon our electoral system. The printing and distributing of ballots at the public expense, and the prohibition of all others, takes away all excuse for assessments upon candidates, and drives from the polls all the ticket-peddlers, watchers, and political workers of all kinds. There will be nothing for them to do outside and about the polls, they are forbidden to congregate near the polls, and they are

not allowed inside. Thus we are rid at once of the chief excuse for raising money for corrupt purposes at the polls, and of the ability to use it, even if raised, with any certainty that the receivers of it will carry out their part of the corrupt bargain at the ballot-boxes. By having an absolutely secret ballot we are rid of espionage and intimidation of all kinds. The ward "boss" cannot follow his henchmen to the polls to see if they vote according to orders, or according to the terms of a "deal." The bulldozing employer cannot intimidate his employees to vote in accordance with his interests, but must leave them to vote in accordance with their own free will.

Possibly the greatest gain of all will be found in time to be that secured through independent nominations. This is the straightest and deadliest blow which has been struck at the dictatorial caucus system. Henceforth in eight States, any body of men, though a mere handful, can get their candidates' names upon the ballots and can have them distributed at the polls on equal terms with those of the regular parties. Every caucus will thus have hanging over its deliberations the threat of a formidable and easily organized independent movement in case its own nominations are not satisfactory. Heretofore the most effective obstacle to an independent ticket has been the difficulty and expense of getting it distributed at the polls.

Eight Hours a Day.

AGITATION is by no means a thing to be condemned off-hand. The justification of it rests on the same basis as that of any other advocacy: its ground of defense is that no other agency will take pains to defend its client; that opposing forces have their advocates who will bring out the best points on their behalf; and that this particular client should also have its advocate, to bring out the strong points of its case, leaving the balance of justice to be ascertained by those to whom that duty properly belongs. It will certainly not be asserted that any of our "trusts," or pools, or associations of manufacturers, or other employers, will make as hearty and persistent efforts as a labor organization would make to state and make clear the reasons or provocations for a troublesome and expensive strike. Nor, on the other hand, is it the primary business of the labor organization to maintain the cause of any but its own members. The case will be best understood and decided by the general public and by the parties interested when each side has been presented fully by those who feel its justice most keenly and know most about it, provided the presentation has been made in a spirit of fairness and of willingness to compromise. Even then some points will be imperfectly understood, but substantial justice can in no other way be so closely reached.

Every man, then, who is interested in industrial discussion has a right to protest against the spirit in which some industrial disputes are settled. A settlement into which either side brings personal rancor, or in which either side yields only perforce after a mismanaged struggle, with the reservation of an intention to try it again at the earliest opportunity or to gain the wished-for end by treachery and indirection, is no settlement at all. The employer who abandons a lock-out, but takes every subsequent opportunity to discharge "agi-

tators," whom he regards as troublesome, will find, when he next has need of public sympathy, that he has alienated it. And there is no more real excuse for the labor agitator who, after a complete exposure of his failure to understand the circumstances through which he has undertaken to be the guide of his fellows, refuses to admit his mistake, but seeks some new ground upon which to prepare a second failure.

It is not quite a misnomer to give the name of "discussion" to a strike. The essence of the strike is that it is a clumsy means of testing truth. With some philosophical differences as to the source from which wages are paid, there is a pretty general agreement as to the manner in which the rate of wages is fixed. One distinguished writer on the subject has even gone for his text to the summing up of an intelligent workman, who said: "When I see two bosses running after one man, I know that wages are going to be high; when I see two men running after one boss, I know that wages are going to be low." All this means that supply and demand have the same influence on the price of labor as on the price of corn. But man has found no means of ascertaining the "visible supply" of labor in any trade as he has in the case of corn: corn remains corn and cannot become wheat or oats, but the man who is a shoemaker to-day may be a farmer or a horse-car driver to-morrow. How then is the possible labor supply to be ascertained? The workman says: "The supply of labor in our trade is sufficiently short to justify a ten per cent. increase of wages." The employer denies it. In the dearth of statistics, how is the controversy to be decided? The strike furnishes a clumsy mode of decision. The men suspend their work, and the employer attempts, by engaging new men, to justify his contention that the supply of labor was not "short."

It must be evident that it is unskilled labor which is at the greatest disadvantage in such a mode of coming to conclusions. This is the class of labor, therefore, which is most interested in finding some reasonable substitute for the strike and lockout rather than in contriving new pretexts or methods for either. The strike of the car-drivers in Brooklyn and New York last winter, for example, was successful only in showing that, for every hundred men who had struck, at least five times the number, of equal or superior capacity, were waiting to take their places. Having demonstrated this unwelcome state of affairs, what were rational men to do next? The circumstances could be changed only by sheer violence; and the city government was not to be counted as a passive but as an active neutral; it was not to leave the struggle to the arbitrament of violence, but intended to protect property as well as life. The men were wisest, then, in yielding to circumstances and again seeking their old work.

What are we to think, then, of the wisdom of guides who condemn circumstances and seek only for new

reasons or methods for strikes? Yet the "lesson" which a leading labor journal drew from the failure of the street-car strike was as follows:

The state should appoint boards of arbitration to which all grievances could be referred, and enact laws to enforce the decisions of the arbitrators. Reduce the hours of labor to eight per day, and establish a minimum rate of wages. Attach a penalty for working overtime, and give an opportunity to labor to the vast army of industrious idle men who flood the larger American cities at the present time. This would render strikes unnecessary, as an employer would think twice before allowing his work to stop when he did not know where to look for men. The employer reaps all the benefit of the competition in labor under present methods.

The two branches of this proposal are apt to seem plausible, even to men presumed to be educated. And yet the first, that of compulsory arbitration, really amounts to either a stoppage of production or the re-introduction of slavery. If the arbitration is made compulsory on the employer alone, production must stop, for the scheme would be merely a legal confiscation of the property of the employer, who, if he is sane, will go out of business. In the second place, the decision of the arbitrators can be enforced on the employer through his property: if he refuses to obey, his property can be sold by the sheriff. The workman has, roughly speaking, no property on which to levy, unless his labor be accounted his property. Compulsory arbitration for workmen, then, means compulsory labor, and that always has in it something of the principle of slavery. The state could not afford even to permit workmen to consent to its admission.

The second part of the proposal, the struggle for "eight hours a day," is founded on the notion that if less work is done in eight than in ten hours there will be just so much work left for those now unemployed; while the consequent employment of previously idle men will prevent an employer from filling the places of strikers, and will guard against a decrease of wages. If the proposal were that every man should work with one hand tied behind him, for the same purpose, the naked folly of it would need no demonstration. Any man could estimate for himself the effects on the industry and prosperity of the community or nation, and could see that, instead of providing work for the unemployed, the practical result would be the decrease of work, through the ruin of industries which have now but the narrowest margin of profit to rely upon. And yet where is the essential difference between the two proposals, except that this reason for an eight-hour day is solemnly put out as an "economic" proposition?

There are more respectable reasons for the eight-hour day, which are entitled to argument. But the reason above assigned is rather the dense obstinacy which attempts to retain or regain a discredited leadership by cozening the victims into treading again the same old road to ruin.



OPEN LETTERS.

The Centenary of Fenimore Cooper.

MOST appropriate is it that the first literary centenary which we are called upon to commemorate one hundred years after the adoption of the Constitution that knit these States into a nation should be the birthday of the author who has done the most to make us known to the nations of Europe. In the first year of Washington's first term as President, on the fifteenth day of September, 1789, was born James Fenimore Cooper, the first of American novelists and the first American author to carry our flag outside the limits of our language. Franklin was the earliest American who had fame among foreigners; but his wide popularity was due rather to his achievements as a philosopher, as a physicist, as a statesman, than to his labors as an author. Irving was six years older than Cooper, and his reputation was as high in England as at home; yet to this day he is little more than a name to those who do not speak our mother tongue. But after Cooper had published "The Spy," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Pilot," his popularity was cosmopolitan; he was almost as widely read in France, in Germany, and in Italy as in Great Britain and the United States. Only one American book has ever since attained the international success of these of Cooper's—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," and only one American author has since gained a name at all commensurate with Cooper's abroad—Poe. Here in these United States, we know what Emerson was to us and what he did for us and what our debt is to him; but the French and the Germans and the Italians do not know Emerson. When Professor Boyesen visited Hugo some ten years ago he found that the great French lyrist had never heard of Emerson. I have a copy of "Evangeline" annotated in French for the use of French children learning English at school; but whatever Longfellow's popularity in England or in Germany, he is really but little known in France or Italy or Spain. With Goethe and Schiller, with Scott and Byron, Cooper was one of the foreign forces which brought about the Romanticist revolt in France, profoundly affecting the literature of all Latin countries. Dumas owed almost as much to Cooper as he did to Scott; and Balzac said that if Cooper had only drawn character as well as he painted "the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art."

In his admirable life of Cooper, one of the best of modern biographies, Professor Lounsbury shows clearly the extraordinary state of affairs with which Cooper had to contend. Foremost among the disadvantages against which he had to labor was the dull, deadening provincialism of American criticism at the time when "The Spy" was written; and as we read Professor Lounsbury's pages we see how bravely Cooper fought for our intellectual emancipation from the shackles of the British criticism of that time, even more ignorant then and more insular than it is now. Abroad Cooper received the attention nearly always

given in literature to those who bring a new thing; and the new thing which Cooper annexed to literature was America. At home he had to struggle against a belief that our soil was barren of romance—as though the author who used his eyes could not find ample material wherever there was humanity. Cooper was the first who proved the fitness of American life and American history for the uses of fiction. "The Spy" is really the first of American novels, and it remains one of the best. Cooper was the prospector of that little army of industrious miners now engaged in working every vein of local color and character, and in sifting out the golden dust from the sands of local history. The authors of "Oldtown Folks," of the "Tales of the Argonauts," of "Old Creole Days," and of "In the Tennessee Mountains" were but following in Cooper's footsteps—though they carried more modern tools. And when the desire of the day is for detail and for finish, it is not without profit to turn again to stories of a bolder sweep. When the tendency of the times is perhaps toward an undue elaboration of miniature portraits, there is gain in going back to the masterpieces of a literary artist who succeeded best in heroic statues. And not a few of us, whatever our code of literary esthetics, may find delight, fleeting though it be, in the free outline drawing of Cooper, after our eyes are tired by the giggling and cross-hatching of many among our contemporary realists. When our pleasant duty is done, when our examination is at an end, and when we seek to sum up our impressions and to set them down plainly, we find that chief among Cooper's characteristics were, first, a sturdy, hearty, robust, outdoor and open-air wholesomeness, devoid of any trace of offense and free from all morbid taint; and, secondly, an intense Americanism—ingrained, abiding, and dominant. Professor Lounsbury quotes from an English magazine of 1831 the statement that to an Englishman Cooper appeared to be prouder of his birth as an American than of his genius as an author—an attitude which may seem to some a little old-fashioned, but which on Cooper's part was both natural and becoming.

"The Spy" was the earliest of Cooper's American novels (and its predecessor, "Precaution," a mere stencil imitation of the minor British novel of that day, need not be held in remembrance against him). "The Spy," published in 1821, was followed in 1823 by "The Pioneers," the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales" to appear and by far the poorest; indeed it is the only one of the five for which any apology need be made. The narrative drags under the burden of overabundant detail; and the story may deserve to be called dull at times. Leatherstocking even is but a faint outline of himself as the author afterward with loving care elaborated the character. "The Last of the Mohicans" came out in 1826, and its success was instantaneous and enduring. In 1827 appeared "The Prairie," the third tale in which Leatherstocking is the chief character. It is rare that an author is ever able to write a successful sequel to a successful story, yet Cooper did more; "The

Prairie" is a sequel to "The Pioneers," and "The Last of the Mohicans" is a prologue to it. Eighteen years after the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales" had been published Cooper issued the last of them, amplifying his single sketch into a drama in five acts by the addition of "The Pathfinder," printed in 1840, and of "The Deerslayer," printed in 1841. In the sequence of events "The Deerslayer," the latest written, is the earliest to be read; then comes "The Last of the Mohicans"; followed by "The Pathfinder" and "The Pioneers"; while in "The Prairie" the series end. Of the incomparable variety of scene in these five related tales, or of the extraordinary fertility of invention which they reveal, it would not be easy to say too much. In their kind they have never been surpassed. The earliest to appear, "The Pioneers," is the least meritorious—as though Cooper had not yet seen the value of his material and had not yet acquired the art of handling it to advantage. "The Pathfinder," dignified as it is and pathetic in its portrayal of Leatherstocking's love-making, lacks the absorbing interest of "The Last of the Mohicans"; it is perhaps inferior in art to "The Deerslayer," which was written the year after, and it has not the noble simplicity of "The Prairie," in which we see the end of the old hunter.

There are, no doubt, irregularities in the "Leatherstocking Tales," and the incongruities and lesser errors inevitable in a mode of composition at once desultory and protracted; but there they stand, a solid monument of American literature, and not the least enduring. "If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is, unquestionably, the series of the 'Leatherstocking Tales,'"—so wrote the author when he sent forth the first collected and revised edition of the narrative of Natty Bumppo's adventures. That Cooper was right seems to-day indisputable. An author may fairly claim to be judged by his best, to be measured by his highest; and the "Leatherstocking Tales" are Cooper's highest and best in more ways than one, but chiefly because of the lofty figure of Leatherstocking. Mr. Lowell, when fabling for critics, said that Cooper had drawn but one new character, explaining afterward that

The men who have given to *one* character life
And objective existence, are not very rare;
You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.

And Thackeray—perhaps recalling the final scene in "The Prairie," where the dying Leatherstocking drew himself up and said "Here!" and that other scene in "The Newcomes" where the dying Colonel drew himself up and said "Adsum!"—was frequent in praise of Cooper; and in one of the "Roundabout Papers," after expressing his fondness for Scott's modest and honorable heroes, he adds: "Much as I like these most unassuming, manly, unpretentious gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer—viz., Leatherstocking, Uncas, Hardheart, Tom Coffin—are quite the equals of Scott's men; perhaps Leatherstocking is better than any one in 'Scott's lot.' *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff—heroic figures all, American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

It is to be noticed that Thackeray singled out for praise two of Cooper's Indians to pair with the hunter and the sailor; and it seems to me that Thackeray is fairer towards him who conceived Uncas and Hardheart than are the authors of "A Fable for Critics" and of "Condensed Novels." "Muck-a-Muck" I should set aside among the parodies which are unfair—so far as the red man is concerned, at least; for I hold as quite fair Mr. Harte's railery of the wooden maidens and polysyllabic old men who stalk through Cooper's pages. Cooper's Indian has been disputed and he has been laughed at, but he still lives. Cooper's Indian is very like Mr. Parkman's Indian—and who knows the red man better than the author of "The Oregon Trail"? Uncas and Chingachgook and Hardheart are all good men and true, and June, the wife of Arrowhead, the Tuscarora, is a good wife and a true woman. They are Indians, all of them; heroic figures, no doubt, and yet taken from life, with no more idealization than may serve the maker of romance. They remind us that when West first saw the Apollo Belvedere he thought at once of a Mohawk brave. They were the result of knowledge and of much patient investigation under conditions forever passed away. We see Cooper's Indians nowadays through mists of prejudice due to those who have imitated them from the outside. "The Last of the Mohicans" has suffered the degradation of a trail of dime novels, written by those apparently more familiar with the Five Points than with the Five Nations. Cooper begat Mayne Reid, and Mayne Reid begat Ned Buntline and "Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer" and similar abominations. But none the less are Uncas and Hardheart noble figures, worthily drawn, and never to be mentioned without praise.

In 1821 Cooper published "The Spy," the first American historical novel; in 1823 he published "The Pioneers," in which the backwoodsman and the red man were first introduced into literature; and in 1824 he published "The Pilot," and for the first time the scene of a story was laid on the sea rather than on the land, and the interest turned wholly on marine adventure. In four years Cooper had put forth three novels, each in its way road-breaking and epoch-making: only the great men of letters have a record like this. With the recollection before us of some of Smollett's highly colored naval characters we cannot say that Cooper sketched the first real sailor in fiction, but he invented the sea tale just as Poe invented the detective story—and in neither case has any disciple surpassed the master. The supremacy of "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" is quite as evident as the supremacy of "The Gold Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." We have been used to the novel of the ocean, and it is hard for us now to understand why Cooper's friends thought his attempt to write one perilous and why they sought to dissuade him. It was believed that readers could not be interested in the contingencies and emergencies of life on the ocean wave. Nowadays it seems to us that if any part of "The Pilot" lags and stumbles it is that which passes ashore: Cooper's landscapes, or at least his views of a ruined abbey, may be affected at times, but his marines are always true and always captivating.

Cooper, like Thackeray, forbade his family to authorize or aid any biographer—although the American

novelist had as little to conceal as the English. No doubt Cooper had his faults, both as a man and as an author. He was thin-skinned and hot-headed. He let himself become involved in a great many foolish quarrels. He had a plentiful lack of tact. But the man was straightforward and high-minded, and so was the author. We can readily pardon his petty pedantries and the little vices of expression he persisted in. We can confess that his "females," as he would term them, are indubitably wooden. We may acknowledge that even among his men there is no wide range of character; Richard Jones (in "The Pioneers") is first cousin to Cap (in "The Pathfinder"), just as Long Tom Coffin is a half-brother of Natty Bumppo. We may not deny that Cooper's lighter characters are not touched with the humor that Scott could command at will; the Naturalist (in "The Prairie"), for example, is not alive and delightful like the Antiquary of Scott.

In the main, indeed, Cooper's humor is not of the purest. When he attempted it of malice prepense it was often laboriously unfunny. But sometimes, as it fell accidentally from the lips of Leatherstocking, it was unforced and delicious (see, for instance, at the end of chapter xxvii. of "The Pathfinder," the account of Natty's sparing the sleeping Mingos and of the fate which thereafter befell them at the hands of Chingachgook). On the other hand Cooper's best work abounds in fine romantic touches—Long Tom pinning the British captain to the mast with the harpoon, the wretched Abiram (in "The Prairie") tied hand and foot and left on a ledge with a rope around his neck so that he can move only to hang himself, the death grip of the brave (in "The Last of the Mohicans") hanging wounded and without hope over the watery abyss—these are pictures fixed in the memory and now unforgettable.

Time is unerring in its selection. Cooper has now been dead nearly two-score years. What survives of his work are the "Sea Tales" and the "Leatherstocking Tales." From these I have found myself forced to cite characters and episodes. These are the stories which hold their own in the libraries. Public and critics are at one here. The wind of the lakes and the prairies has not lost its balsam and the salt of the sea keeps its savor. For the free movement of his figures and for the proper expansion of his story Cooper needed a broad region and a widening vista. He excelled in conveying the suggestion of vastness and limitless space and of depicting the human beings proper to these great reaches of land and water—the two elements he ruled; and he was equally at home on the rolling waves of the prairie and on the green and irregular hillocks of the ocean.

Brander Matthews.

"Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

A CIRCUMSTANCE presently to be mentioned requires me to review and extend my inquiry into the character of the old manuscript from which I have translated the story of Alix de Morainville.

In the chapter called "How I got them" (CENTURY MAGAZINE, November, 1888), I suggested that the name De Morainville might be a convenient fiction of Alix herself, well understood as such by Françoise and Suzanne. I may still repeat the obvious fact that an assumed name does not vitiate the truth of the story; although discoveries made since, which I am still in-

vestigating, offer probabilities that, after all, the name is genuine.

I also gave some reasons for my belief that the manuscript is old. The total absence of quotation-marks from its many conversational passages either identified it with a time when such things were not universal and imperative as they now are, or else indicated a cunning pretense of age. But there were so many proofs that it had lain for many years filed among old papers that the theory of a cunning pretense had no room. One leaf had been torn first and written on afterward; another had been written on first and part of it torn away and lost or destroyed afterward. The two rents, therefore, must have occurred at different times; for the one which mutilates the text is on the earlier page and surely would not have been left so by the author at the time of writing it, but only by some one careless of it, and at some time between its completion and the manifestly later date, when it was so carefully bestowed in its old-fashioned silken case and its inner wrapper of black paper. So an intention to deceive, were it supposable, would have to be of recent date.

Now let me show that an intention to deceive could not be of recent date, and at the same time we shall see the need of this minuteness of explanation. Notice, then, that the manuscript comes directly from the lady who says she found it in a trunk of her family's private papers. A prominent paper-maker in Boston has examined it and says that, while its age cannot be certified to from its texture, its leaves are of three different kinds of paper, each of which might be a hundred years old. But, bluntly, this lady, though a person of literary tastes and talent, who recognized the literary value of Alix's *history*, esteemed original documents so lightly as to put no value upon Louisa Cheval's thrilling letter to her brother, and to prize this Alix manuscript only because, being a simple, succinct, unadorned narrative, she could use it, as she could not Françoise's long, pretty story, for the foundation of a nearly threefold expanded romance; and this, in fact, she had written, copyrighted, and arranged to publish when our joint experience concerning Françoise's manuscript at length readjusted her sense of values, and she sold me the little Alix manuscript at a price still out of all proportion below her valuation of her own writing, and counting it a mistake that the expanded romance should go unpreferred and unpublished.

But who, then, wrote the smaller manuscript? Madame found it, she says, in the possession of her very aged mother, the daughter and namesake of Françoise. Surely she was not its author; it is she who says she burned almost the whole original draft of Françoise's "Voyage," because it was "in the way and smelt bad." Neither could Françoise have written it. Her awkward handwriting, her sparkling flood of words and details, and her ignorance of the simplest rules of spelling, make it impossible. Nor could Suzanne have done it. She wrote and spelled no better at fifty-nine than Françoise at forty-three. Nor could any one have imposed it on either of the sisters. So, then, we find no intention to deceive, either early or recent. I translated the manuscript, it went to press, and I sat down to eat, drink, and revel, never dreaming that the brazen water-gates of my Babylon were standing wide open.

For all this time two huge, glaring anachronisms were staring me, and half a dozen other persons,

squarely in the face, and actually escaping our notice by their serene audacity. But hardly was the pie—I mean the magazine—opened when these two birds began to sing. Was n't that—interesting? Of course Louis de la Houssaye, who in 1786 “had lately come from San Domingo,” had *not* “been fighting the insurgents”—who did not revolt until four or five years afterward! And of course the old count, who so kindly left the family group that was bidding Madeline de Livlier good-bye, was not the Prime Minister Maurepas, who was *not* “only a few months returned from exile,” and who was *not* then “at the pinnacle of royal favor”; for these matters were of earlier date, and this “most lovable old man in the world” was n't any longer in the world at all, and had not been for eight years. He was dead and buried.

And so, after all, fraudulent intent or none, *this* manuscript, just as it is, could never have been written by Alix. On “this 22d of August, 1795,” she could not have perpetrated such statements as these two. Her memory of persons and events could not have been so grotesquely at fault, nor could she have hoped so to deceive any one. The misstatements are of later date, and from some one to whom the two events were historical. But the manuscript is all in one simple, undisguised, feminine handwriting, and with no interlineation save only here and there the correction of a miswritten word.

Now in translating madame's “Voyage de ma Grand'mère,” I had noticed something equivalent to an interlineation, but added in a perfectly un concealed, candid manner, at the end of a paragraph near the close of the story. It had struck me as an innocent gloss of the copyist, justified in her mind by some well-credited family tradition. It was this: “Just as we [Françoise and Alix] were parting, she [Alix] handed me the story of her life.” But now I thought it well to ask my friend to explain this gloss. I had already called her attention to the anachronisms, and she was in keen distress, because totally unable to account for them. But my new inquiry flashed light upon her aged memory. She explained at once that, to connect the two stories of Françoise and Alix, she had thought it right to impute these few words to Françoise rather than for mere exactness to thrust a detailed statement of her own into a story hurrying to its close. My question called back an incident of long ago and resulted first in her rummaging a whole day among her papers, and then in my receiving the certificate of a gentleman of high official standing in Louisiana that, on the 10th of last April (1889), this lady, in his presence, took from a large trunk of written papers, variously dated and “appearing to be perfectly genuine,” a book of memoranda from which, writes he, “I copy the following paragraph written by Madame S. de la Houssaye herself in the middle of the book, on page 29.” Then follows in French:

JUNE 20, 1841.—M. Gerbeau has dined here again. What a singular story he tells me. We talked of my grandmother and Madame Carpentier, and what does M. Gerbeau tell me but that Alix had not finished her history when my grandmother and my aunt returned, and that he had promised to get it to them. “And I kept it two years for want of an opportunity,” he added. How mad Grandmamma must have been! How the delay must have made her suffer!

Well and good! Then Alix did write her story! But if she wrote for both her “dear and good friends,” Suzanne and Françoise, then Françoise, the more likely, would have to be content, sooner or later, with a copy. This, I find no reason to doubt, is what lies before me. Indeed, here (italicized by me) are signs of a copyist's pen: “Mais hélas! *il desespéroit de réussir quand'il desespé* rencontra,” etc. Is not that a copyist's repetition? Or this: “—et lui, mon mari apres tout se fit mon *mari m* domestique.” And here the copyist misread the original: “Lorsque le maire entendit les noms et les *personnes* prenom de la mariée,” etc. In the manuscript *personnes* is crossed out, and the correct word, *prenoms*, is written above it.

Whoever made this copy it remains still so simple and compact that he or she cannot be charged with many embellishments. And yet it is easy to believe that some one with that looseness of family tradition and largeness of ancestral pride so common among the Creoles, in half-knowledge and half-ignorance should have ventured aside for an instant to attribute in pure parenthesis to an ancestral De la Houssaye the premature honor of a San Domingan war; or, incited by some tradition of the old Prime Minister's intimate friendship with Madeline's family, should have imputed a gracious attention to the wrong Count de Maurepas, or to the wrong count altogether.

I find no other theory tenable. To reject the whole matter as a forgery flies into the face of more incontestable facts than the anachronisms do. We know, without this manuscript, that there was an Alix Carpentier, daughter of a count, widow of a viscount, an *émigrée* of the Revolution, married to a Norman peasant, known to M. Gerbeau, beloved of Suzanne and Françoise, with whom they journeyed to Attakapas, and who wrote for them the history of her strange life. I hold a manuscript carefully kept by at least two generations of Françoise's descendants among their valuable private papers. It professes to be that history—a short, modest, unadorned narrative, apparently a copy of a paper of like compass, notwithstanding the evident insertion of two impossible statements whose complete omission does not disturb the narrative. I see no good reason to doubt that it contains the true story of a real and lovely woman.

G. W. Cable.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., June 27, 1889.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Reflections.

THE wages of righteousness are earned by the job, not by the day.

YOU may pull the ox out of the mire on the Sabbath day, but don't push him into the mire for the purpose of pulling him out.

BLUE blood should assert itself without the help of a placard.

LIFE is a half-way house, and each guest should take contentedly the room to which he is assigned.

THE back-log without the small sticks will never heat the room.

J. A. Macon.

The Dog Stealer's Story.

I 'm willin' to talk if you 're all on the square,
An' it is n't some kind of a sham.
I 'm the best hand with dogs thar is in the line!
Better hang for a sheep than a lamb.

Yes, 't is a mean trade, so I lay out to be
'Bout as mean as they make 'em, yer know;
But only jest once hev I ever *felt* mean —
Well, it happened a long time ago.

I was down on my luck, with nary a dog,
When I passed by a bone-yard one night,
The sun goin' down over back of the hills
Makin' things sorter shiny an' bright.

I heard a long howl an' looked over the fence,
An' in thar on a grave that was new
Sat a dog jest mournin' away like a man —
Feelin' worse than the most of 'em do!

Yer see, it 's my trade, so I went fur that dog,
But I did n't git on very fast;
Though I 've tackled all kinds that cur was the worst,
An' I had to play trumps, sir, at last.

One dodge never fails, an' he came 'gin his will,
But I tell yer, I felt like a hog,
For somehow it seemed a low kind of a trick,
A-persuadin' a dead feller's dog.

He came sorter whinin', his tail hangin' down,
An' he never got sot up ag'in.
I was good to him, Mister, treated him well,
But he pined hisself sickly an' thin.

Months later I come to the very same place,
An' that night, sir, the dog run away,
So I started out fur to go look him up —
I 'd a weakness fur him, I must say.

He 'd never forgot, nor took kindly to me,
But I kinder respected his sense,
An' so paddled after him, all in the dark,
Till I ran myself into a fence.

But the moon jest then wriggled out o' the clouds,
An' I saw the old place straight ahead,
An' that cuss of a dog! He crawled on the grave,
Gave a low sort of moan, an' lay — dead!

Well, I 'm never soft-hearted, but somehow I thought
He had stuck pretty well to his game,
An' if that dead feller was all that he thought
I guessed he 'd hev wanted the same.

So thar in the moonlight I dug him a grave
'T would take a good sexton to beat,
An' come away glad to be leavin' him thar,
Down, at last, at his old master's feet.

Well, my trotters will stop some day like the rest,
I suppose, an' I have n't a friend,
But sometimes I think I would like to lay down
Alongside o' them two in the end!

Thank yer, sir! You 're the sort! I 'll drink your
good health.
Must be gettin' along while it 's light.
Your dog? A real Gordon! Hum! 'T is gettin' late —
Lemme sleep in your barn over night?

Maria Bowen Chapin.

Chloris and Corydon.

(A PASTORAL.)

CHLORIS, a maid of nimble feet,
Whose tongue was nimble too,
A shepherd, — Corydon, I weet, —
Come bashfully to woo.

He spake with awkward turn of head,
A-leaning on his crook;
"Now get thee hence," the maiden said,
"Thou hast a sheepish look!"

At this in lower tone he sighed,
"In love with thee I am";
And she with merry laughter cried,
"It is a pretty lamb!"

Then roared he out, a lion bold,
His love of many a day,
Until sweet Chloris, it is told,
Was glad to say him "Yea."

Thus maids in pastoral days were won,
Are still, — my tale is true:
For I was shepherd Corydon,
And Chloris, — that was *you*!

Clinton Scollard.

Song of a Blue-Bird's Egg.

ONE blue-bird's egg I eat;
Den itch dese foolish feet,
Paths day appear s' sweet,
I quit my home.

You blue-bird, I run
Whar yo' spry wings begun;
But my road 's nar done,
I 'bleged ter roam.

Blue-bird, yo' egg 's small,
Yit summer, spring, and fall
I wanders mid 'em all —
Never kin rest.

Dar th'oo de wrinkled corn,
Pass de place I wuz born, —
Ole massa's dinner-horn
Can't sound dis fur.

O my feet, lemme stay;
O my knees, give away;
O my feet, stop, I pray,
Nigh de ole place!

No! rain, nor hail, nor snow,
Dis nigger 'bleged ter go —
Hants day is callin' so
Fur 'crost de fiel'

By ev'y yaller crick,
In whar de woods air thick,
'Long whar de river 's slick,
Down stream day call.

Eli Shepperd.

The Apple.

THANKS for the apple. If thou carest,
What difference, I will tell to thee,
'Twixt me and Paris there may be:
He gave the apple to the fairest —
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

George Birdseye.





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MOLIÈRE.

(FROM A PICTURE IN THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.)